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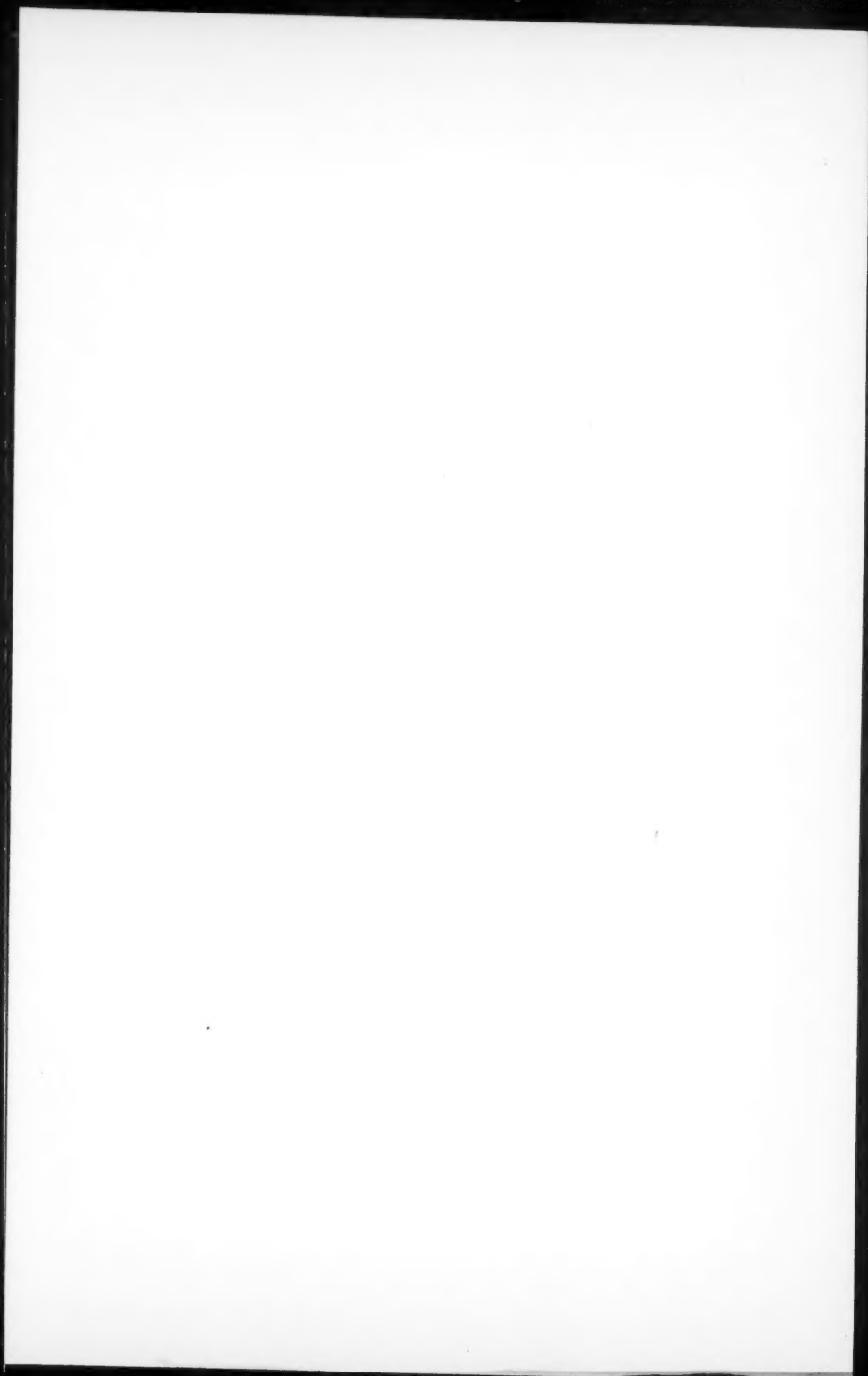
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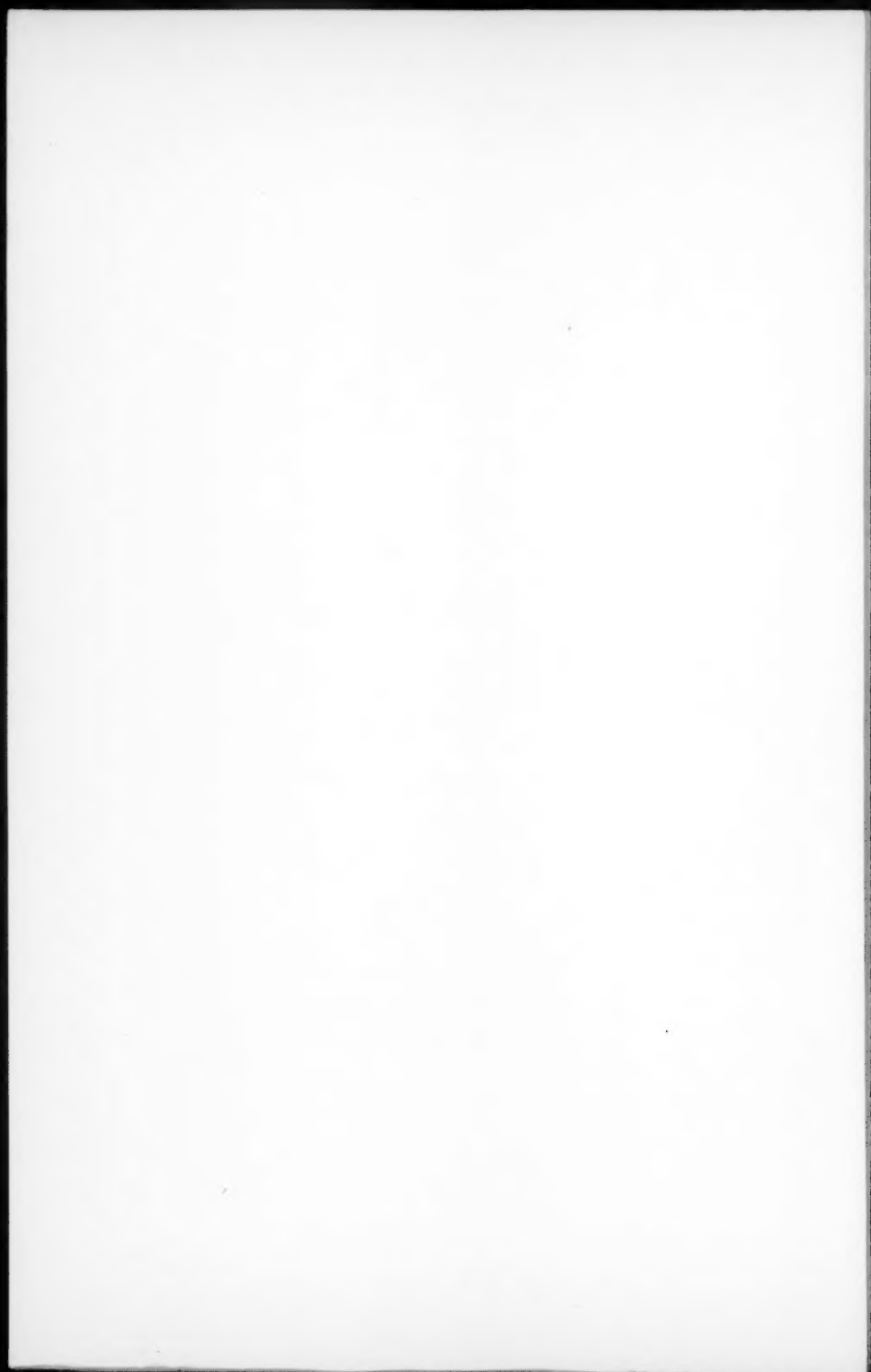
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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1921

THE NATIONAL GENIUS

BY STUART P. SHERMAN

I

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SOME people have one hobby and some another. Mine is studying the utterances of the Intelligentsia—a word by which those who think that they exhibit the latest aspect of mind designate themselves. I like to hear what our 'young people' say, and to read what they write; for, though they are not meek, they will, at least in a temporal sense, inherit the earth—and one is always interested in heirs. So much depends upon them.

Not long ago, progressive thinkers organized a public dinner in order to consult together for the welfare of the Republic. The marks of a progressive thinker are profound pessimism with regard to the past and infinite hope with regard to the future. Such a thinker was the toastmaster. Now, a thoughtful and progressive pessimist is a joy forever. He says for the rest of us those bitter things about history and society which we all feel at times, but hesitate to utter, not being so certain that we possess the antidote. I had long surmised that this was not the best possible of worlds, whether one considered it in its present drunken and reeling state, or whether one peered backward, through stratum after stratum of wrecked enterprises, into its iniquitous

and catastrophic antiquity. Accordingly, I felt a kind of rich, tragic satisfaction when this toastmaster, in a ten-minute introduction, reviewed the entire history of the world from the time of the Cave Man to the time of the Treaty of Versailles, and concluded with a delightfully cheerful smile:—

'Up to date civilization has been a failure. Life is tolerable only as a preparation for a state which neither we nor our sons shall enter. We shall all die in the desert,' he continued, as the gloom thickened to emit the perorational flash; 'but let us die like Moses, with a look into the Promised Land.'

Then he began to call upon his associates in the organization of progress.

Nine tenths of the speakers were, as is customary on such occasions, of the sort that editors include when they arrange a series of articles called 'Builders of Contemporary Civilization.' They were the men who get cathedrals begun, and make universities expand, legislatures vote, armies fight, money circulate, commodities exchange, and grass grow two blades for one. They spoke in a businesslike way of eliminating waste and introducing efficiency, of tapping unused resources here, of speeding up

production there, of facilitating communications somewhere else. Except for the speeches of the bishop and the university president, the discourses had to my ear a somewhat mechanical twang. Yet one could not but approve and feel braced by the leading idea running through them all, which was to extend the control of man over nature and the control of a creative reason over man. All the speakers—engineer, banker, and farmer, no less than clergyman and educator—seemed to have their eyes fixed on some standard, which some internal passion for improvement urged them to approximate, or to attain. I could not help thinking how Franklin would have applauded the spirit of his posterity.

When, as I thought, the programme was completed, they had substituted for the present machinery of society a new outfit of the 1950 model, or perhaps of a still later date. The country, under intensive cultivation, looked like a Chinese garden. The roads, even in the spring of the year, were not merely navigable, but Fordable. Something had happened to the great smoke-producing cities; so that Chicago, for instance, shone like a jewel in clear air and sunlight. High in the heavens, innumerable merchant vessels, guarded by aerial dreadnaughts, were passing in continuous flight across the Gulf to South America. Production had been so enormously increased by the increased expertness, health, and sobriety of the producers, that a man could go to market with only a handful of silver in his pocket and return with bread and butter enough for himself and his wife, and perhaps a couple of biscuits for his dog. Every one of the teeming population, aloft and aloft, male and female, was at work in uniform, a rifle and a wireless field-telephone within easy reach; for every one was both an expert workman and a soldier. But no one was

fighting. Under the shield of that profound 'preparedness,' the land enjoyed uninterrupted peace and prosperity.

Perhaps I dreamed some of this. The speeches were long.

When I returned to a condition of critical consciousness, the toastmaster was introducing the last speaker as follows: 'We have now provided for all matters of first-rate importance. But we have with us one of the literary leaders of the younger generation. I am going to call upon him to say a word for the way the man of the new Republic will express himself after he has been fed and clothed and housed. I shall ask him to sketch a place in our programme of democratic progress for art, music, literature, and the like—in short, for the superfluous things.'

That phrase, 'the superfluous things,' rang in my ear like a gong: not because it was new, but because it was old; because it struck a nerve sensitive from repeated striking; because it really summed up the values of art for this representative group of builders; because it linked itself up with a series of popularly contrasted terms—practical and liberal studies, business English and literary English, useful and ornamental arts, valuable and graceful accomplishments, necessities and luxuries of life, chemists and professors of English, and so on *ad infinitum*. I myself was a professor of superfluous things, and, therefore, a superfluous professor. As I turned this uncomfortable thought over in my mind, it occurred to me that things are superfluous only with reference to particular ends; and that, in a comprehensive plan of preparation for a satisfactory national life, we might be compelled to revise the epithets conventionally applied to the arts which express our craving for beauty, harmony, happiness.

Before I had gone far in this train of thought, the literary artist was address-

ing the business men. His discourse was so remarkable, and yet so representative of our most conspicuous group of 'young people,' that I reproduce the substance of it here.

'The young men of my generation,' he began, 'propose the emancipation of the arts in America. Before our time, such third-rate talents as the country produced were infected, by our institutions, and by the multitude, with a sense of their Messianic mission. Dominated by the twin incubi of Puritanism and Democracy, they servilely associated themselves with political, moral, and social programmes, and made beauty a prostitute to utility. Our generation of artists has seen through all the solemn humbug of your plans for the "welfare of the Republic." With a clearer-eyed pessimism than that of our toastmaster, we have not merely envisaged the failure of civilization in the past: we have also foreseen its failure in the future.

'We have talked with wiser counselors than those pious Philistines, our naïve Revolutionary Fathers. George Moore, our great contemporary, tells us that "Humanity is a pig-sty, whereliars, hypocrites, and the obscene in spirit congregate: and it has been so since the great Jew conceived it, and it will be so till the end." Leopardi, who in certain respects was our pioneer, declares that "all things else being vain, disgust of life represents all that is substantial and real in the life of man." Theodore Dreiser, our profound philosophical novelist, views the matter, however, with a bit of creative hopefulness. Though God, as he has assured us, cares nothing for the pure in heart, yet God does offer a "universe-eating career to the giant," recking not how the life-force manifests itself, "so long as it achieves avid, forceful, artistic expression." From serving the middle-class American, Flaubert frees us, saying,

"Hatred of the bourgeois is the beginning of virtue." Mr. Spingarn, our learned theorist, brushes away the critical cobwebs of antique poetic doctrine, and gives us a clean æsthetic basis, by his revelation that "beauty aims neither at morals nor at truth"; and that "it is not the purpose of poetry to further the cause of democracy, or any other practical 'cause,' any more than it is the purpose of bridge-building to further the cause of Esperanto." We have had to import our philosophy in fragments from beyond the borders of Anglo-Saxonia, from Ireland, Germany, France, and Italy; and we have had to call in the quick Semitic intelligence to piece it together. But here it is; and you will recognize that it liberates us from Puritanism and from Democracy. It emancipates us from you!

'You ask me, perhaps,' continued the young representative of American letters, 'what we intend to do with this new freedom, which, as Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn truly says, is our "central passion." Well, we intend to *let ourselves out*. If you press me as to what I mean by that, I can refer you to the new psychology. This invaluable science, developed by great German investigators, has recently announced, as you possibly know, an epoch-making discovery—namely, that most of the evil in the world is due to self-control. To modern inquiry, it appears that what all the moralists, especially in Anglo-Saxon countries, have tried to curb or to suppress is precisely what they should have striven to release. If you wish corroboration, let me quote the words of our talented English colleague, Mr. W. L. George, the novelist, who says, "I suspect that it does a people no good if its preoccupations find no outlet."

'In passing I will remark that Mr. George, being an Englishman, shows a certain taint of inherited English Puri-

tanism in defending letting people out *in order to do them good*. From the point of view of the new philosophy, letting one's self out completely and perfectly is art, which has no purpose and therefore requires no defense.

'But to return: what are the preoccupations of the ordinary man? Once more Mr. George shall answer for us. "A large proportion of his thoughts run on sex if he is a live man." French literature proves the point abundantly; American literature, as yet, very imperfectly and scantily. Consequently, a young American desiring to enlarge his sex-consciousness must import his fiction from overseas. But our own Mr. Cabell has also begun to prove the point as well as a foreigner. His release of the suppressed life is very precious. If he were encouraged, instead of being nipped by the frost of a Puritanical censorship; if a taste were developed to support him, he might do for us what George Moore is trying, subterraneously, to do for England.

'Our own Mr. Dreiser has been so preoccupied with this subject that he has been obliged to neglect a little his logic and his grammar. His thinking, however, runs none the less surefootedly to the conclusion reached by Mr. George. What does that remorseless artist-thinker, Mr. Dreiser, say? He says: "It is the desire to enthrone and enhance, by every possible detail of ornamentation, comfort, and color,—love, sensual gratification,—that man in the main moves, and by that alone." We do not maintain that Mr. Dreiser is a flawless writer. But if, at your leisure, you will study that sentence from his latest and ripest book, till you discover its subject, predicate, and object, and can bridge its anacoluthon, and reconcile "in the main" with "by that alone," then you will be in a position to grasp our leading idea for the future of the arts in America.'

II

When the young man resumed his seat, there was a ripple of applause among the ladies, one of whom told me later that she thought the speaker's voice 'delicious' and his eyes 'soulful.' But I noticed that the bishop was purple with suppressed wrath; that the university president had withdrawn; while the other builders of civilization, notably the business men, were nodding with a kind of patient and puzzled resignation.

In my neighborhood there was a quick little buzz of questions: 'Will you tell me what all that has to do with a programme of democratic progress?'—'What is George Moore trying subterraneously to do for England? Is he interested in the collieries? I thought he was a novelist.'—'He has downright insulted them,' said my neighbor on the right, 'don't you think?'

'Why, no,' I replied, 'not exactly. He was asked to speak on the superfluous things; and he has really demonstrated that they are superfluous. After this, don't you see, the builders of civilization can go on with their work and not worry about the arts. He has told them that beauty is not for them; and they will swiftly conclude that they are not for beauty. I think he has very honestly expressed what our radical young people are thinking. They are in revolt. They wish by all means to widen the traditional breach between the artist and the Puritan.'

'What do you mean by Puritan?' inquired my friend, as we made our way out of the hall together.

He is a simple-hearted old gentleman who does n't follow the new literature, but still reads Hawthorne and George Eliot.

'It is n't,' I explained, 'what I mean by Puritan that signifies. It is what the young people mean. A Puritan for

them is any man who believes it possible to distinguish between good and evil, and who also believes that, having made the distinction, his welfare depends upon his furthering the one and curbing the other.'

'But,' cried the old gentleman in some heat, 'in that sense, we are all Puritans. That is n't theological Puritanism. That is scarcely even moral Puritanism. It's just — it's just ordinary horse sense. In that sense, for God's sake, who is n't a Puritan?'

I recalled an old case that I thought would illustrate the present situation. 'There was Judge Keeling,' I said, 'in Charles the Second's time. Judge Keeling put Bunyan in jail for failing to use the Book of Common Prayer, and similar misdemeanors. In the reign of the same Defender of the Faith, two merry wits and poets of his court became flown with wine and, stripping themselves naked, ran through the streets, giving a healthy outlet to their suppressed selves in songs of a certain sort. The constable, an ordinary English Puritan, so far misunderstood the spiritual autonomy which the artist should enjoy, that he arrested the two liberators of art. When, however, the news reached Judge Keeling, he released the young men and laid the constable by the heels; which, as Pepys, — himself a patron of the arts, yet a bit of a Puritan, — as Pepys remarked, was a "horrid shame." Now Judge Keeling, I think our own young people would admit, was not a Puritan, even in the latest sense of the term.'

'But those Restoration fellows,' replied my friend, — 'Keeling and the wits and the rest of them, — they were opposing the sense of the whole English nation. They made no headway. No one took them seriously. They all disappeared like gnats in a snowstorm. When the central current of English life had done its scouring work, people thought of your two poets as mere

stable-boys of the Restoration. Surely you don't think our democratic young people are so silly as to imitate them? We have no merry monarch to reward them. What do they gain by setting themselves against the common sense?'

'Notoriety,' I said, 'which is as sweet under a republican as under a monarchical form of government. I used to think that to insult the common sense and always to be speaking contemptuously of the "bourgeoisie," implied sycophancy, either to a corrupt and degenerate aristocracy, or to a peculiarly arrogant and atheistical lowest class. But our "democratic young people," as you call them, preserve and foster this artistic snobbishness as a form of self-expression.

'When Mr. Dreiser declares that God cares nothing for the Ten Commandments or for the pure in heart, he really means that inanimate nature cares nothing for them, and that the animal kingdom and he and the heroes of his books follow nature. But he denies a faith which in some fifty millions of native Americans survives the decay of dogma, and somehow, in attenuated form, keeps the country from going wholly to the dogs. For, of course, if it were demonstrable that God had abandoned a charge so important, plain men of sense would quietly assume responsibility and "carry on" in his stead.'

'I quite agree with you,' said the old gentleman; 'but as I am not acquainted with the author you mention and am just completing my third reading of *Middlemarch*, I will turn in here. Good-night.'

III

I went on down the street, resuming, unaccompanied, the more difficult part of my meditation on the place of the fine arts in a programme of democratic progress, and internally debating with the young man who had caused such a

sensation at dinner. Having made this general acknowledgment of his inspiration, I shall not attempt to reproduce our dialogue; for I found that he simply repeated the main points of his speech, and interrupted my comment upon it.

When Mr. Spingarn declares that beauty is not concerned with truth or morals or democracy, he makes a philosophical distinction which I have no doubt that Charles the Second would have understood, approved, and could, at need, have illustrated. But he says what the American schoolboy knows to be false to the history of beauty in this country. By divorcing, in his super-subtle Italian fashion, form from substance, he has separated beauty from her traditional associates in American letters, and so has left her open to seduction.

Beauty, whether we like it or not, has a heart full of service. Emancipated, she will still be seeking some vital activity. You have heard how the new writers propose to employ her new leisure: in extending the ordinary man's preoccupation with sex. We don't, you will observe, by the emancipation of the arts from service to truth, morals, and democracy — we don't obtain a 'disinterested' beauty. We obtain merely a beauty with different interests — serving 'sensual gratification' and propagating the curiously related doctrine that God cares nothing for the Ten Commandments or for the pure in heart.

We arrive finally at some such comprehensive formulation of relationships as this: It is the main function of art to deny what it is the main function of truth, morals, and democracy to affirm. Our speaker for the younger generation has made all this so clear that I suspect the bishop is going home resolved to take music out of his churches. The university president is perhaps deciding to replace his profes-

sor of Italian painting by a professor of soil-fertility. As for the captains of industry, they can hardly be blamed if they mutter among themselves: 'May the devil fly away with the fine arts! Let's get back to business.'

It is to be hoped, nevertheless, that the devil will not fly away with the fine arts or the fine artists, or with our freshly foot-loose and wandering beauty; for the builders of civilization have need of them. If the young people were not misled by more or less alien-spirited guides, the national genius itself would lead them into a larger life.

When our forefathers, whom it is now customary to speak of as 'grim,' outlined their programme for a new republic, though they had many more immediately pressing matters on their minds, they included among objects to be safeguarded, indeed, among the inalienable rights of mankind, 'the pursuit of happiness.' It appears that they, like ourselves, had some dim idea that the ultimate end of their preparation was, not to fight the English or the savages or the wilderness, but to enjoy, they or their posterity, some hitherto unexperienced felicity. That, at heart, was what sustained them under the burdens and heats of a pioneering civilization, through those years when they dispensed with such ingredients of happiness as musical comedy and moving pictures, and when the most notable piece of imagist verse was Franklin's proverb, 'It is hard for an empty sack to stand upright' — a one-line poem of humor, morality, insight, and imagination all compact.

We, too, entertain, we ordinary puritanical Americans, some shadowy notions of a time to come, when, at more frequent intervals than now, men shall draw in a delighted breath and cry, 'Oh, that this moment might endure forever!' We believe in this far-off time, because, at least once or

twice in a lifetime, each of us experiences such a moment, or, feeling the wind of its retreating wing, knows that it has just gone by. It may have been in some magical sunset, or at the sound of a solemn music, or in the sudden apprehension of a long-sought truth, or at the thrill and tightening of resolution in some crisis, or in the presence of some fair marble image of a thought that keeps its beauty and serenity while we fret and fade. It may even have been at some vision, seen in the multitude of business, of a new republic revealed to the traveling imagination, like a shining city set on a hill in the flash of a midnight storm. Till life itself yields such moments less charily, it is incumbent upon the artist to send them as often as he can.

IV

There came among us in war-time an English poet whose face was as sad as his who from the Judecca climbed to see again *delle cose belle che porta il ciel*. He had been where his countrymen, fighting with incredible heroism, had suffered one of the most heart-breaking and bloody defeats in English history. His memory was seared with remembrance of the filth, waste, wounds, and screaming lunacy of the battle-front to which he was about to return. When someone asked him to write his name in a volume of his poems, he inscribed below it this line of his own verse:—

The days that make us happy make us wise.

Why these days? Because in them we learn the final object of all our preparation. These days serve us as measures of the success of our civilization.

The ultimate reason for including the 'superfluous things'—art, music, literature—in a plan of national preparation is that, rightly used, they are both causes and consequences of happiness. They are the seed and the fruit of that

fine and gracious and finished national life toward which we aspire. When the body is fed and sheltered, there remain to be satisfied—as what Puritan does not know?—the inarticulate hungers of the heart, to which all the arts are merely some of the ministers. Other ministers are religion, morality, patriotism, science, truth. It is only by harmonious coöperation that they can ever hope to satisfy the whole heart, the modern heart, with its ever-widening range of wakened hungers. It is certainly not by banishing or ignoring the austerer ministers, and making poetry, painting, and music perform a Franco-Turkish dance of invitation—it is not thus that the artist should expect to satisfy a heart as religious, as moral, and as democratic as the American heart is, by its bitterest critics, declared to be.

'Art is expression,' says the learned theorist of the young people, 'and poets succeed or fail by their success or failure in completely expressing themselves.' Let us concede that the poet who expresses completely what is in him by a hymn to the devil is as perfect an artist as a poet who expresses what is in him by the *Iliad*. Then let us remark that the poet who hymns the devil, the devil is likely to fly away with. And let us add as rapidly as possible a little series of neglected truisms. An artist is a man living in society. A great artist is a great man living in a great society. When a great artist expresses himself completely, it is found invariably that he has expressed, not merely himself, but also the dominant thought and feeling of the men with whom he lives. Mr. Spingarn, indeed, indirectly admits the point when he says: 'If the ideals they [the poets] express are not the ideals we admire most, we must blame, not the poets, but ourselves; in the world where morals count, *we have failed to give them the proper materials out of which to rear*

a nobler edifice.' (Italics mine.) This seems to mean that society is responsible for the artist, even if the artist is not responsible to society. Society gives him, as a man, what, as an artist, he expresses.

I have perhaps hinted here and elsewhere my suspicion that Mr. Dreiser, a capital illustrative example, is not a great novelist, because, though living in a great society, he does not express or represent its human characteristics, but confines himself to an exhibition of the habits and traits of animals. Is it that we have not given him materials to rear a nobler edifice? That which we — that is, society — can give to a novelist is the moulding and formative influence of the national temper and character. What have we given to Mr. Dreiser? What, in short, are the dominant traits of the national genius? I am delighted to discover in Mr. Dreiser's latest book that he himself knows pretty well what the national genius is, how it has manifested itself in religion and politics, and how it is nourished and sustained by ancient traditions and strong racial proclivities. I like to agree with our young people when I can. When I find one of them testifying, contrary to their custom, that America does now possess a powerful national culture, I like to applaud his discernment. It is a pleasure to make amends for my disparagement of Mr. Dreiser as a novelist, by illustrating his critical ability with these words of his on the national genius: —

'No country in the world (at least, none that I know anything about) has such a peculiar, such a seemingly fierce determination to make the Ten Commandments work. It would be amusing, if it were not pitiful, their faith in these binding religious ideals. I have never been able to make up my mind whether this springs from the zealotry of the Puritans who landed at Plymouth

Rock, or whether it is rooted in the soil . . . or whether it is a product of the Federal Constitution, compounded by such idealists as Paine and Jefferson and Franklin and the more or less religious and political dreamers of the pre-constitutional days. *Certain it is that no such profound moral idealism animated the French in Canada, the Dutch in New York, the Swedes in New Jersey, or the mixed French and English in the extreme South and New Orleans.*' (Italics mine.)

I know how differently our young people feel; but, to my thinking, a national genius animated by an incomparably profound moral idealism does not seem such a contemptible moulding and formative influence for an artist to undergo. English-speaking poets, from Spenser to Walt Whitman, have grown great under the influence of such an environing spirit. At any rate, if the great artist, in expressing himself, expresses also the society of which he is a part, it should seem to follow, like a conclusion in geometry, that a great American artist must express the 'profound moral idealism' of America. To rail against it, to lead an insurrection against it, is to repeat the folly of the Restoration wits. If in this connection one may use a bit of the American language, it is to 'buck' the national genius; and this is an enterprise comparable with bucking a stone wall. On the other hand to acknowledge the leadership of the national genius, to subject one's self to its influence, to serve it according to one's talents, to find beautiful and potent forms to express its working — this is to ally one's self with the general creative effort of the country in all fields of activity; this is to be in a benign conspiracy with one's time and place, and to be upborne by the central stream of tendency.

There is small place for Bohemia in democratic art. I sometimes wonder with what spiritual refugees, under what rafters, those poets and novelists

live who are so anxious to secede from the major effort of their countrymen. For their own sakes one wishes that they might cultivate acquaintance with our eminent 'builders of civilization.' The good that I should expect from this contact is a vision of the national life, a sense of the national will, which are usually possessed in some degree by these Americans, whatever their æsthetic deficiencies, who bear the burden of the state, or are widely conversant with its business, or preside over its religious, moral, or educational undertakings. I do not intend in the least to suggest that the artist should become propagandist or reformer, or that he should go to the bishop or the statesman for a commission, though I believe that Leonardo and Michael Angelo did some very tolerable things under direct inspiration of that nature. What one feels is rather that intercourse with such men might finally create in our artistic secessionists a consciousness of the ignobility of their aims. For in America it will be found more and more that the artist who does not in some fashion concern himself with truth, morals, and democracy, is unimportant, is ignoble.

In an unfinished world, where religion has become so largely a matter of traditional sentiments and observances, poetry has a work to do, poetry of any high seriousness. Our critics and poets of vision have long since recognized what that work is. 'I said to Bryant and to these young people,' wrote Emerson in his journal many years ago, 'that the high poetry of the world from the beginning has been ethical, and it is the tendency of the ripe modern mind to produce it.' — 'I hate literature,' said Whitman, perhaps over-emphatically expressing the traditional American disdain for art in its merely decorative and recreative aspects. 'Literature is big only in one way, when used as an aid in the growth of the humanities.'

Our young people, of course, will exclaim that these are typical utterances of our New England Puritanism, fatal to the arts; but, as a matter of fact, this Puritanism is of a sort that the New Englanders shared with Plato and Aristotle, who have not been fatal to the arts. When Emerson said, 'Honor every truth by use,' he expressed, I think, what Socrates would have approved, and at the same time he spoke in fullest accord with the national genius, ever driving at practice, ever pressing toward the fulfillment of its vision.

Why should a spokesman for *belles-lettres*, bred in the national tradition, hesitate to go before a group of 'practical' men and talk to them, unashamed, of the 'utilities' of artistic expression? He may borrow a figure from the economist, and declare that the poet 'socializes' the spiritual wealth of the country. Art is rooted in social instinct, in a desire to communicate goods to others, to share one's private experience and anticipations. It is the spontaneous overflow of thoughts and feelings which one cannot consume alone. 'Full of the common joy,' says Donne, 'I uttered some.' This is your true and unassailable communism. When Saint-Gaudens, having conceived his heroic and inspiring image of Colonel Shaw leading his colored troops, sets it up on Boston Common, it becomes common property; and the loafer in the park, the student, the hurrying merchant, the newsboy, are equal sharers in its commemoration and inspiration. A village poet with an ethical bent makes this thought sing: —

When duty whispers low, 'Thou must,'
The youth replies, 'I can,' —

and he has slipped a spiritual gold-piece into the palm of each of his fellow countrymen. This is wealth really distributed. It would be of advantage to both bards and business men if some spiritual

economist would remind them more frequently that the wealth of a community is in proportion to the number of such ideas that it has in common.

V

Among builders of American civilization, many means are now discussed for awakening national pride and attaching the affections of the people to the state; conspicuous among them are, or were, Liberty Bonds, nationalization of the railroads, and universal military service. Robert Burns and Sir Walter did the work more simply and cheaply for Scotland. It has never been hard for the native-born American to hold America 'first' in political affairs; but musicians as such, painters as such, men of letters as such, cannot, without straining the meaning of the word, hold her first till her national genius expresses itself as adequately, as nobly, in music, painting, and literature, as it has, on the whole, in the great political crises. Irving, at the beginning of the last century, worked with a clear understanding of our deficiencies when he wrote his *Rip Van Winkle* and other legends of the Hudson Valley, with the avowed purpose 'to clothe home scenes and places and familiar names with those imaginative and whimsical associations so seldom met with in our new country, but which live like charms and spells about the cities of the Old World, binding the heart of the native inhabitant to his home.'

You may persuade all men to buy Liberty Bonds or to invest in the stock of nationalized railroads, or you may legislate them into the army; but you cannot dragoon them into crying, 'O beautiful, my country!' That is the work of the poets, who have entwined their loyalty with their heart-strings. That is the work of the artists, who have made their Americanism vital,

devout, affectionate. 'How can our love increase,' asks Thoreau, 'unless our loveliness increases also?' A good question for 'Americanizers' to meditate upon. It would benefit both public men and artists if someone reminded them more frequently that one of the really important tasks of national preparation is to draw out and express in forms of appealing beauty, audible as poetry or music, visible as painting or sculpture, the purpose and meaning of this vast half-articulate land, so that our hosts of new and unlearned citizens may come to understand her as they understand the divine compassion — by often kneeling before some shrine of the Virgin.

When art becomes thus informed with the larger life of the country, it vitalizes and gives permanency to the national ideals. It transmits the hope and courage and aspiration of one generation to the next, with the emotional glow and color undiminished and unimpaired. If we receive and cherish the tradition, our imaginative experience transcends the span of our natural lives. We live in the presence, as Burke declared, of our 'canonized' forefathers and in a kind of reverent apprehension of 'our posterity, happily conscious of a noble and distinguished national thought and feeling, 'above the vulgar practice of the hour.'

Precisely because Lincoln had communed so intimately with the national genius and obeyed so devoutly its promptings, America ceases, in some passages of his letters and speeches, to be a body politic and becomes a living soul. Who was it wrote that letter to Mrs. Bixby on the loss of her five sons in battle? 'I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic that they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave

you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.'

The words are thrilling still with the pathos and splendor of patriotic death. They seem charged with the tears and valor of the whole Civil War. To speak like that of death is to unfold the meaning of the Latin verse: *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*. It is to hallow the altar on which the sacrifice is made. One can hardly read the letter through with dry eyes; and yet reading it makes one very happy. It makes one happy because it renders one in imagination a sharer of that splendid sacrifice, that solemn pride, that divine consolation.

It makes one happy because it uplifts the heart and purges it of private interests, and admits one into the higher, and more spacious, and grander life of the nation. For my purposes I am not writing an anti-climax when I say that it makes one happy because it is the perfect expression of a deep, grave, and noble emotion, which is the supreme triumph of the expressive arts. It is the work of a great artist. Was it Lincoln? Or was it the America of our dreams? It was the voice of the true emancipator of our art, who will always understand that his task is not to set Beauty and Puritanism at loggerheads, but to make Puritanism beautiful.

THE SCHOOLMA'AM OF SANDY RIDGE

BY IRENE HUDSON

SANDY RIDGE MISSION, June 1, 1918.

DEAR BOY, —

Here I am on this wonderful mountain-top, the new schoolma'am of Sandy Ridge. From where I am sitting on our little two-by-four porch, I look out on peak after peak, covered with a dense growth of laurel and ivy. Through the haze I can see the Blue Ridge, fifty miles away, in Tennessee and North Carolina. One actually has to see these mountains to realize why the people have become so isolated. The mountains are like so many hummocks, with hollows in between, each little hollow being a separate unit walled in on all sides. It's fine to be up at the top of the world, with this indescribably refreshing air and expanse of view. At

night the stars seem so close, I feel as if I could reach up and touch them.

The nearest mining-camp, Dante, is five miles down a steep, rough trail through the underbrush and creek-bed. We get our supplies from Montgomery Ward. These have to be hauled up the mountain from the freight station seven miles away. There are few wagons because the roads are so impassable. Winter and summer they use sleds. My trunk and box of books came rattling up the mountain yesterday tied to a sled pulled by the thinnest mule I have ever laid eyes on.

The Mission consists of a two-room log cabin for us to live in and a thirty-by-fifty-foot log schoolhouse. First of all, I must tell you how it all started.

Several years ago some of our neighbors went down to Dante to peddle berries. Deaconess Williams was so kind to them that they became friends, and she consented to come up and have Sunday-School for them. There was only one little one-room cabin available. When it was pleasant they had Sunday-School out under the big walnut tree. When it rained, somehow they scrouged into the cabin. With its one door and porthole of a window, the cabin had once been a favorite place for newly married couples to start house-keeping. Then it was used as a stable, until it became Sandy Ridge Mission. Deaconess had the old puncheon floor taken out and made into a porch, and a new door and window cut.

For two summers in this cabin the two workers lived and held Sunday-School, and cooking- and sewing-classes, and even entertained the Bishop and Archdeacon. Then the neighbors suggested that they would get out logs for a schoolhouse and help raise it, if Deaconess would provide a teacher. So the schoolhouse was built. I shall have the second term of school ever taught here. Using one wall of the cabin, and one wall of the schoolhouse, a connecting room was put up, with five sides and no corner a right angle. We call this Middlesex, and use it for a kitchen and living-room. It has a lovely old sandstone fireplace and broad, low windows, through which we can see for miles on either side of the Ridge. A huge denim-covered screen marks where the living-room ends and the kitchen begins. We have been putting up some Venetian blue prints on the gray, weather-beaten walls. With the shelves full of our own precious books, we are developing a decidedly cozy atmosphere. The old cabin, contrary to mountain custom, we use exclusively for our boudoir. Rain or shine, we eat out on our little puncheon-floored

porch, where this prairie-raised mortal feeds on view as well as food.

July 28, 1918.

I have just come from Troy Howard's, five miles around the Ridge. His daughter Ellie is dying, by inches, of tuberculosis. Her mother died of it six years ago, leaving Ellie, then ten years old, to bring up a family of six younger children. At that time, Deaconess suggested that she find homes for some of the children. Troy asked them. They said, 'We'll hoe corn and work all the time if we kin only stay with Poppy' (the mountain children's name for father). So Ellie struggled along. For the last six months she has been in bed, while a younger sister takes up the burden. Whenever Ellie has a bad spell, they send word to the neighbors. All come who can, for fear Troy might be alone when she dies. They have a great fear of death. The older people come out of courtesy and sympathy. The young people come to spark and have a good time. Her friends have just as much as buried Ellie already. In speaking of someone being very sick, the expression is, 'We're lookin' fer 'em to die.' A woman resembling the description of Betsy Trotwood was there this afternoon.

'Law, it's a sight, how you've fallen away!' she said to Ellie, cautiously, standing way off by the door.

Josiah Howard, Ellie's uncle, and I came back on horseback about eleven-thirty, leaving Mrs. Josiah and Miss W—— to stay the rest of the night. The moon cast curious shadows in the woods. A heavy, languid humidity enveloped us as we rode along. Josiah can read very little and write less, but he has that innate fineness that shows itself in his manners and conversation. We are very fortunate to have him for our nearest neighbor.

The people think it strange that we

are not afraid to stay alone at night. They have the primitive fear of darkness. Only the young bucks think of being out after dark. They often spend the whole night, just scouting around, or building a fire and going to sleep beside it. Some nights they collect all the boys and dogs on the Ridge, and have fox-hunts. Such yipping and yelling you never heard, up one ridge and down another. They think it great sport these glorious moonlight nights.

Another question that puzzles the mountaineer mind is, why are we not married?

July 29, 1918.

Miss W—— got in at 6.30 A. M. We had a combination breakfast and dinner at noon. Then I set out for the funeral preaching. The custom is to have a funeral preaching every two or three years for all the people who have died during that time. Each one is buried at the time of his death, but the preaching is reserved for a later day, when it is convenient for more people and more preachers to get there. Sometimes a man will be married again, and his second wife will be one of the chief mourners at his first wife's funeral preaching. This custom is dying out to some extent. The burying and preaching together are becoming more common. To-day there were five people to be preached for and five preachers. There was much shouting. Most of it was knocks at all the other denominations and praise for the old Baptists. One has to be baptized to be saved, and one may be saved just as often as there is enough water in the creek and a preacher handy to perform the ceremony.

This is the most democratic community, I believe, that exists. You see, there is only *one class*. People exchange work, but no man works for another as a servant. Being as remote and isolated from the rest of the world as if they

were on a desert island, they have no conception of any other condition of society. I am having sent to you Horace Kephart's *Our Southern Highlanders*. It is the best book published on the mountaineers. So far as I have been able to observe, he is very accurate.

Until one realizes how much hard work it requires to get their daily bread, and the physical obstacles life presents for them, one cannot appreciate what is back of what the outsider calls shiftlessness. They are not the heavy, sturdy peasant type, which we are accustomed to see among our immigrants, who thrive on the hardest kind of labor. They are slight, delicately built, aristocratic Anglo-Saxons. Each year, from inbreeding and malnutrition, they are physically weaker; and because they know nothing about fertilizing, the land is less fruitful. Most of all, they need someone to teach them how to farm. I wish we could import a few Swiss to show them how to terrace the land. Every now and then I have to remind myself that they are living according to eighteenth-century standards, the heritage of two centuries having passed them by. All the sterling qualities of the Anglo-Saxon race are there awaiting development.

Here are some of my aristocrats. Yesterday, as I was going to Preaching, I met some strange women on the road, and stopped to talk.

'Would it hinder ye to stop in to Litty Coburn's and git the chaw of ter-baccar I left with Litty's gal, and fotch hit to my gal Dillie?' asked one of them. 'She's at the Preaching and, poor gal, she hain't got nary a bit.'

I stopped at the next house. Litty's gal, Bessie, gave me a wad wrapped in newspaper, which I carried to Meeting and delivered as instructed. Litty's house has no windows, no chairs, no table, no stove. The furnishings consist of two beds, one safe (cupboard),

one huge walnut chest. She and her three children cook their meals over a ramshackle fireplace, and, begrimed with smoke and ashes, sit on the floor to eat them.

If you had the toothache up here, the Tooth-Jumper would take the tooth out, with one lick of his hammer on a nail, deftly adjusted at the base of the tooth. He is n't any good unless he can do it with one lick. At least that is the old-time way of doing it, so they tell me.

SANDY RIDGE MISSION, *August 2, 1918.*

DEAR BOY,—

Poor Ellie is suffering a great deal. I'm afraid she can't live much longer. I went over there last night about 9.30. It was a wild night, with the wind blowing a gale, pouring rain, and dark as pitch. Every house along the road was closed up tight. Only the flickering firelight through the little portholes of windows showed any signs of life. It was right spooky, stumbling over the stones, through the thick woods. The haunts were all out, especially around the Burying-ground.

When I arrived at the Troy Howards', all were amazed that I had come alone, but poor Mr. Troy was delighted to see me. He has not slept more than a couple of hours for weeks. I persuaded him to lie down and rest, promising to call him if Ellie were worse.

The house has two rooms. In the middle of the largest of these is Ellie's bed, between two open doors. Back of it, in the two corners, are two other beds, the sleeping quarters for the seven other members of the family. After placing the three least uns in one bed and covering them tenderly with dirty remnants of quilts, and removing his coat, Troy Howard himself tumbled into the other bed, and in a few minutes was sleeping audibly.

Behind the head of Ellie's four-pos-

ter bed sat Mrs. John Howard, an aunt, and myself, on two dilapidated, home-made chairs, the only chairs in the house; between us a small rickety table, on which was a can of insect-powder, a Bible without any cover, a rusty tin cup for Ellie to drink from, a bottle of patent cough-syrup, and a sort of kerosene torch, whose light, flickering in the wind, cast strange shadows on the wall. In the adjoining room, around the fireplace, — in which burned a sickly fire, — on the floor and on a long, narrow bench, sprawled the three older children and two neighbor young people, who had come for the novelty of the occasion. All expectorated freely on the floor and in the fire — a habit quite prevalent, whether chewing or not. A long table, covered with dirty dishes and crumbs from supper; a very small battered cookstove; a few shelves with a handful of dishes; and a barrel minus several staves, containing the family provisions of meal and flour, were the furnishings of the room. Under the floor occasionally squealed a pig or rabbit. To replenish the fire, I picked a stick off the floor. To my great dismay, I found that I had thrown into the fire one of the props that kept the floor from falling in. Unconcernedly, one of the boys ran out and brought in another stick to put in its place.

Ellie moaned. Sometimes she struggled for breath, as she tossed restlessly on her bed, calling for Poppy again and again. The only thing that quieted her was my cool fingers on her burning forehead. Mrs. John was much disturbed, but never went near Ellie or offered to help me raise her up to drink. The mountain people have an instinctive fear of sickness, especially tuberculosis.

Ellie's hay-mattress had grown humpy. The bedding was indescribably dirty. She had on a black woolen shirt and calico waist over her under-

clothes, which she had worn in bed for two months at least. I longed to freshen up her bed and make her clean and comfortable. She refused to change the clothes she had on, or to let anyone touch her bed, partly from pride and partly from not wanting to make work for anyone. Poor little Ellie! At sixteen she has already borne more than a woman's load.

The children continued their hilarious time around the fire, quieting down only when I went in and suggested that they refrain from waking up their father. As it drew near midnight, it became more difficult for them to fight off sleep. Fat, sloppy Osie Kirby hung, half asleep, over one end of the bench, almost pinning skinny Columbus Rose to the wall. (I wish you could see him ride a kicking, plunging mule over fences, without a sign of saddle. Loose-jointed and impossible to kill, he can stick like a leech.) Savanny Howard was spread full length on the other end, while underneath the bench the two small Howard boys waked up betimes to pinch the girls' legs and replenish the fire. Thus they continued until 1.30 A.M., when Savanny came in to reach down the lantern hanging over our heads, with which to light home the Amazon Osie. I have said that the mountain girls are slight of stature and that they never go out at night. Osie is the necessary exception.

Their company gone, the young Howards prepared to retire also. Savanny took off her shoes and a shredded pair of white stockings, and crawled in with the little girls. The boys, having no shoes to remove, crawled in with their father just as they were. With a jerk at the 'kivers,' all were immediately asleep.

Mrs. John and I continued our watch. The fleas nearly devoured us alive. You may know they were ferocious when even Mrs. John was dis-

turbed by them. My skirt and stockings were wet from the walk through the rain. So far I had been too much occupied to notice it. I shivered when I sat still. At times Mrs. John leaned her head on the table, and went off completely. I leaned my elbows on my knees, and my head in my hands, with all the heaviness of sleep, but kept awake. Meanwhile Ellie moaned in hersleep, Troy Howard snored, the rabbits ran in and out, chasing each other round the floor, hunting for something to eat, and all the night noises went on out-of-doors. Sometimes Mrs. John sat looking intently at the Bible, although she cannot read. About every twenty minutes, she asked me the time.

'Hit's a long night when a body sets up,' she reiterated several times. Mrs. John has a strange habit of looking fixedly at you, and mumbling along with you everything you say. If she can't quite keep up with your speed, she at least repeats the last few words of your sentences after you. It is as if she felt that you needed encouragement and her continuous approval. We grew chummiest when we repaired to the bench by the fire. Then she told me all the sickness she'd seen in her family, and I told her all about my family and where they lived. Before retiring, Troy Howard offered us the only food ready for eating in the house—some green apples off their run-out trees. Mrs. John ate several, and the children ate a great many, but no food had appeal for me under the circumstances.

After an endlessly long night the dawn gradually appeared, lighting up the rags and the dirt even more painfully than the torch and the firelight. Mrs. John set out for home, having been before. I stayed on, with nothing to do but replenish the fire and wait for Mr. Troy to wake up. At 6.30 he bestirred himself, looking like a different

man after the first eight-hours' sleep in weeks.

'Jes' stay,' he urged, as I began putting on my cape; 'I'll rouse Savanny up to git ye some breakfast.'

He did n't say, 'Thank you.' That expression is not used. However, he showed much gratitude and solicitude in asking as I said good-bye, 'Kin ye git some sleep when ye gits home?' Troy Howard lives in a hovel, but he knows more about loving his children and the essential qualities of a home than the most successful man in the land.

The mist was everywhere as I walked the five long miles home. I was too weary and flea-bitten to care much about anything but physical refreshment. Miss W—— greeted me with a cup of hot malted milk and some oatmeal crackers. Stopping only long enough to scrutinize each article of clothing as I took it off, and to demolish two fleas, I dropped into bed and slept for four hours, waking to devour a huge dinner.

August 5, 1918.

I began morning school last Monday, and I'm worn to a frazzle already. I have thirty children, ranging in age from five to thirteen, bright and feeble-minded all together, in all stages of development. The children run as wild as little savages at home, and see no reason why they should n't have the same privilege here. They think nothing of yelling out in school. If I scold them, they run off and hide and don't appear at school-time. The day before school began, I spent in deep consideration of the formidable mysteries of the 'Course of Study for Virginia Rural Schools,' hoping that a kind Providence would somehow see me through. I have divided them into three groups, but even at that, in my phonics class I have children from five to twelve years old. Fortunately I brought with me a lot of my kinder-

garten handwork materials, and some blessed wall-paper samples. When things get too thick, we construct chairs and tables out of wall-paper. At such times you can hear a pin drop, the children are so delighted with the paper and the idea of making something. The big boys have promised to make us a doll-house, so that all these beautiful rose-covered chairs can really function.

Little feeble-minded Gillard Coburn has learned what the letter A looks like. He cuts it out of paper and writes it on the board and the desks and the floor and the books. In fact, he is so delighted with A, he will have nothing to do with B, or any more of their family. Gillard is a great trial. If I let him be with the other children of his age, he feels badly when he can't do as well as they. If I give him some handwork off by himself, his feelings are hurt because he can't be with the others. With twenty-nine other little problems, I can't devote the morning to him, poor child! He ought to be in a feeble-minded school, but his mother would never consent, being feeble-minded also. She is Litty Coburn of the windowless, chairless, and stoveless house.

The first day of school the children were here before we were up, they were so anxious for school to begin. Cornelis Marshall brought two of his children in to me. With the air of a millionaire father presenting his children at the most exclusive school in the country, he imperiously said, 'I've fotched my young uns an' I wants ye to whup 'em an' larn 'em.'

I like the quaint, indirect way people have of saying good-bye. Here is an example.

Josiah Howard, about to depart: 'I reckon I better be a-goin'.'

John, the host: 'Don't rush off.'

Josiah: 'I'll have to be gittin' on.'

John: 'Jes' stay all night.'

Josiah: 'Cain't. Jes' you uns come down with me.'

John: 'Reckon we uns 'll not go.'

This is n't just once. The same kind of conversation goes on every time they part. Even if they just stop to talk a minute on the road, one politely starts the signal to move on by saying, 'Well, you-all go down with me.'

'No, I cain't. You jes' go round with me,' the other returns, moving on, too.

When I first came, I was very much amused at Jim Dyer, a man working for us. Every night before he went home, he would come to the door and say, 'Well, you and Miss W—— jes' go down and stay all night.'

At first I did n't know what kind of reply to make to Jim Dyer's inviting two maiden ladies down to spend the night. I finally discovered that that was merely a polite way of bidding us good-bye. We, to have been equally polite, should have said, 'No, we can't go down, Jim. You stay with us.'

August 15, 1918.

Ellie Howard died on Wednesday. Miss W—— went right out. As no one else undertook the job, she prepared Ellie's body for burial, putting on a clean white nightgown that she took with her. The women were not satisfied with that, but sent one of the men off to Dante to buy new material for burying-clothes. Cornelis Marshall usually makes the coffins, and does it very neatly. Somebody foolishly persuaded Troy Howard to send off for a 'store' casket. This will cost twenty-five dollars at least, and there is hardly a bite to eat in the house; but poor Troy thinks that Ellie must have the best.

Thursday afternoon, when we arrived for the burying, the yard was swarming with people of all ages, standing around saying hardly a word. The burying-clothes had not arrived, nor had the

men finished digging the grave. Finally a woman appeared with the clothes. We shooed out the children. While two girls held up a sheet over the doorway, we dressed Ellie in the finery that came from the store. It fell to my lot to put on the long silk gloves. Ellie never having owned a pair in her lifetime, the women thought she ought to have them when she was buried. I wanted to get up and shout that I would have nothing to do with decking out this empty shell of a body with emptier finery; but appreciating the loving spirit of the women, I picked up the gloves and, with much stretching and tugging, pulled them onto the stiff, cold hands. When she was all dressed, we put her in the black, shiny box, with fancy brass handles, which the women gazed on admiringly. It seemed to me I read scorn on Cornelis Marshall's face, when he saw it.

Her few little treasured possessions ('tricks,' they call them) were put in with her—a red, heart-shaped box containing some old hair-ribbons and a tooth-brush, from the Mission, and her doll, from the Mission Christmas tree. The doll's dress being dirty, a woman took it off and made a new one. The women were well satisfied with their labors, except for the fact that they had not been able to get any shoes. You see, they believe that at the Last Trump the graves will all be opened and people will come out of them as they went in. They did not like the idea of Ellie walking round in her stocking feet.

The preacher kneeled down in the yard and prayed and sang a hymn. Then the men carried the coffin up a steep hill, just a little way from the house, to the burying-ground, the women singing all the while. Where they got the breath, I'm sure I don't know. It was all I could do just to climb. The preacher prayed long and

loud, dwelling on the shortness of life and exhorting all to mend their ways and be saved, especially appealing to Troy Howard and his children. Poor Troy was so grief-stricken and worn out by staying up nights with Ellie, and working daytimes, that the words of the preacher wrought him up to a wild frenzy. The tears fairly gushed out as he swayed back and forth on the ground, calling out to God and to the preacher to have mercy on him. After it was over, Mr. Josiah took Troy and the six children home for the night, for Mrs. Josiah to mother.

A visit is a great occasion. The other day I was over at Mrs. Josiah's. She was peeling apples to dry on the roof, when Emmet rushed in yelling, 'Mammy, Mis' Rose an Dillie, and Connie, an Orbin, an Troy are a-comin' round the pint.'

'Hain't I the luckiest woman to have so much company come to my house!' exclaimed Mrs. Josiah.

'But it makes you such a heap of work,' I remonstrated.

'Law, hit's a sorry woman as would n't be proud to have company,' she replied.

Mr. and Mrs. Josiah are fine. It's a real joy to go over there. Many nights after supper I visit with them. It's so homey and cosy to sit with all the eight children round the fireplace. They ask me about my home and the strange, level country where I live; and I ask Mr. Josiah about what they did on the Ridge when he was a boy, and about his father and grandfather. Sometimes 'Pap' is there (Mrs. Josiah's father). He tells us ghost stories that his father told him, until the children's eyes fairly pop out of their heads. As the least uns fall asleep in somebody's arms, they are dropped into the beds behind us, and the stories go on. It's hard to break away from such a fireside.

September 21, 1918.

Cornelis Marshall's boy, Richmond, told me the other night that since he was nine years old, he has always been drunk on Saturday night until the last two years. Even once in a while now Richmond does n't appear for a few days, and we know he's off again. It all began when his older brother started taking him along on his weekly carousals. For a time old Cornelis had a still of his own, where Richmond could get all he wanted. Then the 'Revenues' put a stop to that. After that, Cornelis and Richmond together went off to the nearest mining-camp for their weekly spree. Is it any wonder that nineteen-year-old Richmond has the brain of a boy of ten? The old Baptists have such a hold on Cornelis of late, that he no longer imbibes. Moreover, it is not so easy to get.

The mines are being opened up just half a mile from us. That means work and high wages for the men, but it also means the entrance of a demoralizing influence. You see, the mountaineers are living according to the standards of the eighteenth century. When the mines open up, they bring with them the degenerating side of twentieth-century commercialism. We are trying to bring them the best influence of the civilization that has passed them by, but we and all the other social agencies at work are such a drop in the bucket! It's a mighty big step from the eighteenth to the twentieth.

Up to this time they have had practically no money. When they begin working in the mines, they will get five dollars a week and up. The simple mountain boys lose their heads, their money, and their self-respect in the corrupting life of the camps. It all has to come because these mountains are rich in the coal and lumber that the world needs. Would that the schools might come first!

November 20, 1918.

A week ago Miss W—— came down with the flu, so I've been cook, nurse, water-carrier, fire-tender, and everything else combined. She had been nursing flu patients and was all tired out. The doctors are all so busy and so far away, she would n't let me get one for her, because she knows so much about nursing herself.

Yesterday I had to go down to Dante for medicine. One of the Josiah Howard children came over to look after the fires and give Miss W—— her meals. Coming back, I got started later than I expected, forgetting about the short days. Just as I struck the foot of the mountain, it began to rain and darkness enveloped me, so that I could not see any trace of the trail ahead. The bag full of medicine and grapefruit that I carried cut into my shoulder. My long heavy rain-cape weighted me down. I slipped and fell, being unable to catch myself. Every step forward, I took two back. The only way I had of knowing where I was, was by feeling with my feet. Finally I felt the familiar creek bed. Splashing through the water, wet up to my knees, stumbling over the stones, I followed it in the blackest darkness I have ever experienced. So long as I was in the creek, I could find my way; but the difficulty was to discover where the trail turned off the creek into the woods. Taking a wild chance, I climbed up the bank. The underbrush scratched my face, sharp sticks stuck into my legs. Stretching out my hand to save myself from falling, my full weight pressed a chestnut burr into my bare palm. Tears came to my eyes from the pain of it. Crashing and floundering through the trees, I lost all sense of direction. Absolute despair came over me. I knew that I was lost and that I'd have to wait for morning to come. The wind made unearthly noises through the

trees as I sat quietly on a stone to wait.

The idea of Miss W—— sick in bed, waiting and worrying, started me searching for the lost trail again. In a second I stumbled onto it. I had been scrambling within a few feet of it all the time. Then followed a steep climb, but a sure trail, until I reached Mr. Josiah's perpendicular cornfield. I wallowed round in the mud, until I became so faint and nauseated that I sat right down in the mud to rest. One of the bottles of medicine hit a rock and dripped over me. How I made the last pull to the top, I don't know. It seemed to me I rested more than I climbed. The broken bottle contained the medicine I went after specially for Miss W——. However, she is enjoying the luxury of grapefruit so much that the trip was almost worth it.

DANTE, VIRGINIA, *December 3, 1918.*

The old flu got me too. I'm in bed down here at Deaconess's. No one will give me credit for being very sick, because I am such an obstreperous patient, threatening to break up the furniture generally if they don't comply with my wishes.

You see, Miss W—— came down here to recuperate, leaving me alone up there. The Josiah Howards took the flu. I stayed up two nights with little Sabry, who has pneumonia. One morning I woke up with a temperature and cough and headache. I decided I'd better get off the mountain while I could. I cleaned up the house, took the cat to Mrs. Lulars, and walked down to Dante. Deaconess gave me the luxury of a hot bath in a bath-tub, and put me to bed, and my head has been about to crack open ever since. I can't take long getting well because the poor Josiah Howards are all down with it, except Mr. Josiah. He has to keep going whether he feels like it or not. I've got to get back to help them. The

mountaineers don't get work done ahead. They take out coal for a few days. Every Friday they take enough corn to mill to last until the next Friday. Water has to be carried from the spring for the stock and the house. When there's only one to do everything, it's almost an impossibility. The neighbors are all so afraid of the flu, they won't go in to help. In the camps the people are dying in hundreds.

December 11, 1918.

It is 11.30 P. M. I am writing by the light of the Josiah Howards' fire. Mrs. Josiah, Ornie, and Sabry have pneumonia. As they are resting pretty comfortably to-night, I have n't much to do. Mr. Josiah is snoring loud enough to raise the roof. Poor man, he's had his hands full with all of them sick. Miss W—— and I take turns staying nights with them, since we came back from Dante. The pneumonia patients are still very sick, but the rest are all up and around. It's hard to take care of them because they wear all of their clothes to bed and are afraid to change them for fear of taking cold. I don't believe there'll be any squeamishness left in me after this job on Sandy Ridge. The Josiah Howards are so appreciative of everything we do that it's a joy to take care of them, no matter how much our olfactories may be offended.

December 27, 1918.

Christmas has been a day for the women to look forward to with fear and trembling. For their lords and masters, 'takin' Christmas' means drinking and shooting. Our friends have predicted dire happenings at our Christmas trees, but so far nothing unpleasant has occurred. To-day there were several men here whose joviality left no doubt as to what rested in their back hip-pockets. The very sight of the revenue officer almost started a

fight out in the yard. The appearance of such a personage, to the mountaineer, is like waving a red flag before a bull. However, it soon quieted down and there was no more disturbance. The only Christmas casualty I heard of was a boy shooting his mother in the leg in a drunken fit of rage.

After the tree we all walked down to Dante, to have dinner and stay all night with Deaconess. It was just cold enough to make you want to breathe from your boots up. The snow began to fall in the morning. By the time we went through the woods, the laurel and ivy were weighted down with a feathery white covering. We tramped on a soft carpet, which now and then gave way and sent us sprawling most unceremoniously.

We stopped to say 'Howdy' to Noah Howard in passing.

'My folks is all down with the influenzy, and Mirie's had turrible fevers on her, so's I hain't had a chanet to strip fer three weeks,' announced Noah.

He is another of the great unwashed. Stripping means taking off dirty clothes and putting on clean ones, bathing being an unknown institution in these parts. How can they bathe, with one wash-basin, a large family living in one room, and water to be carried from the spring, maybe a block away? Some of these nights, when I stand almost in the fireplace, with the wash-basin on a chair, the wind blowing through the cracks, and my breath visible in every direction, I wish that I might dispense with the ordeal.

January 25, 1919.

Iva, Josiah's oldest girl, wants to get married. Patton Edwards has been 'talkin' to her' for some time. Last Sunday he sent Iva's uncle, Paris Kirby, to put his case before Josiah. Mr. and Mrs. Josiah have no objection to Patton, but as Iva is only sixteen, they think she ought to wait.

Mrs. Josiah was just sixteen when she was married, so her words don't bear much weight. I think the wedding will be very soon.

March 1, 1919.

I went to two weddings the other day, one at Josiah's and the other at Cornelis Marshall's. The Howards had been making preparations for a week. First they scrubbed every board and piece of furniture in the house and washed every article of clothing; then, with the help of their kinswomen, set in to make cakes and pies. When Mrs. Josiah came over to invite us, we asked what time the wedding would take place.

'Whenever we kin git the dinner up,' she replied.

As I learned later, the dinner was the *pièce de résistance* of the day.

At nine o'clock in the morning people began to arrive, on foot and on horseback. At ten, Ornie and Nancy came after all our dishes. At eleven-thirty, we went over. The women had a table outdoors, rolling out dozens of biscuits. The old men stood around, talking and swapping; the young ones cut all kinds of shines with the horses and mules. Columbus Rose had a large audience watching him put life into cadaverous old mules you would think had lost the power to move. The children yipped and yelled and set the dogs to fighting, having the wild kind of time they like. The biscuits being all rolled out, the women made the dumplings, and dropped them in leisurely fashion into a boiler, in which two chickens were cooking over an open fire.

At length the dinner was done got up, and the bride changed her dress. There were two rooms (houses, they call them) to this home. This space would not hold the bountifully spread table and the hundred people present, so the ceremony was performed in the

backyard. When the women announced that dinner was ready, the boys and girls, jeering and laughing, dragged the blushing bride and groom into the yard. The old Baptist preacher, in a brown mackinaw, took his place in front of the bride and groom. The 'waiters' (attendants), two boys and two girls, were shoved into their places on either side of the bride and groom. The preacher tied the knot in very short order, saying only a few of the sentences of our prayer-book service. The words were hardly out of his mouth when an uproar began, everyone hollering and yelling at the top of their lungs. There was hardly any more solemnity to this ceremony than to the primitive marriage custom of jumping over the broomstick.

The bride, groom, waiters, and preacher sat down at the first table. I was supposed to have had a seat with them, but there was one seat missing, so I stepped out. As I was not so aggressive as some of the rest, it was the fourth table before I got my turn at the dinner. While it was being served, the children swarmed round, on our feet and under our feet. To keep them quiet, their mothers gave them hand-outs of pie, cake, and biscuits, and they helped themselves out of the dumping-pot. Gravy and pie running down their fronts, they squeezed in amongst us.

The chicken had given out long before the fourth table, but there remained dumplings, baked ham, potatoes, pickled beets, pickled beans with ham, rice, biscuits, coffee stronger than moonshine, three kinds of canned fruit, cocoanut and chocolate cake, and dried-apple pie.

The man on my right had served eight years in the penitentiary for killing three Italians. He went into their saloon down in one of the camps. Because these men did not do some trivial thing he wanted, he pulled his

gun and shot five, killing three of them. When the constable got there, he was laying them out. The court gave him fifteen years, but he got out in eight for good behavior.

It took so long for me to get my dinner at the Howards', that by the time I got to the Marshall cabin, Richmond and his bride were done married. Mrs. Marshall insisted that I sit right down and eat. Cornelis Marshall in his greasy sweater, which had n't been off his back, day or night, all winter, and the dirty, dingy old lean-to of a kitchen, where the wedding supper was spread, did not stimulate my appetite, as I was already too full for utterance; but Mrs. Marshall's hospitality was so sincere that I forced down some more beans and cake, for fear of hurting her feelings.

Richmond, the ne'er-do-well, — age nineteen, — married a woman of thirty-five, with four children, the eldest fourteen years old. Richmond is out of work. Neither of them has a cent, or an article of furniture to start house-keeping with; but that does not seem to worry them. For the last five years the bride has been living with those of her relatives whose dispositions could stand the strain.

The wedding in this case was even less of a ceremony than the other. The bride laughed all the time that the same brown-mackinawed preacher was talking. When the ceremony was over,

she announced that she expected to be married two more times before she died. A little later, when I arrived, the bride and groom were both chewing tobacco, as the corners of their mouths evidenced, and the groom's sister had her lower lip full of snuff. Poor Mrs. Marshall is heartbroken over this wedding. Iva's is the more typical mountain wedding.

According to custom, Iva and Patton spent the first night at her home. The next morning, on horseback, the newly married couple, followed by family and friends, led the procession to the groom's house eight miles round the Ridge. There they were to have another big spread, called the 'Infare.' In the procession were two wagons; in one of these was Maggie Rose, an aunt of the bride. Just at the top of the hill, in sight of the house, she got out of the wagon. Uncovering the baby she held in her arms, she found it was dead. The children were sent to the house, where the dinner had begun, for fresh horses. They got to playing and forgot what they were sent for. The father, becoming impatient, grabbed the dead baby and set out for home, the mother, carrying a larger child, vainly trying to keep up with his frenzied strides. They did not stop until they came to their home six miles down the mountain. Seemingly the only effect on the Infare was that it broke up unusually early, so that the men could get off to dig the grave.

OLD AGE

I

AFTER well-nigh half a century of almost unbroken devotion to an exacting vocation, I lately retired. The position I held involved considerable responsibility, which could never be entirely escaped, even in the Augusts which were the only vacations in all these years. It was an enterprise I had much to do with starting, and I had thrown myself into it heart and soul as a young man, had nursed its infancy with an almost maternal solicitude, had seen it through various diseases incident to the early stages of development of every corporation, and had steered it through several crises that taxed my powers of physical and mental endeavor to their uttermost. In its service I had had to do, as best I could, many things for which I was little adapted by training or talent, and some of which were personally distasteful. But even to these I had given myself with loyalty, and occasionally even with abandon, as doing my 'bit' in life, remembering that men come and go, but good institutions should, like Tennyson's brook, 'go on forever.'

There was also considerable publicity involved. Indeed, there were three aspects of it all which I had to consider in every measure, namely, its effects upon the superintendents and employees, the directors, and the public, the interests and points of view of all of whom were sometimes so utterly at variance that, if either had known exactly how the others felt, there would have been serious trouble. Occasionally, too, my own opinions differed from those of all the others, and this involved a fourth

factor to be reckoned with. Thus, much of my effort went to placating and compromising between the different interests; and not very infrequently the only way open was concealment, temporary at least, of the views of one of the parties, because an untimely disclosure would have brought an open rupture.

However, I had muddled on, learning much tact and diplomacy and various mediatorial artifices, as the years rolled by. And now I have resigned, and after months of delay and with gratifying expressions of regret, another, younger captain whom, happily, I can fully trust, is in my place. I had always planned that my retirement, when it came, should be complete. I would do my full duty up to the last moment, and then sever every tie, and entirely efface myself so far as the institution I had served was concerned, with no worries even as to the fate of 'my policies.'

That was only fair to my successor; and all my interests must be vested elsewhere. But what a break after nearly five decades! It seemed at first like anticipatory death, and the press notices of my withdrawal read to me not unlike obituaries. The very kindness of all these and of the many private letters that came to me suggested that the writers had been prompted by the principle of the old adage, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*.

Now I am divorced from my world, and there is nothing more to be said of me save the exact date of my death,—and men who retire often die soon after—

ward, — and my prayer might well be, *Nunc dimittis*. Ex-presidents, like founders of institutions, have often been a meddling nuisance, so that even those whom they have benefited, secretly and perhaps unconsciously long to participate in an impressive funeral for them. At least, what can remain but a trivial postscript? Perhaps even Osler's chloroform at forty would have been preferable to a Carnegie pension at seventy. Of course, it is bitter even to feign that I am suddenly dead to the concern I have lived in and for so long, as all the proprieties demand I should do, and as I inexorably will to do, for my very heart and soul went into it. But I did not build it as a monument to myself in any sense, but as an instrument of service, and such I know it will remain, and, I hope, far more effectively than under my hand.

But I thank whatever gods there are that all this painful renunciation has its very satisfying compensations and that there are other counsels than those of despair; seeing which, I can take heart again. I can almost sympathize with the Kaiser, who has no other resource than wood-sawing.

II

First of all, I must realize that I am old. Associated for so long with young men, and able to keep pace with them in my own line of work; carrying without scathe not a few extra burdens during the war; and having, varied as my duties were, fallen into a certain daily, weekly, and monthly routine that changed little from year to year, I had not realized that age was all the while creeping upon me; and now that I am out, the full realization that I have reached and passed the span of years scripturally allotted to man comes upon me with something hardly less than a shock. Emerson says that a

task is a life-preserver, and now that this is gone, I must swim or go under. To be sure, I had been conscious during half a decade of certain incipient infirmities and had had moments of idealizing the leisure retirement would bring; but now that it has come, I am overwhelmed and almost disoriented by its completeness, and am at a loss how to use it.

I have a fair competence, and from that point of view need to do nothing but enjoy myself. I might even travel and see the Orient, which I have so often longed to do, although I 'did' Europe in half a dozen hasty summer tours. I feel that I have a certain right to a 'good time,' for my life has been altruistic and almost entirely in the service of others. I might read for pleasure, for I have literary tastes. I might live much out-of-doors on my small farm, and tour in my auto, or move to a large city and take in its amusements, of which also I am fond. Or, again, I could devote myself to my family, which I now feel I have rather neglected; for I have children and grandchildren. I could easily give more time to certain avocations for which I have a taste, but which I have never had time to cultivate save in the crudest way. Or, finally, I could do a little of all these in turn.

But somehow no programme that I can construct out of these possibilities is entirely satisfactory. I surely may indulge myself a little more in all these ways, but I really want, and ought, to do something useful and with unitary purpose. But what, and how shall I find it? Thus for weeks and even months I have been *senex quærens institutum vitæ*.

Slowly but strongly it came to me that I must, first of all, take careful stock of myself and seek to attain more of the self-knowledge that Socrates taught the world was the highest, hardest, and latest of all sorts of know-

ledge. To this end I must begin with a kind of physical inventory; and so I visited doctors. The oculist found a slight but unsuspected defect in one eye, and improved my sight, which was fairly good before, by better glasses. The aurist found both ears fairly good, even the less sensitive one. Digestion was distinctly above the average. I had for a long time been losing two or three pounds each year; but this, rather than the opposite tendency, was thought good (*corpora sicca durant*), and I was told that I might go on unloading myself of superfluous tissue for fifteen or twenty years before I became too emaciated to live, which humans usually do on losing about one third of their weight. My heart would probably last for about the same period, and smoking in moderation, a great solace, was not forbidden. A little wine, 'the milk of old age,' was not tabu, and I was given a prescription which would enable me to get it, even in these prohibition days, if I desired. One suggested that I insure my life heavily, and another advised an annuity; but I thought both schemes hardly fair in view of the above findings, for I did not wish to profiteer on my prospects in life.

This hygienic survey reinforced what I had realized before, namely, that physicians know very little of old age. Some of them can help, but none have specialized in its very distinctive needs and problems, as they have in the diseases of children, women, and the rest. Thus, the older a man is, the more he must depend upon his own hygienic sagacity for health and long life. The lives of almost all the centenarians I could find have shown that they owe their longevity far more to their own insight than to medical care; and very likely there is a far greater individual difference of needs than medicine recognizes as yet. Of the philosopher Kant it was said that he spent more mentality

in keeping his feeble body alive and in good trim to the age of eighty, than he expended in all the fourteen closely printed volumes of his epoch-making Works.

Thus, again, I realized that I was alone, — indeed, in a new kind of solitude, — and must pursue the rest of my way in life by a more or less individual research as to how to keep well and in condition. In a word, I must henceforth and for the most part be my own doctor.

All the doctors agreed that I must eat moderately, oftener, and less at a time; sleep regularly according to certain norms; cultivate the open air and exercise till fatigue came, and then promptly stop; keep cheerful and avoid nerves, worry, and all excesses. But with these commonplaces the agreement ceased. One said I needed a change, as if, forsooth, I was not getting it with a vengeance. One prescribed Fletcherizing; another held that this was bad for the large intestine, which needed some coarse material to stimulate its action. One thought there was great virtue in cool, another in warm, baths. Several prescribed a diet, and one said, 'Eat what you like, with discretion.' One thought I should find peculiar virtue in thyroid extracts; another suggested Brown-Séquard testicular juices; but both agreed that a man is as old, not as his heart and arteries, as was once thought, but as his endocrine glands.

One thought that chief attention should be paid to the colon, and provided me with Metchnikoff tablets and an apparatus for souring milk to the right degree. One called my attention to Sanford Bennett's wonderful rejuvenation, from premature senile decay to the figure and habits of an athlete, by means of persistent exercises taken horizontally and almost without apparatus. His book and cuts made so strong

an appeal that I wrote him to see if he is still alive and well; but I have not heard. Several believe that vigor can be conserved by rubbing or self-massage on rising and retiring. Battle Creek advises bowel movements not only daily, but oftener, while others insist that constipation should and normally does increase with old age. Most Pavlovists, especially Sternberg, trust appetite implicitly, believing that it always points, true as the needle to the pole, to the nutritive needs of both sick and well, and that it gives the sole momentum to all the digestive processes, even down to the very end of the alimentary canal; while others prescribe everything chemically, calculating to a nicety the proportion of carbohydrates, fats, calories, and the rest, with no reference to gustatory inclinations.

Perhaps I ought to try out all these theories in turn, one after another, in the effort to find out by experiment which is really the best for me. I almost have the will to do so, for I certainly illustrate the old principle that, as life advances, we love it not less but more, perhaps because, as the French philosopher, Renouvier, said, at eighty, the longer we live, the stronger the habit of doing so grows, and the harder the thought of breaking it becomes. In the light of all the above, it would seem rather that the longer we live, the harder it is to keep on doing so, and that intelligent centenarians who have succeeded in prolonging their lives far beyond the longevity they inherited are justly proud of their achievement in putting off the great life-queller, which all the world fears and hates as it does nothing else. This is passing strange, for, as Minot showed, all creatures that live begin to die at the very moment when they begin to live. All the theories of euthanasia ignore the fact that death is essentially a negation of the will to live, so that a positive and

conscious wish to die is always only an artifact.

So much I gathered from the doctors. Their fees cost me a tidy sum, but probably it was worth it. I now knew myself physically better than they, and saw that henceforth I must give far more time and energy to body-keeping, if I was to stay fit.

I had always kept up the habit of reading evenings, and years before, when my children were in their teens, had been interested in a bulky work, by an author whose name I forget, on Adolescence. Now I wondered if senescence, its counterpart, might not be a no less scientific, cultural, and to me personally interesting study. I spoke about this to a librarian friend, who a few days later sent me a list of ninety-one titles on the subject, from Aristotle and Cicero down. I picked a few, grew interested, and have now got in touch with most of them and read much in some of them. I read how savages often kill and even eat their old people (although they must be far less palatable than babies); in famine, war, migrations, and shipwreck the aged may be an incumbrance. Their estate bettered slowly, until near the dawn of the historic period they began to be respected, and sometimes revered, as vehicles of superior wisdom. Both extremes of attitude have been most pronounced toward old women, who have been hated as hags and witches and revered as priestesses in peculiar *rapport* with divine powers.

Now that the average of human life is lengthened, and there are more and more old people (a fact that marks the triumph of science and civilization), there is more need of studying them as in recent decades children have been studied, so that we may have a gerontology as well as a paidology. Saleeby regards the aged after the climacteric as almost a class by themselves, with

needs, traits, and interests somewhat unique and apart. But of these we are so far relatively ignorant.

Old age may be trivial, fault-finding, selfish, meddlesome, childish, and even filthy, and always involves some change of character, which, happily, however, is sometimes for the better. The old often become egoistic, instead of altruistic, as they should. Adolescence in itself involves no greater readjustments to life, and grand old men and women are, in proportion to their numbers, as rare as, and perhaps rarer than, grand young ones. The old are less gregarious, and seem to get on less with their fellows, than the young; and even strong friendships between them are rare, partly because there are less of them and it is harder for them to get together, and partly because individualities of tastes, habits, and opinions are more accentuated. Sanger, who studied old people in homes for the aged, found them very critical and often prone actively to antagonize one another; and who ever heard of a club or association of old men! Children often look upon the aged with much awe, as about to die or as being half-dead already. In young and newly opened regions of the world, old people are scarce, and they are far more numerous among civilized than among savage peoples. Fiske held that in both animals and men longevity was correlated with the length of the growth-period of the young, most creatures living normally just long enough to bring their latest progeny to full maturity, Nature having no further use for them. The moribund soma always serves the needs of the immortal germ-plasm, as Weismann showed.

III

Now then, first of all, I must face reality with no illusions or conscious disguises of my age: there must be no

wigs, paddings, or pretensions, even before the other sex, that I am younger than I am. I do still ride a wheel, and am generally my own chauffeur; have a little gymnasium with bars, rings, clubs, chest-weights, punching-bag, and have enjoyed skating a little every winter; but I have ceased to speak of these things, and indulge in them rather furtively; indeed, I have felt somewhat impelled to give them up, lest people think I do them to seem young. I have learned to let friends, who wish to do so, help me on with my overcoat without resentment, have even accepted a seat in a street-car from a respectful young man, and let myself be waited on in other ways I really do not need; and on two occasions in recent years I have accepted, with all the courtesy I could summon, a cane, although I have never used either of them.

I have grown a little conscious, too, of my love of, and fair degree of skill in, golf, and also of my white flannel suit, lest I be suspected of fancying myself still young. Although I have to show some deference to the fashions of the season in my dress, I defer to my tailor, who tells me what color, cuts, and so forth, are suitable 'for men of your age.' I love the theatre, but have a new horror of front rows, especially if there are 'legs' in the show; for, alas! I am bald-headed. I still love social functions, but realize that I have lost what small attractions I ever had for the other sex, who accept me politely but on a new basis; so that I have come to prefer the society of men, and to regard women, with very few notable exceptions, as rather trivial.

If there is any truth in the old saw that a woman is as old as she looks and a man as he feels, the chief and almost only sign of age that I feel—save when I look into the mirror, which I abhor—is that in either physical or mental effort I fatigue more easily and

also can devote myself to things I love, whether work or play, with somewhat less intensity, abandon, and endurance than formerly. I try to overcome a sort of instinctive aversion that has grown upon me of late years toward anecdote and even reminiscence; and when young people ask me how things were in my childhood and youth, I begin to be pleased rather than otherwise. So I am taking some pleasure in memory, although I know this means regression and senile involution. Thus I accord to the past its rites, and am no longer so jealous of its encroachments on the interests of the present and the future.

Of the latter, too, I have no extravagant expectations. I am not planning to live far into my second century. I am heartened to know that Rancke wrote all his famous *Weltgeschichte*, I think in five volumes, beginning at the age of 85; that Michael Angelo was drawing plans of Saint Peter's at 89; that Cornaro wrote his last version of *The Temperate Life* at 95; that W. S. Smith made his notable trip around the world, alone, at the age of 88; that Durand edited a volume of his at 110; and it is pleasing to find, not only scores, but hundreds, of such records. While if we turn to statistics we find, for instance, that Bulgaria has one centenarian to every thousand inhabitants; this country, one to every twenty-five thousand; while in most European lands there is but one to one hundred thousand or more of the population; showing that neither the absolute number nor the percentage of centenarians is a true index of the degree of civilization of a country.

IV

All I have thus far said is preparatory to what I believe an essentially new and original thesis, which I shall now try to state roughly, with its implications, as follows: —

Intelligent and well-conserved senectitude has very important social and anthropological functions in the modern world, not hitherto utilized or even recognized, the chief of which is most comprehensibly designated by the general term synthesis, something never so needed as in our very complex age of distracting specializations.

In the first place, it has often been noted that the withdrawal from biologically phyletic functions is often marked by an Indian summer of increased clarity and efficiency in intellectual work. Individuation now has its innings. Passion and the lust for wealth and power, and in general the struggle for place and fame, have abated, and in their stead comes a philosophic calm, a new desire to draw from accumulated experience and knowledge the ultimate moral lessons of life; in a word, to sum up in a broader view the net results of all we have seen of the *comédie humaine*. Taylor even considers the climacteric as not pathological but as 'a conservation process of Nature to provide for a higher and more stable phase of development, an economic lopping off of functions no longer needed, preparing the individual for a different form of activity.' Shaler notes 'an enlargement of intellectual interests.' The dangers and excitements of life are passed. Men are more judicial and benevolent, and these traits suggest new possibilities for the race as vicariates for the loss of the power of physical procreation. Some think these phenomena more marked in woman; but even men who seem to have crossed the dead-line at fifty are sometimes later reanimated. Apperceptive data have increased facility in getting together, perhaps even into a new and larger *Weltanschauung*; and there may come a genuine erethism, or second-breath, half ecstatic, as the soul on the home-stretch 'expatiates o'er all the

world of man a mighty maze, yet not without a plan.' There is thus a kind of harvest-home effort to garner the fruit-age of the past and penetrate further into the future. It is a stage of life in which all Freudian mechanisms and impulses fail to act, and very different ones take their place, which as yet lack any adequate psychology, much as it is needed. This is the 'wisdom' of Solomon and the Psalmists, the vision of the mystics, and it exists only in those senescents who have found the rare power of conserving the morale of their stage of life by keeping themselves at the very top of their condition.

The countless tests that have sprung from the Binet-Simon technique, in which just now everyone is interested, stop with the earlier years of life, and we have no inkling of how the physiological and mental age are related in the old. Only when we know this, shall we be able to evaluate the mentality of real sages wise in the school of life. This kind of sapience has a worth and value quite apart from and beyond the methods of even our most advanced pedagogy. St. John thinks there is a certain rejuvenation due to change from *a-posteriori* to *a-priori* habits of mind, and that subjectivity, and perhaps introversion, now have their innings. Ripe old age has been a slow, hard, and precious acquisition of the race, perhaps not only its latest, but its highest product. Its modern representatives are pioneers, and perhaps its task will prove largely didactic. It should go with the corresponding prolongation of youth and increased docility on the part of the rising generation, if we are right in charging ourselves with the duty of building a new story to the structure of human life. Thus while old age is not at all venerable *per se*, we have a mandate to make it ever more so by newer orientation, especially in a land and age that put a

premium on its splendid youth, who are often called to precocious activities, which sometimes bring grief and disaster because we have been oblivious of the precept, 'Old men for counsel.'

True old age is not second childhood. It is no more retrospective than prospective. It looks out upon the world anew, and there is something like a rebirth of faculties, especially of curiosity, and even of naïveté. Age is in quest of first principles, just as ingenuous youth is. Plato thought that the quest and love of general ideas was the true achievement of immortality by participation in the deathlessness of these consummations of the noetic urge; for to him philosophy was anticipating death, because it involved a withdrawal from the specific and particular toward the vastness and generality of the absolute.

But to-day normal old age cannot be merely contemplative. True, our very neurons do seem to tend to aggregate into new and more stable unities, as if the elements of our personality were being bound more closely together, perhaps in order to survive some disruptive crisis, or so that our souls should not be blown away if we chance to die on a windy day, as Plato put it. But now we must conceive the synthetic trend as chiefly in the service of mankind. Our message must not be a mere *morituri saluamus*, however cheerful, but must have a positive and practical meaning, and our outlook tower should have a really directive significance.

The outstanding cultural trait of normal old age is disillusionment. It sees through the shams and vanities of life. Many of the most brilliant intellectual achievements of youthful genius are precocious anticipations of the insights this latest stage of life brings. Carlyle's *Sartor*, Hegel's *Phänomenologie*, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Emerson—to say nothing of Jesus and

Buddha—show premature age. Young men who occupy themselves with the highest and most abstract philosophical problems unconsciously affect or strive to anticipate the most advanced mental age, and many of them who discourse so sapiently on 'experience' are those who have really had very little of it. Max Müller describes the typical grandfather in the classic age of the Punjab as seeing his grandchildren accepting all the tales and superstitions of bards and even nurses, the parents worshipping the old gods in more sedate and settled ways, while he himself reveres only the great One and All, and sees all faiths and rites as but painted shadows which fancy casts upon the unknown, and awaits a blessed absorption into Nirvana.

True, very few attain ripe senescence in religion, and realize that there is no external god, but only physical and human nature, and no immortality save that of our offspring or our influence. All who fall short of this are arrested in juvenile, or even infantile, stages of development. So in all matters pertaining to sex, marriage, family, most remain the slave of the *mores* of their age and land, and do not realize the pregnant sense in which love and freedom, the greatest words in all languages, should be wedded. Only when the *vita sexualis* wanes can we look dispassionately upon all these problems and glimpse the better ways which easier divorce, backfires to lust and prostitution, some of which current hypocrisy taboos the very mention of, can bring. In social and economic conditions we are drifting perilously near to wrecking reefs, and the very basis of our civilization is in the greatest danger, for want of the very aloofness and impartiality which age can bring to them. We oldsters do see these things in a truer perspective, and the time has now come to set them forth, despite the certain penalty of

being voted pessimistic and querulent.

With all these problems, peculiarly open since the war, crying out for solution, surely senescents who have retired and enjoy a super-academic freedom, with no responsibilities to boards, institutions, or corporate interests, with no temptations of the flesh, and with a mild pity for their former colleagues still toiling in their various harnesses, have an inspiring function and must rise to it. With a competence sufficient for our needs, with no anxieties about a future state, with none of the dangers young men feel lest they impair their future career, we should not devote ourselves to rest and rust (*Rast Ich, so rost Ich*), or to amusements, travel, or self-indulgence of personal tastes, much as we may feel that we have deserved any and all of these, but should address ourselves to new tasks, duties, and services, realizing that we have a debt to the world which it now vitally wants us to pay. Carnegie, Rockefeller, and countless other benefactors and founders, large and small, have acknowledged this debt and have striven to pay it in the service which the rich can render. We intellectuals cannot pay it in their coin, but we owe it no less, and must pay in the currency we can command.

For myself, I thank all the gods at once that after my first appalling solitude I have found my *goru*. There is one theme on which I believe I am informed up to the moment, and on which I have never before been able to speak freely. To this I can now devote myself, and write with spirit and understanding and with the abandon the subject really demands. I will not accept the subtle but persistently intrusive suggestion that it will do no good, or even that my former colleagues, whose esteem I have so highly prized, will ignore it because other old men have written fatuously. I will at least speak more honestly than I have ever dared

to do before; and if I am never read, or if I never even venture into print, I shall have the satisfaction of having clarified and unified my own soul.

Old age is not passive and peace-loving, but brings a new belligerency. Many of us longed for the physical ability to enter the war as soldiers, and we did our 'bit' in ways open to us with as much zest as our juniors. We not only want, but need, spiritual conflicts, and feel a reinforced aggressiveness against ignorance, error, and the sins of greed and lust. I have even made a list of evils that I want to attack, which I have never before felt the courage to do. The only one of these here in place is the current idea of old age itself. We have too commonly accepted the antiquated scriptural allotment of three-score and ten as applicable now. But the man of the future will be ashamed and feel guilty if he cannot plan a decade or two more of activity; and he will not permit himself to fall into a thanatopsis mode of mind, or retire to his memories, or to the chimney-corner.

If we have lived aright, Nature does give us a new lease of life when passion abates and bodily powers begin to decline. The very danger of collapse is itself a spur to develop the higher powers of man in this their time. The human race is young, and most are cut off prematurely; it is ours to complete the drama and add a new and higher story to the life of man; for as yet we do not know what full maturity really is, and its last, culminating chapter is yet to be written.

Never was the world in such crying need of Nestors and Merlins. What a priceless crop of experiences in these post-bellum days remains unharvested for want of precisely the objectivity,

impartiality, breadth, and perspective which senescence alone can supply! These were the qualities that enabled the venerable Joffre to make his masterly two weeks' retreat at the Marne. It was done against the will and wish of every one of his younger generals, who now admit that it saved Paris and the war. On the German side Hindenburg, like von Moltke in 1870, was more or less of a superman, and both saw the whole of the war in all its broader aspects, as did Roberts in England up to his untimely death.

Now the world needs the wisdom, which no learning can give, that sees the vanity and shallowness of narrow partisanship and jingoism, of creeds that conceal more than they reveal, of social shams that often veil corruptions, and the inanity of the money-hunt that monopolizes the energies of our entire civilization; and realizes that, with all our vaunted progress, man still remains essentially juvenile, much as he was before history began. What the world needs, then, is a kind of higher criticism of life and all its institutions, to show their latent beneath their patent meaning and value, by true supermen who, like Zarathustra, are all old, very old, with the sapience that long life alone can give. We need prophets with vision, who can inspire and also castigate, to convict the world of sin, righteousness, and judgment. Thus there is a new dispensation which gray-beards alone can usher in. Otherwise mankind will remain splendid but incomplete. Heir of all the ages, he has not yet come into his full heritage; a traveler, he sets out for a far and supreme goal, but is cut off before he has attained, or even clearly seen it. The best part of his history is unwritten because it is unmade.

A PARISH MINISTER'S DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

BY WILLARD L. SPERRY

I

To get back again to that hackneyed subject, 'The Collapse of the Church.' Obviously the Church is as good as dead and there remains little more to be done aside from the decent obsequies. There is, for the passing Church, the mitigating comfort to be derived from the prediction that the mortality among all other ancient and venerated institutions will be high in the near future. Her going is so timed that she can point the way for a very respectable company of followers, the home, the state, the college, and other outworn cumberers of the ground, which have been stricken down by the epidemic of 'collapse,' and have nothing more to ask of this world than the opportunity for decent euthanasia.

Meanwhile, 'Who would have thought the old man had so much blood in him?' The Church is patently passing away from an incurable and pernicious anæmia. But since this is a lingering death, any number of humane practitioners are ready to shorten the agony by opening for good and all some convenient artery that invites the scalpel of wholesale condemnation. Even so, the Church lingers. Like Browning's martyr at the stake, the collapsing Church of the present time at least has voice enough to affirm, 'I was some time a-dying.'

As a matter of plain, ecclesiastical history, there never was a time when the

Church was not in collapse. The spiritual specialists have always agreed in their diagnosis. This universal verdict may have induced a certain constitutional hollow-chestedness on the part of the institution which has now become habitual, and may easily be mistaken for an acute, rather than a chronic condition. For when the doctors all agree that the patient is suffering a complete breakdown, he must have more than a superhuman self-confidence if his own posture does not reflect the consensus of expert opinion. He is convinced that they are right, and yet he surprises himself and the wise men by hanging on when, from all the signs, he should be dead and buried. He realizes that he is a physiological monstrosity and a medical scandal, but he cannot help himself. He even finds a certain perverse satisfaction in his innate vitality which cannot be measured by the book. The Church has always had to live, and indeed has succeeded in living for some hundreds of years, in the face of the combined and uniform judgment of the specialists that, from all the symptoms, she should be in her grave.

It is generally understood that the churches are practically empty. No one any longer tries to pretend otherwise. It avails nothing that many city churches are still crowded every Sunday, that many more are half full, and that most of them muster their handful

of worshipers. Patently, this is the last flicker before the end. And what are these among so many? The time was when David and Jonathan scaled the rocks Bozez and Seneh, to attack the Philistine single-handed, because, in those days, there was 'no restraint to the Lord to save by many.' But modern scholarship can dispose of that archaic temper, since the God of Democracy never does anything without first counting noses. In the old days it was considered dangerous procedure to number the host. But to-day statistics are the handmaiden of piety, and the figures are against the Church.

Yet empty churches do not seem to be solely a modern phenomenon. Nearly a hundred years ago Wordsworth lamented 'The Decay of Piety':—

Of have I seen, ere Time had ploughed my
cheek,
Matrons and sires — who, punctual to the call
Of their loved Church, on fast or festival
Through the long year the house of prayer would
seek;
By Christmas snows, by visitation bleak
Of Easter wind unscared, from hut or hall
They came to lowly bench or sculptured stall,
But with one fervor of devotion meek.
I see the places where they once were known,
And ask . . .
Is Ancient Piety forever flown?

That was in 1827. As Francis Thompson says of nineteenth-century England, 'The east wind has replaced the discipline.' But at least things are no worse now than they were in Wordsworth's time, and a hundred years of snow, hail, and stormy vapor have not entirely dissipated 'the great congregation.'

Altogether, the reputedly empty meeting-houses have been able to gather enough witnesses to embarrass the case for the prosecution, and the suit of Society *vs.* the Church drags on in the court of common opinion. After all, the major institutions of human society are not so collapsible as they appear

to be. They were not fabricated wholesale for emergencies. They were put together by patient hand labor. And they betray, when their framework is investigated, the cunning of the human artificer at his best. They have gone up, like Solomon's temple, without noise in their building. And he who takes the social contract for wrecking them would do well to allow himself a little margin of time beyond his expectation of completing the job.

Certain of the Oxford colleges are built of a very soft limestone, dug from hard by, which weathers rapidly. After an odd century or two at the mercy of the raw air of the upper Thames valley, the fabric of these colleges looks to be in a state of imminent collapse. Two American women, wandering around Oxford not long since, ventured into one of these shabby sepulchres of 'lost causes,' pushed their unabashed way up a stair in the back quad, and opened a door. They saw before them a much alive and entirely contemporary-looking boy, sprawled out in his basket chair before a cheerful fire, filling the room with pipe-smoke and his brains with the Nicomachean Ethics. 'We beg your pardon, we did n't know that these ruins were inhabited.' For the benefit of those emancipated investigators who look upon the Church as the home of a lost cause, it is worth while merely to say that the ruins are still inhabited.

II

There is, however, one distinctively modern aspect of the situation, altogether apart from the perennial Decay of Piety, which is in a fair way to depopulate the ruins for good and all. This particular aspect of the many-sided 'Problem of the Church' bears the mark of our own time, has already become a sore daily perplexity to the ministry, and is fast becoming a

conscious grievance on the part of the congregation.

Let us approach the problem by way of illustration. There was once upon a time a very romantic institution known as the Christian Year. This arrangement of the calendar, arbitrary, artificial, perhaps, but always suggestive, was devised to express a certain cyclic tendency in human nature, the desire to get back or come round again to some of the major items of thought and conduct. There was Ember Day — what a romantic name! — and Maundy Thursday — what an intriguing title! There were, Innocents' Day and All Souls' Day. There were Advent and Holy Week and Whitsunday.

But this scheme of things has long since been superseded by another Christian Year, which every minister has come to recognize. He sits down at his desk on Monday morning to try to recover a little of the lost grace of 'recollection.' Next Sunday is Epiphany, so much is clear in the near future. 'Recollection' to this tentative degree, he begins opening his morning mail. From an important-looking envelope he takes out a legal-sized document, an impressive piece of printer's art. (Mental note: That would be good paper for my church calendar if we could afford it — watermark shows 'Capitalist Bond, Heavy Deckle.' But we can't afford printing like that!) The document announces that next Sunday has been appointed to be observed in all the churches as Nation-Wide Anti-Trichinosis Sunday. The Secretary of some department in Washington lends his sanction. A Minor Canon adds that the opportunity of the Church is plain. Inside the folder are pictures. Item: one trichina, very lifelike and sinister. Item: victim of trichinosis, obvious ennuï. Item: our agent in Lone Ridge, Ford car and infected hogs in background. Item: cured patient, alert and

aggressive. The last page announces that parcel-post will bring cards allowing members of the congregation to enlist in the great modern crusade: annual dues, \$1; sustaining membership, \$25; life membership, \$100. It is confidently anticipated that at least two or three of the congregation will join as life members, and that there will be a very general response to the appeal for annual dues. Cards are to be returned to — and so forth. There often follows an appropriate Bible text, counseling sacrifice, as a last succulent morsel of bait for the ecclesiastical mind.

The minister, whose business it is not to ignore any means by which mankind may be bettered, begins to see that Epiphany is after all an anachronism, that the great modern world has got beyond that. Trichinæ have the obvious advantage of contemporaneity. Trichina it shall be. The plot thickens, however, as the opening of the mail goes on. Five letters farther is a statement that next Sunday has been appointed to be observed by all the churches in behalf of the Relief of the War-Devastated Districts of Upper Senegambia. Very prominent names in the business and ecclesiastical world appear on this letter-head: well-known bankers and prominent churchmen, with a smattering of the humaner radicals. More pictures of atrocities and plague victims. Obviously the need in Senegambia is as great as in Lone Ridge. The minister wishes to think internationally, and now leans to the war-victims, to avoid the charge of provincialism by concentrating upon the American trichina. Perhaps it could be shown that Upper Senegambia is devastated by trichinæ. The victims in both cases look rather alike in the pictures. In that case the task would be made simpler, and the collection could be equally divided.

But there seems to have been some

lack of 'coöperation' — fine upstanding modern word, that! — on the part of these agencies. The perplexed minister lets his problem simmer until mid-week, and then finally decides that he will preach a regular Epiphany Sermon on the Manifestation of Jesus to the Wise Men of To-day. He does this, not in a moment of petulance or distraction, but discreetly and advisedly, on the sober conviction that, in the long run, he will do both these causes more practical good by trying to make men understand the Mind of Christ, than by discussing the causes, symptoms, and cure of trichinosis, or by getting mired in the political misfortunes of Senegambia.

His punishment tarrieth not. It cometh like the Assyrian. These causes keep tab on him. They write him off the great books of life which they keep at their headquarters. The report is passed on to other agencies, that he is out of touch with modern life, that he is merely an impractical dreamer who cannot be counted on to help when the fighting is hard. The cause went up to do battle for the Lord and he stopped in Meroz. He has his taste of the curse on Meroz. Various members of his own parish, who are specially interested in the trichina or Senegambia or some other Holy Day in the modern Christian Year, begin to feel that rumor is true. Altogether he begins to realize that the world is determined to write him down a renegade, and to adjust himself to that situation.

This is not rhetoric. It is hardly satire. It is merely a free paraphrase of the everlasting problem of the modern minister. The thing had gained great headway and vogue before the war. Even then, the laziest minister in Christendom did not have to stoop to buy his sermons ready written from that wholesale homiletics factory somewhere out West. He could get them all

free in outline from the 'causes.' With the war there was hardly a Sunday when his way was not made plain before him, either by actual officials or by civilian philanthropies. The Draft, the Bond Issues, the Food Conservation, the Welfare Agencies — all of them claimed his instant service, week by week. He was given very little opportunity to reflect himself, or to ask others to reflect, that there are certain humane and catholic aspects of the character of Jesus which in history have somehow outlasted all wars and rumors of wars.

He was somewhat startled to find that the great world of affairs took him so seriously. Obviously, what he said still had some influence, and it seemed to be taken for granted that he spoke to more men and women than the 'ruin hypothesis' implied. But he never had time to think that contradiction through. After the war his denominations, singly or collectively, having been illuminated as to the true function of the modern minister, descended upon him with programmes for millions which, ten years ago, both he and they would have thought impossible. His leaders were certainly right to try to conserve the deeper moral lessons of the war. They were right as to the need of the world and the opportunity of the Church. But somehow, in the process he found himself depersonalized. He had ceased to be a prophet and a pastor and had become simply a middleman. The modern world of organized philanthropy and ecclesiasticism had elected him salesman for its countless causes. All he had to do was to follow instructions. The thing culminated in the spring of 1920, when the Interchurch Movement relieved him of all further personal responsibility by outlining his whole half-year for him. He was to pray in January, exhort in February, convert in March, and collect in April

and May. Somehow, he broke down under the strain. His life had become too wooden. And he has been thinking his whole status over once again.

He has had time for a little sober reflection as to what the rest of his days are going to be if the process goes on indefinitely, and he yields the major point of his independence. Obviously, there will be no need for men to go to theological schools in the future; if this is what the Christian ministry is to become. Young men had much better take a couple of correspondence courses, one from the man with the magnetic index finger who can make him a persuasive speaker, the other from some brisk, up-to-the-minute school of salesmanship.

But this prospect calls for a revised conception of the ministry. And its compensations are not those which he has associated with his past liberty of prophesying and his cure of souls. He sees himself as a kind of permanent beater for unending drives. He it is who, week by week, must hound the now attenuated and gun-shy giver into the open, where the causes may pot away with both barrels and bag their budgets. The beater has none of the sport. And he will be more than human if he does not come to have a certain perverse sympathy for the flock in the covert assigned to him. At least, he is perfectly clear that he cannot see them all killed off before his eyes, but must allow a 'righteous remnant' to survive and breed, during the brief season closed to causes, — say in Lent, — against next season's need.

III

Why does not the Average Man go to church? Being a teacher in a theological school as well as a parish minister, I sent out spies into the great and wicked world last year to get an answer to this question. Effectively

disguised in mufti, they approached the Average Man and asked him for an honest answer. They came back to the camp and reported with surprising unanimity that, among other things, the Average Man was getting tired of going to church to worship God and being offered the trichina and Senegambia as a substitute. One Average Man said quite bluntly that fourteen Sundays at the height of the season had been wholly taken up in his church by the presentation of fourteen different denominational and social causes, and that he found his inclination to go to church suffering a sea change. Not that trichinosis and Senegambia were 'dead hypotheses' to him. He took an interest in these and all other similar moral opportunities. But their name was legion; and any selection of them for the purposes of public worship was arbitrary. He felt as if the parts were getting in the way of the whole. The trouble with his moral and spiritual life was just that he could not see the wood for the trees. And the Church, so far from giving him the total perspective and helping him unify his life, was merely adding to his confusion and distraction. The Average Man was not quite certain what he wanted when he went to church, but he knew it was something which should have in it the element of contrast. He wanted a suggestion of the everlasting otherness of life which real religion always intimates. He believed that all the fine, unselfish, organized altruisms which abound in every city, and claim the support of Church people, were aspects of twentieth-century Christianity. He did not understand a Christianity which was so far removed from this world that it called these activities secular. He believed that modern religion is as wide as every honest effort to help the world. But he was getting mired in detail. He was losing the

power to say 'God' in connection with them all.

He seemed to remember something to the same effect in Saint Augustine's *Confessions*. 'What do I love, when I love my God?' asks Augustine. 'I questioned the earth, and it said, "I am not He." I questioned the sea and the depths, and they replied, "We are not thy God; seek above us." I questioned the blowing winds, and the whole air with its inhabitants replied, "Anaximenes is wrong; I am not God." I questioned the heavens, sun, moon, stars: "Neither are we," say they, "the God whom you seek."'

All these were aspects of God, but religion, as the Average Man saw it, was just the power to say 'God,' where the rest of the world said Nature, Justice, Duty, Peace, Social Service, Foreign Missions. And it seemed to him as he reflected upon it, that the Church was missing its chance to help him say that thing. He listened in the shell of modern being, and he heard the roar of the sea of life, with its manifold activities. What he missed in the method and temper of the modern Church was the constant suggestion of a 'central peace subsisting at the heart of endless agitation.'

If the Church is anything more than the pious sanction for interests and causes which every right-minded man is interested in, if it is anything more than the rubber stamp of Christian approval of all our philanthropies, it is the place and comradeship, not where rival causes jostle one another for the attention of a constituency, but where all sorts and conditions of men doing the diversified religious work of the modern world may be made to feel their profound spiritual community of interest and aim. The Church is at the cross-roads to-day, not in the sense that she must arbitrarily elect the road that leads to Senegambia, to the exclusion of

all other roads, but in the profounder sense that she stands, or ought to stand, at the point where the sincere and patient minister to the trichina evil may meet and share with his brother who bears the sorrows of Senegambia upon his heart the common quality of faith and courage which inspires all profound and concrete religion in action.

The parish minister of to-day claims, therefore, the right to interpret his relation to causes philanthropic, political, industrial, denominational, in the large. He sees his people become restive under the rapid fire of drives to which they have been subjected in the years immediately past. He does not put it all down to their lethargy or selfishness. He knows them better than that. He knows that all of them are generous, that most of them are enlisted in the regular support of many causes which have come home to them with immediacy, and that many of them are giving to the point of sacrifice and beyond. But leaving finances at one side, he feels the peril of a dwindling congregation as the result of the intrusion of all this machinery into the foreground of their minds. They come to church in the patient, and often dumb, hope that they may find bread for a hunger at the heart of them; but, in accordance with the new Christian year and the pressure of authority or popular opinion, he has to offer them a stone in the way of one more programme to be explained and 'set up.' They are very patient under it all. But the Average Man is thinking of serving an ultimatum on the minister. And the minister, being only a middleman, can merely pass this ultimatum along to those 'higher up.'

The modern parish minister, in all charity and with abundant good-will, is about to serve notice on all parties concerned that he must be allowed to preach religion, in something of its

totality, week by week, or else the denominations and the philanthropies must look for some other kind of man to do their job.

He would make perfectly clear what he means by these words. He would assure every social agency in modern society that he regards its efforts as a valid and essential part of the total religious work of our time. He counts none of them secular in the sense that it is outside the moral need and duty of the day. His attitude is not one of indifference, but of concern for the whole body of organized and efficient altruism. But he must affirm that these causes have now become so numerous, and their fields of activity so specialized, that no one of them can effectively monopolize the religious spirit, or offer itself as a modern equivalent for the total idea of God. He would remind some of them that they seem to him to be drifting in this direction. He sometimes feels a touch of fanaticism and bigotry about their attitude toward him, his church, and the world at large. They do not realize that the last caller who left his study and the next to come are both advocates of causes as worthy as that which has the carpet for the moment, and that the minister's task is not to distract seekers after God by a multiplicity of modern attributes of God, but to try to help men to something like the total vision. In short, the minister's task is not to cry aloud or to peddle at the cross-roads the wares of any one or half-dozen worthy philanthropies, but to help all who pass the place where he stands to realize that 'One is your Father and all ye are brethren.'

Having said this, the parish minister would go on to say that this position, to his mind, does not mean retiring again to some innocuous generalities, known as 'the pure gospel.' He holds out no hope to those who, for selfish reasons,

would like to see the return of the happy days when the Church confined itself to religion and did not meddle with business and politics. A disgruntled parishioner of Newman's once objected that the Cardinal's preaching was interfering with the way he did business. 'Sir,' said Newman, 'it is the business of the Church to interfere with people.' The parish minister sees the Church as Newman saw it. But his interference with the world is a kind of total interference with its tempers and spirits, an effort to combat and convert irreligious points of view, rather than a hasty attempt to arbitrate every concrete dilemma which comes along. If the parish minister of to-day claims for himself the right to preach religion as he sees it, in its totality, that religion will not be some harmless platitude or remote speculation: it will be the sum of the fundamental tempers which must enter into the making of a religious society. He merely serves notice on the world of affairs that, when he says religion, he does not mean some pale, private piety, but that he has in mind Saint Paul's description of Christianity as 'dynamite,' in that he is thinking about a society which nothing short of some revolution of worldly points of view will ever achieve.

Finally, the parish minister would invite those who manage the affairs of his denomination to take long views of his task and theirs. They are his representatives. He has been at times a poor constituent. He admires their fine courage in seeing a world far broader than his bailiwick. But he sometimes feels that there is too much Platonism and too little Aristotelianism about them when they approach him and his people. It is hard for them to get their vision focused as they look at the single parish and its minister. They find it relatively easy to assess the parish so much and turn the job over to

him to complete. He would remind them that he cannot cry 'Wolf' indefinitely. His rhetoric is limited; the sentimental touch wears out; at last he falls back upon an appeal for personal loyalty to himself.

But that process has its end, and beyond he cannot go. Moreover, he would say to his denominational representatives quite candidly that he can no more substitute the World Movement of our Denomination for the idea of God, than he can substitute the trichina or Senegambia. And that is what, at times, it seems to him that he is expected to do. Organizing teams, and appointing captains by their tens and hundreds, and fine-tooth-combing the parish once more is not necessarily having a religious experience; and the parish minister is on the ragged edge of concluding that about the quickest way to undercut the whole support of the Church-at-Large is to let its programmes and machinery get into the foreground and stay there. For men will not permanently, or even long, accept as a substitute for the public worship of God a congregational committee meeting on Sunday morning to discuss in detail the blue-print plans of the New Jerusalem.

The parish minister insists upon some restoration of his ancient liberty of

prophesying, not because he is indifferent, or wishes his church to be indifferent, to any and all of these claims on time, thought, service, and money, but because he feels the danger of religious short-sightedness, and even of fanaticism, in the urgent clamor of these many voices. He believes that, if men can be helped to true and adequate ideas of God, godly men, to whom the task comes immediately home, will dispose of trichinosis in due time, and will maintain all other valid causes outside the Church and inside. But he fears that, if men lose the idea of God, and forget how to practise the Presence of God, the trichinae will multiply and the sects will indeed collapse, because the ruins will have been emptied for good and all, as the result of a fundamentally short-sighted conception both of the Christian Church and of the Parish Ministry.

Oh, if we draw a circle premature,
Heedless of far gain,
Greedy for quick returns of profit, sure
Bad is our bargain.

It is against that bad bargain, into which it seems to him the causes and agencies have been threatening to drive him, that the parish minister is trying to warn the world and to fortify himself.

WHAT IS THE REASON?

BY S. MILES BOUTON

On three occasions in four years I have walked the decks of a ship and heard passengers thanking Providence for their deliverance from the land they were leaving, and characterizing it in unkind words. On the first two occasions I joined in the chorus; on the third, I listened with mingled emotions.

The first was in August, 1916, when I sailed from Sassnitz, Germany, for Sweden. The second was in the following January, when I made the same trip again, after spending Christmas with my family in Berlin. On both trips, the incautious passengers cursed Prussianism and the Kaiser as soon as they were fairly aboard; the cautious waited until the ship was outside Germany's territorial waters, and then contributed their share to the chorus.

The third occasion was markedly different. The ship was sailing in peacetime; it was sailing from America for a foreign port; and the men and women who raised the song of thanksgiving were, albeit chiefly foreign-born, none the less American citizens. Their tone was not, in general, bitter. On the contrary, it was sad, but very earnest, very serious, and very deliberate. It was the expression of men and women who had thought long before taking a step that was very hard for them — a step that meant the severing of ties that had existed for years. One of the passengers had been in America fifty-four years, another forty-eight, without a break.

I sailed from New York in the late summer, on a Norwegian steamer. On the evening of the first day out, I fell

into conversation with a group of third-class passengers. What I heard amazed me. These men and women spoke in the tones I had heard from refugees from Germany during the war; but it was America, not Prussia, about which they spoke. They were going back to Scandinavia to stay.

Assuredly, I thought, it must have been an accident which brought together in this one group only Scandinavian-Americans who were leaving America for all time. It seemed quite impossible that they could represent any considerable body of feeling on board. I began an investigation. There were, in round numbers, 750 passengers of the third class. I talked with nearly two hundred of them. They were mainly Norwegian-Americans, but there were also a good many Swedish-Americans and a sprinkling of Danish-Americans. Of the two hundred, I found just nine who said they intended to return to America. If the same ratio held good for the whole 750, more than 700 will stay in Scandinavia. At any rate, only an insignificant minority will go back.

With but few exceptions, the men with whom I talked were skilled workmen of the best class. There were a few farmers, two sailors, one deep-sea fisherman, and one real-estate dealer who had formerly been a skilled mechanic. One woman was the wife of a merchant in Chicago and another was a schoolteacher. Only a small number of the two hundred with whom I talked were nominal Socialists, and only one

of these, a man of the agitator type, belonged to the Socialist Left. The others merely voted the Socialist ticket as a protest. There were many more, however, who declared that, if they had stayed in America this year, they would have voted for Debs. Most of the Socialists came from the upper Pacific Coast, especially Seattle. Their remarks about that city's authorities were not complimentary.

I append some of the reports of conversations, noted at the time. All those recorded are American citizens, with one exception, which is specified.

I. Deep-sea fisherman, wife and two children. From the northwest coast. Been in America thirteen years, but is never going back. Will buy a farm in Norway. Says dozens of his friends are preparing to follow him. Many of these, he says, were forced to take part in the war, though they were not citizens. Was not called on himself because of varicose veins. Says, 'We would have fought if anybody had attacked us, but not in Europe.' Excellent type of man, about 35 years old. Bright children and capable wife.

II. Norwegian, man and wife, about 45 years old. Been in America eighteen years. Thank God because they are going to 'a free country.'

III. Young Norwegian, about 25. Been in America since he was 17. Says he would n't go back 'for a thousand million dollars.' Is a common laborer.

IV. Swedish husband, Norwegian wife. He a skilled glass-cutter. Says 'America is all right except for the people that run it.' (This phrase has been used by dozens with whom I have talked.) This couple have been fifteen years in America. Will settle in Sweden.

V. Norwegian woman, lived twenty-seven years on a farm near Chicago. Her husband staying behind to sell the farm, and will join her in Norway.

VI. Swedish woman, lived last eight-

een years in Chicago, where her husband has a store. He is staying behind to sell out. Will join her as soon as possible and live in Sweden. Used to like America, but it's 'a different country now.' Says, 'Vi ha haft nog' (we have had enough).

VII. Machinist, seven years in America. Had his own machine-shop, which he converted into a garage. Sold it out a month ago. 'Seven years of free America are a plenty for me.'

VIII. Highly educated Swedish woman, a schoolteacher. Has been thirty years in America. Will live with relatives near Gothenburg, and probably teach school. Says, also, 'Jag har haft nog' (I have had enough).

IX. Old Norwegian woman, forty-eight years in America and never been back in that time. Is going back to stay. Says 'America is n't what it used to be.' (This phrase is constantly on the lips of all with whom I have talked, including even those who intend to return.)

X. Dressmaker, been in New York ten years. Is returning to America 'because I can make so much money there. America is all right if you think the way they want you to think. I don't have any trouble because I think the way they do; or if I don't, I don't say anything.'

XI. Machinist from Seattle. About 30 years old. Been in America eleven years. Asked him, 'Are you going to Norway to stay?' He said, 'You bet your life I am.' Fine, clean type of man. Plays violin with much skill and musicianly feeling. Despises jazz music. Is especially fond of Grieg and Ole Bull, whose 'Säterjantans söndag' (Shepherd Maid's Sunday Afternoon) he played for me in a manner really remarkable for a more or less self-taught mechanic.

XII. Miner from near Centralia, Oregon. Norwegian, about 40 years old.

Been six years in America. Was crippled by a fall in a mine. Speaks very bitterly of America, which he never wants to see again. Also plays the violin, with strong preference for Norwegian music.

XIII. Norwegian, deep-sea sailor. About 25 years old; been six years in America. Is going back because he can get good wages and is at sea most of the time, 'so it does n't matter much where I live. But I would n't want to live in America steady. It's all right, except for the people that run it.'

XIV. Norwegian sailor from Michigan. Came to America in 1903. Sings a steady refrain about money and 'fine yobs,' and says he won't be able to stand it in Norway very long. Is 37 years old and has not been back to Norway since he first left.

XV. Swede, 41. Been in America five years. Has his first papers. Has a wife in Sweden and paid his income taxes as a married man. Showed me the receipt. The collectors at the port refused to regard him as a married man because his wife is not in America. He offered to make affidavit that he was sending regular remittances to her, but they refused to accept it, and he had to pay taxes and penalties aggregating \$119.25. Used up all his best Swedish cuss words in talking about America. Said, 'Amerika ser mig aldrig igen' (America will never see me again). Is a lumberman. Says he will have no trouble in finding work in Sweden.

XVI. Norwegian, wife and four children. Came over in 1903. Originally a mechanic, but has for some years had a good real-estate business in a north-western city. Says he got all his education in America, and is grateful for it, 'but human beings have some rights. It is n't the old America any more. That was a fine country, a real freedom's land, but not any more.' Thinks he can at least earn 'three square meals a day'

in Norway, and is willing to get along with very little if he can live 'in a free country.' Talks intelligently of the part played by Scandinavians in helping build up America. Says 40,000 other Norwegians left Norway the same year he came away, and he believes thousands will go back. Says he knows personally a great many who will go back as soon as they can close up their affairs in America. Referring to the fact that he walks with a cane, he said, 'The Americans may say I'm a cripple, and it does n't make any difference whether I go or stay; but I'm bringing four boys on this ship to help build up Norway. That means something.' No bitterness in his remarks about America, but plainly genuine sorrow at being compelled to leave.

XVII. Old Norwegian, been 54 years in America. Says, 'Jag har haft nog.' Sold his farm and also a small business, and will spend the rest of his life in Norway, 'a free country.'

The above is not a selected list of conversations. I give them just as they stand in my notebook, without omissions or additions. They represent accurately the sentiment of all but an insignificant minority of the men and women with whom I talked. Of those who intended to return to America, only one, number fourteen in this list, was enthusiastic about it. Two Danish-Americans, who intended to go back, admitted that they were doing so only because they had good businesses in America which they could not readily dispose of without a big sacrifice. Another Danish-American was making the trip with his bride, an American woman.

'Are you going back to America?' I asked him.

'Indeed he is,' said the bride.

The husband acquiesced, but he was plainly not enthusiastic about it.

Prohibition played its part in driving

these people from the country, but I found no one who said that it was the sole cause. There is more behind.

'I had been thinking for a year or two of going back to the old country,' said one of the most intelligent of the men with whom I talked. 'I have been an American citizen for twelve years, but I'm just a damned foreigner, nevertheless. Look at my children. They don't understand a word of Norwegian. That's how good an American I was. And then this prohibition law came. That settled it. I'm going back to a country where I won't be a damned foreigner.'

Among all the children of the third-class passengers (and there were many), I did not find one who knew a dozen words of the parents' mother tongue. They knew no language but English, and most of the parents told me they always talked English before the children. 'That's how good Americans we are,' in the words of the man I have just quoted. Later, I met in Christiania a youth of seventeen who had come over with his parents.

'I'm having a devil of a time,' he told me. 'I've got as much as a thousand uncles and aunts and cousins and all that kind of business here, and not one of 'em can talk a word of anything but Norwegian. All the Norwegian I know is *skoal* and "good day," and you can't get very far with that. But dad says he's going to stay here, so I've got to hustle and learn the talk.'

There is material here for a good deal of serious thought. I do not try to draw many morals. This is merely a piece of honest reporting. But I wonder whether something is not radically wrong with the administration of a country when men and women of the fine type who made up this shipload — precisely the type of men and women who constitute the backbone of any country — find it

impossible to live longer in the land to which they sailed so hopefully in the years gone by. Or do they simply imagine that they cannot endure it? But even then there must be something wrong, for imagination must have some little food to feed upon. What has happened to make it impossible for the man referred to as number one in this list to live in America longer? Is it not a real loss to the country to lose a man who says he and his friends would have gladly fought in the war 'if they had attacked us'? 'Us' is America. But Norway gets this man back, with his wife and two sturdy children.

What shall one say of the little dress-maker (number ten), who goes back to America solely for the sake of the money she can earn, but who knows that she can have no opinions of her own so long as she lives there? What shall one say of the schoolteacher (number eight), who, after thirty years in America, breaks the ties of more than half her life — she is not yet 50 — and goes back to live in an aristocratic kingdom rather than stay longer in an alleged democratic republic?

Some such comment could be made about almost every case I have recorded. But it is not needed. The facts speak a language eloquent enough for all who do not believe that patriotism requires us to believe blindly that everything we do, think, and say is right. America is filled with the evidences of Scandinavian industry, frugality, honesty, and energy. Hundreds of our communities would not exist today, and hundreds of others would be but shadows of what they are, if it had not been for the Swedes, Norwegians, and Danes who gave us so much and asked so little in return. And now they are going away from us by the thousands, back to 'a free country.'

What is the reason?

CHILDREN'S GARLAND. II

BY ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

THE HENS

THE night was coming very fast;
It reached the gate as I ran past.

The pigeons had gone to the tower of the church,
And all the hens were on their perch,

Up in the barn, and I thought I heard
A piece of a little purring word.

I stopped inside, waiting and staying,
To try to hear what the hens were saying.

They were asking something, that was plain,
Asking it over and over again.

One of them moved and turned around,
Her feathers made a ruffled sound,

A ruffled sound, like a bushful of birds,
And she said her little asking words.

She pushed her head close into her wing,
But nothing answered anything.

FATHER'S STORY

We put more coal on the big red fire,
And while we are waiting for dinner to cook,
Our father comes and tells us about
A story that he has read in a book.

And Charles and Will and Dick and I
And all of us but Clarence are there.
And some of us sit on Father's legs,
But one has to sit on the little red chair.

And when we are sitting very still,
He sings us a song or tells a piece;
He sings Dan Tucker Went to Town,
Or he tells about the golden fleece.

He tells about the golden wool,
And some of it is about a boy
Named Jason, and about a ship,
And some is about a town called Troy.

And while he is telling or singing it through,
I stand by his arm, for that is my place.
And I push my fingers into his skin
To make little dents in his big rough face.

IN MY PILLOW

When Mother or Father puts out the light,
I like to look down in my pillow at night.

Some people call them dreams, but for me,
They are things I look down in my pillow and see.

I saw some birds, as many as four,
That were all blue wings and nothing else more,

Without any head and without any feet,
Just blue wings flying over a street.

And almost every night I see
A little brown bowl that can talk to me,

A nice little bowl that laughs and sings,
And ever so many other things.

Sometimes they are plainer than I can say,
But while I am waking they go away.

And when nobody is coming by
I feel my pillow all over and try

And try to feel the pretty things,
The little brown bowl and the flying wings.

IN THE NIGHT

The light was burning very dim,
The little blaze was brown and red,
And I waked just in time to see
A panther going under the bed.

I saw him crowd his body down
To make it fit the little space.
I saw the streaks along his back,
And bloody bubbles on his face.

Long marks of light came out of my eyes
And went into the lamp — and there
Was Something waiting in the room —
I saw it sitting on a chair.

Its only eye was shining red,
Its face was very long and gray,
Its two bent teeth were sticking out,
And all its jaw was torn away.

Its legs were flat against the chair,
Its arms were hanging like a swing.
It made its eye look into me,
But did not move or say a thing.

I tried to call and tried to scream,
But all my throat was shut and dry.
My little heart was jumping fast,
I could n't talk or cry.

And when I'd look outside the bed
I'd see the panther going in.
The streaks were moving on his back,
The bubbles on his chin.

I could n't help it if they came,
I could n't save myself at all,
And so I only waited there
And turned my face against the wall.

THE PICNIC

They had a picnic in the woods,
And Mother could n't go that day.
But the twins and Brother and I could go;
We rode on the wagon full of hay.

There were more little girls than ten, I guess.
And the boy that is Joe B. Kirk was there.
He found a toad and a katydid,
And a little girl came whose name was Clare.

Miss Kate-Marie made us play a song
Called 'Fare-you-well, says Johnny O'Brown.'
You dance in a ring and sing it through,
And then someone kneels down.

She kissed us all and Joe B. Kirk;
But Joe B. did n't mind a bit.
He walked around and swung his arms
And seemed to be very glad of it.

Then Mr. Jim said he would play,
But Miss Marie, she told him then,
It's a game for her and the little folks,
And he could go and fish with the men.

Mr. Wells was there, and he had a rope
To tie to a limb and make a swing.
And Mrs. Wells, Mr. Wells's wife,
Gave me a peach and a chicken-wing.

And I had a little cherry pie
And a piece of bread, and after we'd played
Two other songs, I had some cake
And another wing and some lemonade.

RACE

BY WILLIAM McFEE

I

'It is an extraordinary thing,' I find myself reflecting, standing up to let the waiter take away the luncheon tray, and looking out of the polished brass scuttle in a meditative fashion. Coming alongside is one of the company's launches with a party of passengers. They confirm my suspicion that it is an extraordinary thing, this problem of race.

The door has closed behind the colored gentleman and his tray, and I continue to look out of the window, across the lagoon, which is as smooth and shining as a sheet of bright new tin, to the shores, rising, tier on tier of inviolate verdure, to the blue highlands fifty miles away.

There is a tap at the door; it opens, and Don Carlos enters, wishing to know if I am coming in the boat.

To one brought up in the dense air and congested mentality of a very old land, the phenomenon of Don Carlos focuses upon his extensive and peculiar familiarity with republics and liberty. The staple products of his native land are revolutions, panegyrics of liberty, and methodical volcanic eruptions which bury patriots and rebels impartially, and roll black rivers of hot lava over their tin-pot tantrums. The principal export, one gathers too, is talent fleeing from an excess of liberty. So he adumbrates in his gay boyish fashion, humming 'My country, 't is of thee'; though whether he means Costaragua, where he was born, or Provence, where his

father was born, or Spain, where his mother was born, or the United States of America, where he is now investigating new and startling phases of liberty, he does not say. We may assume, however, that his impressions of Saxon America are so far favorable, since he is determined to remain.

Some difficulty is encountered when the attempt is made to classify him on the ship. In his quality of Ariel, he is everything, everywhere, only provided there is mechanism to be tended. There is an element of the uncanny in his intuitive comprehension of machinery, from the operation of a sextant to the intestines of a brine-pump, a phonograph, or a camera-lens. Perceiving like lightning, and working like a leaping flame, he provides the stolid Anglo-Saxon mechanics with a fund of puzzled, indignant thoughts. One observes them taking stealthy stock of themselves and debating whether they are awake or dreaming, so incredible does it appear to them to be bossed by a stripling of one-and-twenty, and, they mutter, a Dago. This, one gathers, is not to be borne by men whose ancestors stood meekly round the village inn while Duke William's hook-nosed minions took the names of all the folk for the first edition of Doomsday Book. Intolerable for hot-blooded gentlemen whose sires proclaimed to a wondering world a new scheme of government, and made it work by flinging wide the door to all who were willing to work.

And how can one fail to sympathize with them? When a man has grown up in a thousand-year-old tradition that it will take him seven years to learn a trade, he is in no condition to admit the possibilities of genius. And for Don Carlos there is no such thing as tradition. He has but childish memories of the days before the war. While Costaragua cannot be said to have no history, what he has is not of a kind that can be safely taught in the local schools. He approaches our civilizations with the frank eyes of a stellar visitor and the all-embracing knowledge of a university professor. You must remember his lack of tradition, if you are to understand his question about history. For he demands to know the use of it all. What does it get you? Law, Science, Music, Engineering — yes, very fine. But why did he have to learn about the Battle of Lepanto, the Council of Trent, and the Diet of Worms? He makes this pertinent query as he pulls energetically at the starter of the motor-boat; and any reply is lost in the thunderous roar of the engine.

I take the tiller as we rush away from the ship's side. For among the many facilities of his career, including the divergent enterprises of electrician, turbine expert, time-keeper on a banana-farm, checker on a coffee-plantation, moving-picture operator, engine driver, clerk in a government office, tool-maker in a ship-yard, and all-round marine engineer, he belongs *par excellence* to the gasoline age. The internal-combustion engine is to him a familiar spirit, if the jest may be pardoned. For on this the story, which deals also with liberty and so forth, depends.

I take the tiller as we rush from the ship's side. Don Carlos bends over the engine for a few moments, adjusting the spark and satisfying himself that the circulating waster is performing its functions; then he climbs out of the

engine-pit and runs along the gunwale to the after thwarts, where he sits and begins to talk. And the point of the story is the destruction of a young and exquisite sentiment in his heart. He does not clearly perceive this, and may not comprehend its full significance for a good many years yet. But it has a pertinent bearing upon the aforesaid problem of race, and the genesis of nationality under the modern conceptions of government.

As we make the entrance of the lagoon, and the ocean wind roars in our ears, and the boat takes her first buoyant plunge into an immense opaline swell, I endeavor to justify the college professor's infatuation with the Battle of Lepanto, where, I remark in parenthesis, Cervantes did himself no discredit. I take as an example this very seaboard along which we are traveling in a gasoline boat. I point out certain low jungle-clad hillocks between us and the little white village inside, and I tell Don Carlos how one Francis Drake, a hard-bitten English pirate of the seventeenth century, came up after nightfall one evening and, anchoring, rowed ashore with muffled oars and crept through the dense undergrowth until, the surprised and sleepy sentry struggling to unloose their iron grip from his throat, he and his men stood within the shadows of the stockades.

A grim tale, typical of the times, and the outcome of great events and dignified animosities half a world away. And Don Carlos laughs, for he bears no malice toward the English who flew at the throats of his ancestors for so many strenuous years. Indeed, one derives a certain consolation from the fact that, while the English experience the usual human difficulty in loving their enemies, they certainly seem to achieve success in making their enemies love them; and that is something in a fallen world. He

laughs and bears no malice. He sits with his hands clasped round his knees, looking down meditatively for a moment at the spinning shaft, and then suddenly startles me by demanding if I have ever been in jail.

This is so unexpected that, as we get round the point and into smoother water, I am at a loss to see how the question bears upon my feeble attempts to justify the study of history in a world made safe for democracy. A hasty review of an obscure and more or less blameless life enables me to disclaim the honor. But, it seems, he has. And he explains that for three weeks he was a political prisoner in the barracks up at San Benito in Costa Rica. That was, oh, two years ago, and he was nineteen at the time. Just before he came to the States. And resting his arms on his knees and regarding me with his bright, smoked-hazel eyes, he relates his adventures as a political suspect.

It is essential to explain in the beginning, however, how he came to be so late in getting any ideas, as he calls it, about his country. The fact is, he ran entirely, as a child, to machinery. It assumed the dimensions of a passion, for he describes his emotions on encountering a new mechanism, and they are easily identified as a species of divine ecstasy.

As, for example, when he, a slender, quick-eyed schoolboy, stood in front of the Hotel Granada in San Benito and devoured with his eyes the first automobile ever seen in that remote capital. He waited for the owner to come out and start it, with a feeling akin to vertigo. And the owner, it appears, was an Englishman, a bulky person in knickerbockers and a monocle, prospecting, with racial rapacity, for gold. He came out and scrutinized the small, palpitating being crouched down on its hams and peering frantically under

the chassis; demanded in an enormous, gruff voice what the deuce Don Carlos was up to.

'Oh, please, can I see the motor? I've never seen a motor.'

'Why should I show you my motor, eh?'

'Oh, I do want to look at it, only for a minute!'

And Don Carlos asserts that he was so worked up that he touched the rough tweed sleeve and stood on one leg.

The Englishman seemed amused at this and asked him where he learned his English. In the college, eh? Wish to the deuce his college in Oxford had taught him Spanish, confound it! Well, suppose they strike a bargain, eh? Don Carlos might wash the car if he, the owner, let him look at the motor. How about it?

He spoke to the empty air. Don Carlos had vanished into the Hotel Granada, seized a bucket and broom, and was dashing back again to start washing the car. Never was a car cleansed with such miraculous efficiency and speed.

But suppose, said the Englishman, when bucket and broom were restored to an indignant kitchen-maid, that he now declined to let Don Carlos look at the motor. Somewhat to his astonishment, the small, vivacious body became still, the eyes were cast down, and he was informed in a grave voice that such a thing was impossible. But why? he insisted, keeping his cigarette away from his mouth for quite a while in his interest. Well, remarked Don Carlos coldly, an Englishman always kept his promise — they were taught so in the college. Were they, by Jove! It was, the stranger added under his breath, news to him, for Corfield had just been butchered in Somaliland and nobody at home seemed to care. Always kept their promises, did they? And he supposed

some infernal professor in the college was teaching all these Latin-American kids to regard English promises as sacred, 'giving us a darned difficult reputation to live up to, young man.'

Well, here goes! He raised the bonnet of his toil-worn car, and Don Carlos stooped in ecstasy to gloat over the four hot, dry cylinders, the fan, the wires, the smell of gasoline. Twenty-five horse! He mutters apologetically to me (he was only a kid, I am to remember) that he had got the silly notion into his head that there were twenty-five little horses toiling away under that hood to pull the car. But I don't think it needs any apology. I think it is beautiful, and the authentic thought of a child.

Well, he gazed and gazed, almost glaring in a desperate attempt to fix it all imperishably on his memory before the bonnet slowly descended and the vision was shut out. Don Carlos says he remembered everything so that he could draw it, even the grease-spots, and a chip off one of the spark-plugs; and raising his eyes to the green shores along which we are running, he says that he supposes I do not believe this.

On the contrary, I see no reason why I should not believe it. I tell him of the boy Mozart, who listened but once to the Vatican Mass at Rome, and came out to write it all down.

Without any mistakes? Don Carlos demands with sudden, intense energy. No, I say, he had to go back and correct one or two notes next day. Don Carlos nods and smiles in a mysterious fashion, and proceeds. He has another improbable statement to make. He says that, as the motor stuttered and roared, and the car sprang away into the dust of the Calle San Bernardino, he burst into tears.

And this is the point of the episode. His emotions as a youth were preoccupied with fascinating things like electric pumps, a broken adding-machine,

learning the fiddle, and dancing with the extremely pretty girls of Costaragua. Costaragua itself had made no appeal to him. It is what can be called a difficult country in more senses than one. It is a country of immense tree-clad gorges and cloud-capped mountains, with rivers as steep as staircases and volcanoes of uncertain temper. It is a country where butterflies grow to be a foot across the wings, and mosquitoes bite to kill. It is a country with a seaboard as hot and undesirable as a West African swamp; while inland, at four thousand feet, San Benito lies spread out on a cool and pleasant plateau. It is a country, moreover, where revolutions alternate with earthquakes, and between the two a life insurance policy runs high. And a country destitute of external oppressors and internal traditions is at a loss to make any profound impression upon a sensitive youth preoccupied with engines and girls. The appeal had to come indirectly.

From across the world came an immense rumor of war, an upheaval so vast that even in distant Costaragua life rocked uneasily. Local English, French, and Belgians drew into a group, silent and thoughtful. Neighbors with harsh names difficult for Iberian tongues, to utter held little celebrations from week to week as the field-gray hordes rolled on toward Paris. And to Don Carlos, buried in a Spanish *traduction*, as he calls it, of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, and driving himself half-crazy in a superhuman effort to understand just how a bird uses his wings to get off the ground, was suddenly hauled out of his dreams by the news that two of his cousins in far Provence had been cited for valor, while yet another was dead at Verdun.

It was like a galvanic shock, because valor and death in defense of one's country were to him novel conceptions.

And they were his kin. He was working for the Costaragua Railroad at that time, and as he overhauled the rolling-stock he turned the matter over in his mind. They were his kin, but France was far away. His father had been killed in one of the innumerable revolutions of Costaragua. And it came upon him with abrupt clarity that dying for one's country was, after all, nothing much unless one was prepared to live for it.

This was not so simple as it may seem to one who has been drilled from infancy in the civic virtues. In Costaragua, as in most small national aggregations, family is of paramount importance. You may be poor and work in a picture-house evenings, but you do not therefore lose caste as a member of the first families. And the tendency was for all these gentry, as we would call them in England, to adhere to the Liberal faction. So the best Don Carlos could do for himself at the time, with his limited knowledge of world-politics, was to conceive a very honest enthusiasm for the government in power, and indulge in a few fantastic dreams of Costaragua as a rich and powerful country. The point to remember is that, so far as it went, it was a genuine inspiration, a solid basis on which a more fortunate turn of events might have erected a pure and passionate love for the land of his birth.

And on top of this, as if to confirm him in his new ideas, he was ordered one day to drive a special car to the coast. It was not merely his consummate skill in handling motor-cars that singled him out for this honor. The railway had an ample supply of competent drivers. But they were, many of them, tinged with an unfortunate prejudice toward a stable government. The great upheaval in Europe had caused a number of persons of pronounced radical views to take up their residence in

Costaragua. The special motor-car, a large and richly appointed affair in varnished mahogany and red-silk curtains, with a cab in front for the driver, was destined to convey the brother of the President and the Minister for War to the coast. It was desirable, therefore, that someone of good family and undoubted fidelity be chosen to drive.

He had made the trip so often that it was nothing. The only thing that made this one any different was a novel emotion of pride in being chosen to serve the government. Not that he had any ridiculous reverence for the President's brother. Everybody in San Benito was secretly amused at that heavy-jowled, dark-browed, secretive, and pompous personage. He had one defect which is intuitively divined by the Latin — he was stupid. When a minister from a foreign power, after a reception, had jokingly remarked on the comparative sizes of their hats, the President's brother had received with a look of blank puzzlement the remark that he had a large head. 'Of course! I am the President's brother!' he observed in bewilderment. Don Carlos says the story went round behind the fans of the San Benito ladies like a ripple of phosphorescence on dark water.

Well, he was that sort of man. Quite different from the President, who was clever in many ways, with a pen, with a sword, with a revolver. In his career as President he had frequent recourse to all three talents. He was not clever enough, however, to dispense with his gloomy brother, who held obstinately to the view that it was he who had engineered the *coup d'état* that raised the intellectual duelist to the throne. He pervaded the social atmosphere of San Benito, posing as a sort of Bismarck, and was observed to model his deportment upon that eminent political crook.

This was the illustrious passenger, accompanied by a short, animated gentle-

man with a black, upstanding moustache, the pair of them garbed in great cloaks and heavy-brimmed hats, who stood on the private platform of the terminal station as Don Carlos brought the big vehicle to a halt. The Administrator of the line hurried up to open the door and hand in the baggage. He himself was going up to his farm in the interior for a few weeks' holiday. He hoped the trip would be pleasant. The line had been cleared of everything in advance. Once past Ensenada, where the up mail-train was side-tracked for half an hour, they had a clear run into Puerto Balboa, a hundred miles distant and three thousand feet below.

II

And now, while we run the boat in toward the yellow sands of a small, sequestered beach, backed by an impenetrable tropical jungle, and wade ashore with our clothes held high, it is necessary to give the urban dweller in a temperate zone some clear notion of this railroad over which the youthful patriot was to drive his massive Condorcet model car. To an Englishman, whose railways have the sober permanence and social aloofness of the House of Lords, or to an American accustomed to quadruple tracks vibrating at all hours to the hammering impact of enormous haulage, this Eastern Railroad of Costa Rica gives the same bizarre impression as would an impulsive Oriental dancing-girl in a quiet New England sewing-circle.

Not that there is anything scandalous or reprehensible in its beginnings. The track runs quietly out of San Benito, between high, living palisades of green, through the occasional gaps of which you can get glimpses of gardens with low houses closely girdled by screened verandahs. All the houses in San Benito are low, sky-scrapers being

at an ominous discount in a land so insecurely bolted down. The houses are low, the roofs light, the doors made to swing easily, and the people religiously inclined. There is one city, Ortygia, through which we pass presently, once an ambitious rival of San Benito — which is dreadful to contemplate, for the houses are now tortured ruins and the cemetery is full of jostling tombs which fell in upon each other as the earth split open and crashed, and split again, and then suddenly remained rigid, so that the white headstones sticking out of the riven furrows look like the teeth of the grinning jaws of Fate.

But that is not yet. San Benito is built upon a gentle eminence, in the centre of a wide, fertile plateau; so that, as you stand at the intersections of her broad, pleasant streets, you can see all around the ascending rim of the green-clad mountains, with a glimpse to the eastward of that formidable personality, the crater of Mount Cornaru with his forty-mile plume of rolling smoke darkening the sunrise.

And so, if the reader can figure himself in an airplane for a moment, he might have seen, on looking down upon this peaceful country one evening two years ago, the roof of the big Condorcet bumping rapidly along the single track between the gardens and coffee-farms, like a large and intelligent beetle.

But, on reaching the river of the plateau, the character of the railroad changes with startling abruptness. It plunges into a dark cleft in the earth, and begins to twist and squirm until all sense of direction is lost. It emerges upon a perilous, spidery trestle, which is insecurely pinned to the bosom of a thousand-foot precipice. It slides athwart up-ended landscapes of a green so intense that it fatigues the eye like the lustrous sheen of an insect's wings or the translucent glazing of antique

pottery. It rolls rapidly down to the very verge of a drop that leaves one spent with vertiginous amazement, and turns away into a tunnel, after giving one a sickening and vivid view of a wrecked train half submerged in the river below. It becomes preoccupied with that river. It returns to those appalling banks with enervating persistence. It refuses to be allured by the crumbling yet comparatively safe-looking sides of Mount Cornaru, now towering on our left like the very temple of disaster. It reaches out on perilous cantilevers and swaying suspension-chains, to look into that swift rushing streak of silver almost lost in the gloom of the tropical canyon. It dodges declivities and protrusions, only to dart to the edge again and again. For this is the only way to Puerto Balboa, down the valley of the Coreubion River.

And now the reader must imagine night about to fall, Ortygia and Ensenada, with its side-tracked mail-train, impatiently tolling its bell and blowing off, left behind, and Don Carlos, in the gloom of his cab in front of the Condorcet, stepping on his accelerator and bolting headlong down the above-described permanent way. His orders were to make all possible speed — the sort of order which gives him great joy.

There was only one shadow on his mind. He was not sure that at full speed he could see a forgotten hand-car in time to pull up. One of the captivating habits of the native plate-layer is to leave his hand-car on the rails and go away into a niche of the rocks to sleep. In the ordinary day's work the cow-catchers, one of which was securely bolted to the front of the Condorcet, would send the obstruction flying into space, and the journey would proceed unbroken. Don Carlos did not desire to take that risk with the President's brother. It might disturb his equanimity, upon which he set a most ridicu-

lous store. But speed must be made. A conference on board a steamer lying at Puerto Balboa was booked for that night.

Don Carlos, peering out along the beam of his searchlight, which was a long white cone littered with enormous moths and startling shadows, went ahead. And then, turning into a fifty-yard straight at about fifty miles an hour he suddenly saw the dreaded hand-car right under him. There was a crunch, a jolt, a sparkle of metal crashing against metal, a shiver of glass, and the hand-car, game to the last, before shooting away and turning gracefully end over end into oblivion, lifted the front wheels of the Condorcet, so that the large and richly appointed affair waddled and reeled into the soft earth of the embankment, and halted.

Halted just in time, Don Carlos admits. He had no qualms. That is one of his characteristics — control. He darts at once, in a case of danger or difficulty, to the only possible means of recovery. He hopped out of the cab and, unhitching a thin and pliant steel cable from where it hung, he began to seek a purchase. He found it in an ebony tree not far away, took a bend round it, rove the shackle through the dead-eye of a small barrel fitted to the Condorcet's rear-axles for haulage purposes, and running back to the cab, started the engine. The wheels began to scutter and slither, the wire-rope slowly wound itself on the revolving barrel, and the heavy car began to crawl upward toward the track. To take fresh hold, to haul out a couple of tamps and lever the car into position so that one more jerk astern settled her on the rails with a bump, was the work of a few moments. And then a perspiring Don Carlos bethought him of his passengers. Thus far they had remained in enigmatic silence within the red-silk curtain of the car. Don Carlos pulled open the

door and peeped in. The Minister for War was sitting up, holding on with frantic energy to an ornate arm-strap. The President's brother was lying perfectly still, on his face, his head under the seat, his shoes, large number elevens, with the soles close by the door. Don Carlos pulled tentatively at one of these shoes; the owner gave a sudden hysterical wriggle and sat up, holding to his breast a bleeding finger. Don Carlos was rather alarmed. He inquired respectfully if the gentlemen were hurt, and informed them that all danger was past.

'We are not killed,' said the military one with a pious aside.

'I have injured my finger,' said the President's brother with Bismarckian brevity. 'There must be an inquiry into this affair.'

'But it is all over,' suggested Don Carlos.

'Not at all,' observed the President's brother. 'It is only beginning — at the inquiry.'

It is not the way of Don Carlos to argue in this fashion. He has not the mentality to brood on what is past. He slammed the door, making both of his passengers jump, climbed into the cab, switched on his side-lights, and started off once more. An hour later, the car rolled into the station at Puerto Balboa, and Don Carlos stretched himself out on the red-plush cushions vacated by the President's brother, and slept like a top till dawn.

And that, in the ordinary course of events, would have closed the incident, but for the attitude of the President's brother. That austere and suspicious statesman was not of the mental calibre to gauge accurately or justly the eager and swift-witted lad who had retrieved the situation. He was afflicted with a political cast of mind. He saw a sinister and deep-laid plot to assassinate the President's brother and chief military

adviser. He brooded upon this idea until he saw the whole of Costaragua aquiver with hostile designs. He returned in a steam-hauled armored car, which got derailed near Ortygia and nearly killed him in real earnest, the track having been disturbed by a large mass of rock tumbling five hundred feet and smashing a culvert. He summoned the Chief of Police as soon as he was once more safe in San Benito, and ordered the arrest of Don Carlos as a political suspect.

There was a great to-do, he assures me, in his home, when they came for him. He was with his mother and sisters, and they began to weep. His own feelings seem to have crystallized into a species of contempt for the stupidity of the whole business. That, I fear, is his weakness. He cannot credit the sad but immovable fact that the majority of people are not at all clever, that our civilization tends to put a premium on mental density and folly. And when he was finally incarcerated in the calabozo behind the Government buildings, he sat down and began to think and think.

III

We lay there on the narrow strip of hot white sand, between the dense green wall of the jungle and the glittering blue sea, and stared up into a flawless sapphire sky. And our thoughts, helped out by a lazy comment or two, were on these lines. Do our governors know as much as they should about governing? Or put it this way. Does n't it seem as if the tendency of our Western notions is to engender useless bitterness in the hearts of the young, the unsophisticated, and the guileless? Neither of us has any very clear ideas on the subject. He, the Latin, is the more logical. '*What do you want government at all for?*' he demands harshly; and

there is a long silence, broken only by the soft kiss of the waves on the sand and the breeze stirring the tops of the mahogany trees and cocoanut palms.

In time, of course, he will see why we want government at all. He will see many things as he goes on. He may even forget the animosity born of those three weeks in jail. But the new and beautiful conception of self-dedication to his country was killed and can never be recalled. He will always be suspicious of political motives. His virtue will be without roots. That, I take it, is the problem of to-day. We have to provide a soil in which all these transplanted virtues can strike root. We have to devise a scheme that will prevent the spirited youth of the land from sitting down in bitterness, to think and think.

Of course, it must not be supposed that the son of a good family was permitted to languish in prison without comment. But, for the time, the President's brother had it all his own way. He showed his damaged finger and congratulated the Liberals on having nipped a dangerous conspiracy in the bud. Efforts to reach the Administrador were futile, he being high up in the interior beyond rail or wire. So Don Carlos sat there and formulated his plans. He might be shot, which worried him not at all. But if he got out, he would go away. That was decided for all time, as he sat there thinking of the immense number of fools in the world. His mother came to see him, and went away frightened. There was a meeting of 'the family,' mother and two daughters, to discuss what should be done.

It is strange to hear from him, as he lies on the hot sand, the reasons for their concern, and his views of 'the family.' 'I support them,' he remarks gravely, 'and so they have a right to know my decisions.'

While I am digesting this somewhat

unusual filial attitude, he goes on to describe the Administrador's sudden return, the telephone calls, carried on in shouts, between the railroad office, the police-office, and the President's house. And shortly after, Don Carlos, contemptuous as ever of stupidity, walked out and went home to his family. The Administrador was able to do this because the President had married his wife's niece and the Chief of Police was his cousin.

He came round to the house while the family were in council and announced his intention of giving Don Carlos a job on the coast. The President's brother had been advised by his physician to go into the country. Don Carlos declined the job on the coast. He said all he wanted of anybody was a ticket to the United States. The Administrador thrashed his polished leathern gaiters with his cane and looked very hard at the sullen youth in front of him. He asked if Don Carlos knew what would happen to him if he did go to the United States. The boy said he did not know, and did not care so long as he went. Well, he, the Administrador would tell him what would happen. 'You,' he informed Don Carlos, pointing his cane at him, 'will be a millionaire inside of ten years.'

And immediately I conceive an immense respect for this bluff creature of Latin-American politics, because he has had the vision to see what he had there before him.

Don Carlos looks at him and waits for the rest of the oration, merely murmuring, 'And —?'

'And you will abandon your native Costaragua for ever,' continues the Administrador.

And that, says Don Carlos as we resume our journey along the coast, was true anyhow. He went to the United States, or rather New York, and he plunged into the life of the city with

the naïve egotism of a traditionless expatriate. Any idea that opportunities imply responsible allegiance is not yet born. When I mention in passing that the Chief Executive at the White House is far from being what is called wealthy, he looks incredulous and inquires, 'What's he president for, then?' But as we speed round a green headland, which conceals the mouth of a river, and as we start on our way up this river, I ask Don Carlos just why he prefers the United States to his native Costaragua or the neighboring Republic of Contigua. After all, I argue, with the illogical folly of the English, he must have some feeling of love for the land where he was born and grew up. Suppose, for instance, Contigua declared war on Costaragua, would he not take the first boat back home and offer himself as a sacrifice to his country? Would not Costaraguans the world over collect in the great seaports, and lie and smuggle and scheme to get themselves home to enlist?

He is silent for a while, as the immense vertical green walls of the gorge, through which the river runs, close round us. And then he says soberly that a country like his does not get you that way. He is speaking a foreign language, one must remember, and he turns over various unsuitable phrases to hold his meaning. It is different. It is, very much of it, like this; and he waves his hand toward the shores.

The river winds and winds. High up above the towering cliffs of eternal verdure gleams a solid blue sky like a hot stone. We are in a green gloom. The river, fabulously deep, flows without a ripple, like a sheet of old jade. There is no movement of bird or tree or animal. One is oppressed by the omnipotent energy of the vegetation which reaches down from its under-cut banks as if seeking to hold the very water from flowing away. And the crazy no-

tion takes hold of one's mind that this sort of thing is not conducive to sanity, or morality, or patriotism, or any of the funny old-fashioned ideas that grow rather well in our northern air. One begins to understand what Don Carlos means when he says it does not get you that way.

And then I poke him up with something he has forgotten. I lead him on to see how he and his contemporaries are in the grip of machinery. He even learned English composition by means of lecture-records on a phonograph, a hoarse voice blaring at him, out of a black iron box, selections from Keats and Shelley. There is something metallic in his voice even now as he repeats from memory, —

'Hail to thee, blithe spirit,
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven or near it
Pourest thy full heart,' —

and growing cautious as he approaches the last line with its 'unpremeditated art.' Well, he is satisfied machinery can do everything. His mind already plays about unsolved problems of mechanism. All right, I concede. And now will he tell me, as a favor, what are we all going to do, later, when the fuel gives out?

As we approach the ship in the darkness and figures come to the rail to see us arrive, he falls silent, and I chuckle. After all, it is up to him and his like, clever young supermen, to get us out of the hole they have got us into, with their wonderful inventions. We dunderheads can go back to keeping chickens and writing poetry and watching the sunsets over blue hills, and we shall be content. But when the fuel runs out, and the machines run down, and the furnaces are cold and dead, and the wheels stop turning, what then, O wonderful youth, what then? Will you harness volcanoes and the tides? Will you contrive great burning glasses, and

turn the alkali deserts into enormous storage batteries? or will you fly away in planes to some other planet where there is an abundance of fuel and no fools at all?

At which Don Carlos laughs and says, 'I have plenty of ideas.' That, indeed, is his solution of the problem. He is not afraid so long as we continue to have ideas.

And so I leave him at the gangway and climb up to the smooth, brilliantly lighted decks, where the ladies and

gentlemen of many races recline in deck-chairs, or promenade to and fro. There is no doubt, I reflect, that the Administrador's prophecy will come true. He will be a millionaire by virtue of his ideas, and a leader of men by virtue of his personality. He is forever dissociated from us, who toil and fail and toil again, until we achieve some pitiful travesty of our dreams. He functions, as we say, perfectly. But what will he do, I wonder, when the fuel of life runs down?

IS A PIG A PERSON?

BY ROBERT M. GAY

THAT is a pleasant story which Mr. Nordhoff tells in the October, 1919, *Atlantic*, about the old Mexican woman who had a pig, 'the very apple of her eye, christened Narcisco after a departed son'; and the end of the story is still pleasanter, when the convalescent visitor, wishing to repay her for her hospitality, addresses her as follows: 'I have a favor to ask of you. It is evident, to one in sympathy with pigs, that Narcisco feels the absence of his companion. It would relieve my mind to know that he was not lonely, so please take these twenty pesos and provide him with a fitting mate.' 'One in sympathy with pigs' is a fine phrase.

I really know very little about pigs, though I have numbered two or three among my barnyard acquaintances. There was a certain engaging frankness about them, an interest in gastronomy, a singleness of purpose, and a simplicity of tastes that appealed to me. I cannot,

however, pretend to know much about them. But I have known intimately so many animals of different kinds, that I feel reasonably sure that the old woman made no mistake in looking upon Narcisco as the apple of her eye.

The truth is that any animal becomes a person the moment you know it well enough. I should be willing to go further and say that any plant may become a Picciola; but I must try to keep to my subject. 'Any animal,' I said, although I know that the reader can think of several in no time at all, which, he is willing to wager, could never, even after the longest intimacy, become persons. I admit, of course, that my opinion is open to argument, especially in so far as it relates to polyps, amœbas, and other animalcules; and that, even for one who holds it as enthusiastically as I do, there is a line beyond which it can be only an article of faith. I mean that, while I

can never prove that a polyp becomes a person upon close acquaintance, I can believe that it does; because I believe that my theory is sound.

When we look at a swarm of ants, we tell ourselves that they all look alike, and yet we know perfectly well that to an ant they all show differences, idiosyncrasies, personal traits — perhaps even varieties of facial expression; and a moment of reflection will suggest to us that our supercilious feeling regarding ants, our hasty conclusion that they are all alike, is due to no more important a cause than our own defective organs of vision. We may suppose that the Angel Gabriel, leaning lazily on the ramparts of heaven, looks down upon New York with equal perfunctoriness. 'Funny little creatures,' we can imagine him saying, 'running hither and thither, all looking alike, all doing the same things. I'll stir them up with a stick and see whether they have a vestige of brain.'

On the hither side of the boundary at which faith begins, however, the soundness of my theory will be evident immediately to anyone who has ever been sensible enough to make a friend of a toad or a hen, — they are of about equal intelligence, — let alone a cat or a dog. The moment I speak of cats and dogs, indeed, the reader will agree with me. 'Oh, cats and dogs,' he will say, 'and horses and donkeys and elephants — of course, in a way and after a fashion, any one of them will seem like a person if you are fond enough of it; but as for pigs and sheep and hens and toads, are n't you riding your hobby pretty hard?' 'Not a bit of it,' I reply. 'At our present stage of so-called civilization, it is almost impossible to ride this hobby too hard.'

To a merely sensible person a man is a man and a pig is a pig, and there is nothing more to be said; but to a philosopher or a saint or a poet or a little

child — four kinds of people who are never sensible unless they feel like being so — a man is by no means always a man or a pig always a pig. For any of these a pig may at any time be even a kind of angel with wings, or a sort of man with coat and trousers, like the Pig in *Sylvie and Bruno*, who wrung his hoofs and groaned 'because he could not jump.' This, however, is a creature of allegory. I am talking about real animals, and they provide a subject quite large enough for our purposes. For some philosophers, some saints, most poets, and all little children, the distinctions between men and animals are unimportant, however handy, and can, most of the time, be ignored.

It is really a waste of time to speak of children in this connection. For them, between the ages of four and eight, an animal is far more truly a person than any human being can be, and almost any animal will do as well as another. I know a little girl who every summer adopts several woolly-bear caterpillars, a few grasshoppers; and some crickets, names them Susy and Lucretia and Theophilus and so forth, builds houses for them with beds, tables, chairs, and kitchen sinks, and talks to them with more perfect assurance that they understand than she customarily evinces when she talks to her father. She tells me that Benjamin Brown Bear is entirely different in temperament from William Yellow Bear and both from Thomas Black Bear, who is, I gather, inclined to be obstreperous.

Now, I cannot believe that this little girl is excessively peculiar, or that her father ought to be jealous because she imperfectly distinguishes between him and a caterpillar. She is merely instinctively enjoying a wisdom that she will soon lose, unless she by any chance develops into a poet, a saint, or a philosopher; in which event she may retain her childlike conviction that the

world is all of a piece, and that distinctions between people because they have two legs or twenty are purely academic.

Of the poet, too, we can dispose in a few words. He is simply, as one of his kind has called him, the Great Lover; and, having called him that, it would be superfluous to give instances of his brotherhood. There is a difference, however, between the diffused sense of the friendliness of the earth and its indwellers and the specific sense of the friendliness and reciprocal understanding of every creature, however humble; and I wonder sometimes whether the latter is not more often found among the poets who cannot write grandly than among those who can; as if nature, in withholding the gift of expression from some, gave them, in compensation, the gift of friendship. For it seems that it is in the very minor poets, and in the mute poets we meet in the walks of daily life, that the sense of companionship is strongest, whether between man and man, or between man and brute. However, this is only a speculation, and I may be merely confusing a warm heart with a poetic soul.

As for the saints, the best of them — by 'best' I mean those who appeal to me most — have had animal cronies. There are Saint Jerome and Saint Euphemia and Brother Zosimus and their lions, and Saint Hubert and his hart, and Saint Hugh and his swan; but these are said to be only symbolic. It is among the Franciscans — Saint Anthony, Saint Francis, and Brother Juniper — that there is singular intimacy with animals. In the Borghese Palace at Rome is, or used to be, a picture of Saint Anthony preaching to the fishes, and an old book says that he is addressing them as 'Dearly beloved fish,' and that the salmon and the cod are listening 'with profound humility,

and grave and religious countenances.' The saint, we are told, preached this sermon in order to convince some skeptics; but this is the addition of a sensible person. For Saint Francis, as everybody knows, all creatures were his brothers and sisters, though the birds were his favorites. He rebuked the ants, but tenderly, for their too great forethought: 'Do you not know, my sisters, that it is quite contrary to the spirit of the gospel?' He had a pet lamb with him always at Rome, and pet doves for whom he built nests in his cell at Ravacciano; and we may be sure that he talked to them as equals.

I do not think that later generations have fully understood the Franciscans' predilection for animals. Even so poetic an interpreter as Ernest Hello sees in it only a natural extension of their yearning to save the world of men; but I prefer to think that it was rather a result of their discovery that man is in no absolute sense any more worthy than the animals; that the world is no more his than theirs; and that heaven without the animals would be a strange place. It may have been some unformulated sense of these truths that made them preach so earnestly to their little dumb brothers and sisters. It is perhaps, however, only the philosopher who really thinks so far, adopting as a principle what others simply feel.

In James Stephens's *The Crock of Gold* is a Philosopher whom to know is to love. True, he appears to be a little 'off,' at least to the extent of carrying rather far the metaphysician's favorite failing of making his facts fit his theory; but who ever loved a man for his philosophy? He has a pleasant habit of speaking of animals as 'people': for example, he calls cats 'a philosophic and thoughtful race'; owls 'a venerably sagacious folk'; bats 'a very clear-minded race'; the salmon 'a dignified fish.' It is, to be sure, a part of his

philosophy to argue the foolishness of men from the common sense of animals; but perhaps it is as good a 'method' as another. For instance, 'since crows,' he reasons, 'are a gregarious race with settled habitations and an organized commonwealth . . . if policemen were necessary to a civilization, crows would certainly have evolved them,' as would jackdaws, ants, fish, squirrels, rats, beaver, and bison. Since, at the moment when he says this, he is being escorted to jail by four policemen, it suggests an engagingly detached and judicious temper in him to go so far afield for his comparisons. What is especially noteworthy, however, is his habit of viewing the world as all of a piece, speaking as respectfully of the people ('People, my granny!' says the Police Sergeant, who is no philosopher) of wood, hedge-row, and stream as of the people of hamlet, village, and city. Even the fish, whom he disapproves of because they believe in washing, he refers to in the same vein. 'I have often fancied,' says he, 'that fish are a dirty, sly, and unintelligent people.'

To convince ourselves that this is not a unique philosophic attitude, we may consider two others from sources as different as possible. In Brillat-Savarin's *Physiologie du Goût* we may read: 'I have for these creatures'—he is speaking of fish, for the cooking of which *à la matelote* he has just given a recipe—'a sentiment akin to respect, springing from a deep conviction that they are antediluvian; for the great cataclysm which drowned our granduncles about the eighteenth century of the world's history, was for the fishes nothing but a time of joy, conquest, and festivity.'

He was a philosopher of a warm and merry heart. Many a time, listening to some dinner companion boasting of family and lineage, he must have chuckled inwardly as his eye rested on

the sole or turbot before him, whose granduncles were embalmed in coal after a short life of joy, conquest, and festivity in the carboniferous swamps. As a philosopher, he knows better than to condescend toward even a fish; and perhaps he is the greatest of gastronomers because his philosophic mind raises him above the abjectness of loving even a fish only carnivorously.

Our other philosopher wrote a letter—which gave me great comfort—to the newspaper a week or so ago, protesting in a fine indignation against the common assumption that human beings are superior in any absolute sense to the animals, and especially against our habit of applying such terms as 'dog' and 'brute' opprobriously to one another. 'Don't vilify the animals,' says the writer, 'who are neither dirty, cruel, nor low, but obey the natural laws governing their life circle with a fidelity that makes a human life seem the acme of unreason.' This is in the true vein, and proves that all those who have a sense of the dignity of animals are not dead.

Lest I be misunderstood, I hasten to protest that I am not advocating 'nature-faking,' or sentimentality, or æstheticism, or any other mode of thought or habit of mind which passes for 'love of nature' but is really a form of self-indulgence. I am only suggesting that the time has come when societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should make way for societies for the Promotion of Friendship with Animals; when the test of a nature-lover should not be whether he knows a golden-crowned kinglet when he sees one, but whether he can love a barnyard rooster as a friend, not merely as a prospective roast; when the test of a dog-lover should be, not whether he can love a pampered, pedigreed winner of blue ribbons, but whether he can love what Sydney Smith called an extraordinarily

ordinary dog; and the test of a citizen of the world should be whether he feels, not only his brotherhood with men, but his brotherhood with every lowliest creeping thing that lives and eats and dies on the earth.

We must bury all prejudices, all traditional hostilities, and try to get back to that intimate communion with the animals that our remote, credulous forefathers enjoyed. We have not only lost that communion, but millions of us have almost forgotten that the animals exist, remembering them, when at all, as prey and food. Even in our cities there is a numerous population that does not appear in the Directory, being born, feeding, multiplying, and dying all about us, to whom we give not a look or a thought.

Landlords and janitors will no longer permit us to keep a pig, and are even setting their faces resolutely against dogs and cats and children and other animals; but we can still adopt, say, a frog, in order to keep the well-springs of our nature from drying up. A frog is easily procurable in any park lake, when the park policeman is not looking, and is an appealing little animal, given to humorous ways. He can also be pathetic, as you must know if you have ever used him for bait. I tried to do so only once; for, when he put up his hands in an attitude of prayer, it was too much for me. I let him go, preferring to be fishless rather than to be haunted by his sorrowful countenance.

If we will contemplate our frog for half an hour every day, letting our mind run free, we shall learn to admire his color, his dandified shirt-front, his delicate fingers. In time, we shall find that a feeling of coolness, verdancy, and calm is creeping over us. We think of pools and sunlight and lily-pads and pebbles — thoughts especially cheering in the dead of winter. Before long, we

begin to philosophize, recalling that a frog has no worries, or, at most, simple and elementary worries, such as the proximity of a pickerel or the approach of frost. He never gives a thought to the income tax, the high cost of living, the value of the classics in education, or the open shop. He is somewhat gregarious, but he never forms a union. Above all, when he is down-hearted, he sings — after his peculiar fashion, it is true, but without self-consciousness.

So far, our reflections have had to do with frogs rather than with our frog; but it will not be long before we realize that our frog is different. He has his minute preferences, his own particular degree of shyness or boldness, his special manner of catching and gulping a fly. Even if he is otherwise indistinguishable from the rest of his kind, we have set him apart from them by merely looking at him and talking to him. He is our frog as one would say our friend, not merely because we own him, but because we have entered into soul-communion with him. He has become a person.

A friend with whom I discussed the question whether a pig is ever a person, replied, rather ironically, 'So far as I can see, a pig may be a person to a person who is willing to a certain extent to become a pig.'

He thought that he had settled the question by a smart retort, not realizing that he had made a profound remark. For what he said is entirely true. There can be no true friendship where there is no reciprocation.

Just how far our frog, or pig, or other animal, is willing to reciprocate, I do not know. There are mystics — and they may be the wisest of men — who understand the old Oratorian perfectly when he says, 'I do not wholly despair of the brute beasts. It does not seem to me impossible that some day I shall see them bowing down and

adoring.' At any rate, one thing is certain; and that is that, so long as we never think of most of the animals except as objects of sport or material for food or subjects of scientific study, we shall never know very much about them.

If we assume that every animal we meet is a presumptive or potential person, worthy of being noticed and of being treated with dignity and respect, the animals will certainly give us a gift in return. You remember the character — in *The Way of All Flesh*, I think — who used to go and sit for an hour or two in the Zoo for the sake of his nerves, finding association with the animals more soothing than the same amount of time spent in a sanitarium? That is the gift which the animals have for us: they shame us into contentment; without saying a word, they teach us the worth of quiet industry, obedience to the laws of nature, self-dependence, and a fine humility.

In an old manuscript I have come across an apologue which I copy for what it is worth. It seems to have several morals, such as that he who laughs last laughs best, and that brain is superior to brawn, and such trite lessons; but it also suggests to me the idea that the author has aimed a shaft against human conceit. However that may be, here is the fable.

After Dame Nature had finished making the animals, she sat down to rest and to survey her handiwork; and

the animals stood about for a time regarding one another, and then they began to chuckle, smirk, and snigger. Nothing could exceed their amusement over one another's peculiarities. Dame Nature watched them with a quiet smile, but in her wise eyes shone a look of anticipation. And then there walked out of the woods her latest experiment in modeling — a man. For an instant the animals gazed upon this apparition in astonishment; and then there rose a laugh, such a snorting, grunting, growling, braying, bleating, cackling, howling, roaring laugh as never was heard on earth before or since. They nudged one another in the ribs, slapped one another on the back, rolled on the ground, panted, choked, wept. But Dame Nature, resting her chin on her hand, only smiled and waited. And then the man quietly took from the ground a good stout stick, and he weighed it in his hand and tried its strength and suppleness, and he walked forth from the woods frowning, and he laid about him with the stick with such precision on haunch and shoulder and rib that the laughter turned to howls of pain. And then Dame Nature clapped her hands and threw back her head and laughed with a laugh like the sound of winds and waters. From that day man has never hesitated to laugh at the animals, even in their presence; but they laugh at him only when he is not looking. He has, however, long since forgotten the incident.

ON DUTY. III

BY HARRIET A. SMITH

Saturday, March 27 (48th day). — Sometimes the war seems to us who are held captive a sort of conundrum, without rhyme or reason, and its continuance a puzzle. Mr. Clements says he is convinced that we are all dead and do not know it; that we still inhabit the house because of the earthly attraction so recently severed, and that in a little while we shall all fly away. I can't help wondering if it has anything to do with my future; if it was specially intended to keep me here, until something else shall have happened, some other way been opened. Man proposes, but — And life is a strange series of events.

We never have had any butter since we have been in Urfa, except occasionally a half-rancid pail of oleomargarine; but even that was finished a long time ago, and some time since we used up the last of any kind of grease, as have the French also. At every meal, I long for some good butter, and think of the delicious butter that we have in Boston. However, we fare very well for siege-food, though it does seem rather tasteless at times. To give a little zest to it, Mr. Woodward cherishes a pail of strong — yes, very strong — cheese, which he has brought to his elbow at the table at dinner-time. The rest of the family exclaims, and orders him to keep it covered; but Miss Waller and I share a spoonful with him, regardless of strength and odor, for it helps to get the other food down. One eats to live.

Sunday, March 28 (49th day). — This morning I went up on the roof to see if I could see the robbers' rendez-

vous, and also to search for bullets. At first I was a bit cautious about stooping so as to be hidden behind the coping, at least in part; but the day was so bright and sunny and peaceful that it did not seem as if enemies could be abroad in the land; so I stood boldly up and walked to the central pitch of the roof, when *pop* came a bullet straight at me. You may be sure I dropped in a hurry, rolling down the roof to the protection of the front coping, and crawled on my tummy, a slow and laborious process, stopping now and then to rest and to enjoy the warm sunshine, till I reached the middle, where I stood up and made a dignified, if somewhat rapid ascent of the roof to the other side, where is the door leading below. I had two bullets, however — one a Russian, in excellent condition, the other a mass of spattered lead which I dug out of the stone coping.

Monday, March 29 (50th day). — When I opened my door for the night, the rain was falling steadily and one could not see twenty feet away in the darkness. I had not gone to sleep when the first gun barked outside my door, and from then until dawn, it was rifle and machine-gun and bomb from all our windows, with the answering spat or whistle of the bullets from the enemy. One takes it all as a matter of course — without a sense of danger.

Colin Clements said just now — 'Dear me — all my youth going in this place!'

Wednesday, March 31 (52d day). — Fair but cool after a night of rain.

To remind us that the war is not yet over, — although this morning I had the cheerful feeling that it was time to pack up, — some sharpshooter has been sniping pretty steadily all morning, and has sent me as a souvenir a bullet which missed coming in my open door by eight inches.

Thursday, April 1 (53d day). — It is a beautiful spring day, the wind a little cool, like our March winds; but the house, having all the windows shuttered, is rather cold and dark, so Miss Waller found my balcony the only comfortably warm place and has sat out there all morning regardless of whirring bullets. When she can do that, you may realize how blasé we have become as regards rifle-fire, for a few weeks ago the whistle of a ball would have sent her hurrying to cover behind the thickest wall she could find. This afternoon Mrs. Mansfield is pounding her typewriter on the table I have set out; and, as usual on fairly warm days, we shall have tea there. Mr. Clements is already calling for it. There seems something very unreal about this war. Why should it take the French military authorities two months to get relief here, even if the troops had to come all the way from France? Somehow, it seems as if we would be left to our fate, whatever that may be, as if we had been forgotten by the world and could get no word to it. And yet, inside our own little world, — our own four walls, — life goes on much as usual; we eat and drink and sleep. To be sure, we do not always eat what we want, and there are many anticipations of feasts in Paris or New York; but we eat something, and fare better, we think, than the French, in the matter of vegetables. They share their horsemeat with us and furnish our bread. Coarse and black though it is, it is palatable.

Just after dark, we were all in the front yard for a frolic under the nearly

full moon. The soldiers indulged in a little jumping over the trenches for exercise. Over to the east, we could hear the Turks signaling to each other in imitation of the cry of the jackal, reminding us that their Sabbath began at sundown and that to-morrow is the fateful Friday, as it is our Good Friday.

Good Friday, April 2 (54th day). — The Turks did not bother us much during the night, and there was but little firing on both sides; but this morning I was awakened, not very early, by the sound of bullets striking the front wall near my balcony, and by the banging of the soldier's gun on the other side of the wall against my head. This latter sound showed that Lone Tree Hill was again occupied. The bullets were striking so fast and so near that I was not surprised, when I rose, to see a puddle of milk on my floor under the window, where a box of evaporated milk was shedding its contents; and going outside, I saw a very neat little hole through the window-glass. It was only yesterday that I was congratulating myself on the fact that no glass had been broken in my window or door, although dozens of panes have been shattered all over the house.

Noon, Friday. — It bids fair, indeed, to be a fateful Friday, if the Turks' supply of shells holds out, for about eleven o'clock I heard the first one go screaming over the house, and for about an hour, at one-minute intervals, the cannon on the hill behind us shelled French Headquarters, sending an occasional one to Captain Marcereau's, or, rather, now, Lieutenant Frayne's, post to the west of us. The bursting shells in barracks and mess-house and in Dr. Vischer's, the latter two houses for some time vacant of their inhabitants, sounded very ominous; so, thinking my sand-bagged balcony the safest place I could occupy without going downstairs, I have brought my typewriter out here.

Two walls behind me give me a greater sense of security, even though it be out in the open. You would not think our stone walls were much security, could you see the hole one bullet made this morning, coming through the wall of Miss Waller's room and burying itself out of sight in the opposite wall. It had happened to strike the crevice between the stones and had ploughed its way through. Mr. Woodward's thought last night, that the reason the 'column' could not reach us was because this war had become a National Turkish movement, is doubtless correct, for the morning light revealed the fact that the Star and Crescent flies both over Lone Tree Hill and over the white house a little to the northeast of us, and doubtless heralds the advent of reinforcements and field-guns for the Turks. Our best hope now is of the return of the Indian troops from the south; for if war was resumed between the Allies and the Turks within forty-eight hours of the refusal of the latter to sign the peace terms, as we hear, then our little war is an affair of the Allies also.

2 P.M. — I've just learned that the bullets do not need to seek a crevice to come through the inner stone walls of our house. The Turks in the white house to the east are so near that the bullets plough right through the six-inch wall. I have had Anthony replace my wounded milk-boxes with Ivory Soap. Perhaps the makers would like to know that their boxes have formed an excellent barricade for us. The bullet may plough through two or three cakes, but it seldom gets through the whole layer. I chose them because they pile so much more evenly than our sand-bags, which are not real sand, but a mixture of clay and small stones, which does not make a smooth wall.

Easter Sunday, April 4 (56th day; end of the eighth week). — The sergeant thought it a bit dangerous to let

me go over to the Cantonment last night, but he was willing to let me take the chance, and *mon soldat* feeling able to protect and guarantee safe passage, we stepped off in the bright moonlight about 7.30, going, by a slight détour, out of our west gate toward Maison Carré, the Marcereau post, and then cutting diagonally across the vineyard to the Vischer house, for I wanted to keep my engagement for *le Pâques* with Mrs. Vischer and the Sisters. So I have had a whole beautiful day in the open — more or less within stone walls. Dr. Vischer surrendered his bed to me, so I slept with Mrs. Vischer in a vaulted, cave-like room, whose one window was too low to be reached by the bullets of the Turks, but was stone-barricaded in the lower two thirds to protect against the shell splinters, which I saw later — from the devastation wrought in the Vischer houses — to be very destructive. I had an opportunity to make the doctor's rounds with him, and watch him do the dressings before time for Mass. I saw some terrible wounds made by bullets and *éclats* — it's strange how repulsive human flesh can be when diseased.

The return to Cantonment du *quatre-cent-douze* would have been dangerous had the Turks on the hill seen us and chosen to fire. We made it at double-quick. Mass was said in the little room which the Sisters occupy, one side being curtained off for a chancel; the rest of the room serves as sleeping- and dining-room, as the two beds lining the sides of the wall clearly showed. In this little space — perhaps 8 feet by 10 — crowded the small but intense congregation: Commander Hauger and nearly all the officers, the three Sisters, Mrs. Vischer, and I. No sound could be heard but the low chanting of Père Gabriel; not even a bell rang. No one kneeled, — officers, privates, or Sisters, — but all stood during the whole Mass: doubtless

a military necessity in times of war, when Mass is often said in the open, on the damp ground, where kneeling means danger of colds or rheumatism. The primitive altar was evidently covered with one of my hospital sheets, the tabernacle veiled with a piece of my unbleached muslin, and for a reredos were two small rugs, apparently Assyrian, across which marched a procession of wooden camels and other animals suggestive of Noah's Ark.

Dinner at the Vischer house was a very simple affair, but good: horsemeat soup, horsemeat pot roast, and spaghetti; nothing more but a half of one of our own canned peaches.

At the Sisters' this evening it was the same thing, except that boiled beans were substituted for the spaghetti, and two plums for the half-peach. By the way, our fruit is nearly gone. The French have bread for five days, hard-tack (biscuits) for four more — and afterward —

Mon soldat called for me about 8 P.M. There was a spice of danger in the return trip across the vineyard under the full moon. When we were about a hundred feet from the house, there came the sharp crack of a bullet, and the two soldiers stooped and ran. Here was where skirts and a long coat were a handicap; but I managed to follow suit, and we made the house without mishap.

About 5.30 this evening, on the mountain-top, between two peaks, appeared three horsemen, dismounted and overlooking the city. Whether they were friends or foes, we know not, but to-night, seemingly at the upper end of the citadel, a shaded light burned — doubtless a signal of some kind.

Tuesday, April 6 (58th day). — The strangest thing about this affair is that no aeroplane has returned to let us know what is the trouble and why relief is not sent. One could come and go in a few hours, and the French are

said to have two escadrilles at Beirut.

Wednesday, April 7 (59th day). — Oh, for a Salvation Army lassie with a big pan of doughnuts, and for her comrade with a basket of big juicy oranges! Perhaps we would not do justice to them! Of course, what the boys want more than anything else is cigarettes. They are smoking tea-leaves again for the third interval. Between intervals the French have divided their scanty supply, and once, when the *liaison* was established, for a night or two, Miss Holmes sent a goodly supply from the city; now the French have none, and the Turkish ones have vanished in smoke, so they must needs return to tea-leaves. They tried coffee, but it was not a success. Then Miss Waller conceived the idea of cutting up the dried stems of the carnation plants, which did very well, and gave off a much sweeter perfume than the tea-leaves. Mr. Weeden used to save all his butts and make new cigarettes from them. One morning Miss Waller found Mr. Clements engaged in the pathetic occupation of searching the ashes in the fireplace for butts. Glad I have not the habit.

Thursday, April 8 (60th day). — Again, at midnight, my light extinguished, I stood at the open balcony door, looking out over my ramparts toward the city. But search the darkness as I might, my eyes could detect no sign of an advancing column, without which our two months of waiting and fighting and suffering and dying are of no avail; for there remain but two days' provisions with the French, to-day and to-morrow, and the Turks to-day await an answer to their *parlementaire* of yesterday.

Dr. Vischer writes me that Dr. Beshlian and another Armenian came yesterday as envoys from the Turks to the French, to say that the provisions of the Armenians are at an end, and that the Turks have promised to revictual

them if the French will withdraw from the Armenian quarter. This they could do without losing anything of special strategic importance, for their post there on Orphanage Hill was mainly for the protection of the Orphanage and of the Armenians. But what of their own provisioning? When the war opened, the French had provisions for fifteen days; they have held out for sixty days—a noble record. If there is any blame or disgrace, it falls upon those who sent 400 men here without any equipment, *sans* wireless, cannon, automobiles, lorries, provisions, and then left them to their fate in a war-ridden and dangerous country, not even sending an *avion* for five weeks, with a message of news or cheer.

The Turks promise to bombard again if the French do not consent to-day to leave, and it is probably for that purpose that they have been intrenching on Lone Tree Hill.

Friday, April 9 (61st and last day of the Siege of Urfa). — I am writing this several days after, so events have lost much of their vividness. The morning, so far as I remember, was uneventful, though through *notre petit soldat*, as the Sisters call him, I knew that the Commander was to receive a *parlementaire* to-day, to obtain his answer to the Turkish proposals.

Tea had just been placed on the table of my verandah at 4.15, when Mr. Weeden, looking toward French Headquarters, said, 'See the two white flags coming.' One was carried by a Moslem on horseback, one by an Algerian on foot, while a French sergeant accompanied them. They stopped at the two French posts between here and Headquarters, and the horseman, in flowing garments, remained in the road, while the others went in to announce to their comrades that a peace had been arranged. Everyone in the house was watching as they advanced toward our

house and came in the gate, the horseman standing outside.

Messrs. Weeden and Clements went out to meet them, and we followed, to learn that the French, for lack of provisions, have been compelled to evacuate, and will leave to-morrow, at midnight. It is a sad peace, a great blow to French pride and honor, which one aeroplane might have avoided, had it dropped a few bombs on that second visit six weeks ago. It has never reappeared, and no word, no help has come. The thing is inexplicable.

However, everyone was glad to get out in the open in daylight,—the first time we had moved freely in nine weeks,—and it seemed safe for me to make the attempt to get to the Orphanage in the city; so I started while it was yet daylight for Headquarters, where Commander Hauger kindly gave permission and ordered a soldier to precede me with a flag of truce.

The Commander was heartbroken, as were the other officers. His chin quivered, tears were in his eyes as he talked to me, and in the Sisters'—everyone was sad. It was not only their own lack of provisions that compelled the surrender; but the Armenians had signified that theirs were near an end, and Miss Holmes had written the Commander, begging him to make conditions, or her children would starve.

By the time my soldier considered himself sufficiently furbished to start, it was dusk. Going through the Cantonment, we met Dr. and Mrs. Vischer, who were taking advantage of the new freedom to go to our house. It was a devious way through the various barracks, through holes in the walls, and dark passages, up and down cellar stairways, and through the garden of the Mahmoud Nedin house, till we came to the final hole in the wall, which opened, directly over a well, to the outside world.

At the Samsat Gate, all looked deserted. We continued up the hill, to where a high stone wall across Mr. Weeden's road barricaded the way. Here Elias, who fortunately had joined my train, shouted in Turkish, and presently some fierce-looking Kurds armed with rifles appeared on the roof of the corner house, whence much of the firing has been directed at us. Elias talked and argued in Turkish, with Lucia's assistance, that I was the American doctor and must get over to the Orphanage; and after many refusals, they finally sent for the sergeant, who came scrambling up the trench which led from the wall to the Turkish fortress on top of Cemetery Hill. He led us back down the hill to the Samsat Gate, barricaded but undefended; but we found the guards farther on, where the street branched, the idea being, I suppose, to let the French get into the narrow street inside the gate, and then shoot them down.

The two Kurds led us down the left-hand street in the darkness, till we came to a house which was apparently Kurdish headquarters, and into a room where the Kurdish chiefs — fifteen or twenty of them, fierce-looking bearded fellows in flowing robes and head-coverings — were seated around the four sides of a small room; on the floor, of course, with a charcoal brazier in the centre. One immediately offered me coffee and another a cigarette. I took both. Another offered his own cigarette for a light. I lighted the wrong end and drank another cup of coffee while Elias vehemently explained the need of my reaching the Orphanage to-night, the French soldier being as dumb as I.

Permission was freely granted, and the whole concourse, seemingly, accompanied me to the first barricade, and speeded me on my way! We passed several barricades of stone, and finally came out on the road inside the high

barricade, whence two fierce fellows continued as our guard to where the French wire fence, barricades, and trenches began, when they said good-night, but absolutely refused me permission to return that night; and I did not argue the question.

Mr. Weeden had preceded me earlier in the afternoon, and we had a family reunion at the dinner-table, the same four who were the first to reach Urfa, the others being Miss Holmes and Miss Law. My coming was a surprise, and I received a joyous welcome. Ferideh and Elmas added to the pleasure of my home-coming, for such it seemed; and there was much to tell on both sides.

Saturday, April 10. — Our two months of siege ended and everyone out in the open again. I slept on a native mattress on the bare floor last night, so I did not sleep much and was willing to get up early. I spent the morning looking over the Armenian defenses, which were very extensive and showed military skill. Except by bombardment, a city of this kind is almost impossible to take, for the narrow streets are easily controlled by rifle-fire from the loop-holes in the walls, and the ordinary life of the quarter can go on. Only at certain points could the streets be seen from the hills, and these were either protected by a barricade of stone, or a door was opened through the walls. Most of the loop-holes were smooth holes bored through the stone walls, hardly more than the diameter of the rifle itself.

From there I went to the French defenses on Orphanage Hill. Here the military genius of Lieutenant Marceau was shown, for they formed a splendid system of defense and were very extensive, going along the hill-top to the farther end, and beyond to the Telebiad road and the plains of Harrans. He could have held the hill indefinitely, and did repulse many attacks.

Miss Law, after sending messengers in vain to find me, had started off, with my soldier who had accompanied me last night, bearing the flag of truce; and Lieutenant Marcereau said the Turks would not let me pass. But I thought I would try it; so with my three young attendants, Levon (Miss Law's boy), Yeremia (mine), and Lucia, I climbed the hill toward the Turkish ramparts, down the steep back of which the trail runs toward the road to home. The Kurds, fierce-looking, with their brown-bearded faces, but picturesque in their headgear and flowing robes, streamed down from the brow of the hill, to meet me and bar my way to the path. Of course, they said it was impossible, forbidden, and many other things; but my three voluble companions out-argued them, and we finally won through. This path, by the way, was the one the French used to use going from G.H.Q. to the Armenian quarter, till the Turks occupied the brow of the hill commanding it, and the *liaison* was broken.

At the foot of the hill, on the Seroudj and Arab Poonar road, lies a post of the *gendarmerie*, also occupied by the French until the position was rendered untenable by the enemy position on the hill overlooking it. Here, again, my able assistants out-talked the guards, and I was sent on my way, but toward the Milleh bridge, where, I suppose, they thought the forces could turn me back if they wished. We had gone about a hundred paces when they shouted to us to stop and wait for a horseman who was riding down the road from Arab Poonar. This was their great chief, Namik, commander of the Milleh forces in Urfa. He was black-bearded, with rather kindly — at least, for the moment — brown eyes, and greeted me in French with a pleasant smile. But again my young companions and the gendarmes

did the explaining, and Namik, without any demur, granted the request. The gendarmes then permitted me to go by the nearer bridge.

An Algerian soldier guarded the other end, but from there on I had no trouble. However, a group of Turkish or Kurdish soldiers watched me on my way, till I reached our house. I pause here to say, as we afterward learned, that the great Namik was returning from the Seroudj road, where he had been planning a hellish trap for the French, and placing his forces of cruel and savage Kurds and Turks; for last night the whole male population of the city had gone out to waylay the French on their retreat from Urfa, which the Turks had given their plighted word would be free from danger.

Sunday, April 11 (2d day of Peace). — A devilish peace — and France has something now to avenge if our information is correct. The golden quarter of the waning moon was just showing above the eastern horizon at 11.30 P.M., when our little garrison of eighteen soldiers, with Mr. Woodward, our accountant, and Anthony, his Syrian interpreter, moved off, after many farewells. By the time they had reached our gate, the darkness had swallowed them, but we knew they were continuing on to the Cantonment, whence the little army was to start at 1 A.M. for the mountain road of Arab Poonar. Elias was with them also, and our beloved John, who said he preferred fighting his way through with the French to remaining for slaughter in the Armenian quarter. Any Armenians who could escape the cordons drawn round them by the Turks probably started also. It has been a sad day for the French, as for us, who saw our friends and protectors leaving under the shadow of defeat; but saddest of all for the Armenians, whose lives are darkened by fear of persecution and massacre.

We gathered on my little upper verandah after they had gone, waiting and watching; but nothing could be heard, and only an occasional flare of light told that there was anything going on at the Cantonment. In darkness and in silence they moved off. Not a sound broke the stillness of the night to our listening ears. Strain our eyes as we would, no line of soldiers could we see, and no tramp of feet could we hear; but we knew that at the appointed hour the little column had started to climb the mountains toward Arab Poonar.

I was awakened about 7.30, and going to my door, could see hundreds of sight-seeing Moslems circling our place and examining curiously all the neighboring posts; but the Turkish guard, who had arrived at daylight, kept them out of our wire enclosure. It was so bright and sunny and looked so peaceful, that I decided to go to church; so Mrs. Mansfield said she would go too. We went by the outside road to the Bagh Capou (Gate of the Rich), and in through the short stretch of market, to the church. People looked at us curiously, but answered our greetings, and there was no hindrance. The cattle and sheep markets were deserted and the place of the former covered with little blue flowers. The Arab women whom we met along the way were friendly. For the first time in my stay, we found the church door fastened. I had forgotten that, since the French had gone, there would probably be no nine o'clock Mass. Frère Raphael welcomed us in the courtyard with outstretched arms, and we went into the monastery to meet Pères Inge, Gabriel, and Joachim, whose surprise at seeing us in these troublous times was very great. Both convent and monastery have been tranquil during the war, and it is not true that they were levied on to fill the war-chest — at least, so far.

My ultimate aim being the Orphan-

age, we started on through the city streets till we reached the gendarmerie, where we were told that our visit could not be permitted to-day. We heard in the city that the Moslem army had started out yesterday before the French, to ambush them on the road.

Shortly before noon, we heard shouting over in the direction of the Arab Poonar road, and I saw all the sight-seers in our vicinity running thither. Someone said, 'The camels are returning.' We could see them and men coming down the Arab Poonar road. This looked dubious, in face of the fact that some of the Moslem soldiers had tried to take our disabled automobile this morning, saying they wanted to go out toward Seroudj, where, it was said, the French had been wiped out.

Mr. Weeden had come over from the city to take luncheon with us and to tell us of a wonderful conference held at the Orphanage this morning, where the Mutasarif and other notables had gathered to tell of the new republic to be organized in Urfa, and to promise brotherhood and citizenship to all. It was wonderful, if true, and the Armenians took heart, and some returned to the market. Just after luncheon, Mr. Weeden started to return to the city, taking Mrs. Mansfield with him, when the shouting increased, and I heard the sound of rapid firing seemingly from beyond the mountains. The shouting increased in volume, and the shrill Moslem cry of rejoicing. The crowd was streaming down the mountainside, and presently a horseman bearing the Turkish flag galloped out to meet it. Then we saw Mr. W. and Mrs. M. returning — they had gone only just beyond the cantonments, where they could see the populace lining the road, as they did last night when the French went out. A messenger had met Mr. Weeden with this note from Miss Holmes: 'Come back at once.

The French have been attacked and the head of one of them is being displayed in the streets. Some say it is that of the Commander, others of our dear Marcereau. The panic of fear is spreading.'

I had thought at the sound of firing that the French were fighting for their lives; but their fate was worse than that, and was already sealed.

Mr. Weeden hurried to the Orphanage and to the Mutasarif, taking one of our Turkish guards and his interpreter—he had learned that Mr. Woodward and Anthony had been brought back by the gendarmes, with a few Mohammedan Algerians. So far as we know, the French army was utterly wiped out. The shrill cries of the Kurdish women and the rejoicing of all the Moslem populace increased as the returning army—Turkish and Kurd—came streaming down the mountain road and passed between the two lines of the cheering crowd. After an hour or so, Anthony came on horseback, accompanied by a Turkish soldier, saying that Mr. Woodward was safe with the Mutasarif, but too exhausted to come until later, which he did about five o'clock, supported by Dr. Vischer. I shall combine the main points of both of their stories.

(Two letters received to-day, the first in three months.)

The French forces left Headquarters about 1.30 Sunday morning, just as the moon was rising, and marched for six or seven hours, with the usual ten-minute stop every hour. They had covered 20 or 30 kilometres, and had reached a place called Feriz Pasha, where the road, making a bend somewhat like the letter S, runs between three hills. The advance guard had passed the first bend, and the centre, in which were Commandant Hauger, Captain Sajous and other officers, with Mr.

Woodward and Anthony, his interpreter, had come into a sort of bowl between the hills, when suddenly, without any warning, the whole hillside blazed with rifle-fire. Where a minute before no one was to be seen, now there were thousands pouring a deadly rain of bullets on the French below.

Mr. Woodward had been walking all night with the officers and had just climbed into a Red Cross wagon; but he immediately jumped out and tumbled down the steep side of the road into a sort of gully, which formed a slight protection, and ran along, stooping, thinking that, if he reached the bend in the road, he would find some shelter. Just beyond the bend there was a shallow hole in the rocky hillside, into which he crept, to be followed by the Commandant, Captain Sajous, Anthony, and a few others. *Mon petit soldat*, Dumais of the great heart, who was always wanting to do something to cheer up the *blessés*, and who had been with the rear guard, crept in later with a wounded arm which he had tried to bandage. The rear guard under Lieutenant Marcereau had been cut to pieces as it came up.

The French, having deployed on both sides, going up the hillsides with their machine-guns, had opened fire; but they were a smaller ring within the greater and higher ring of Kurds and Turks. However, they did deadly work when the enemy attacked, and mowed down great numbers of them.

Commandant Hauger, seeing that nothing but slaughter was in store for his men, decided to surrender, and asked for volunteers to go out with the flag; so Mr. Woodward volunteered, and accompanied by Anthony and the sergeant of gendarmes, who had had charge of the French escort of forty men, stepped out into the roadway with the bullets pattering all round them, waving a small improvised white flag and

a tiny American one. The sergeant shouted, 'Stop firing!' and finally the word was passed up the hillside and had effect for a few minutes; but it could not reach those farther away on the hills or the fresh forces coming up, and the firing soon began again.

Seeing the uselessness of attempting to stop it, and the danger of remaining, Mr. Woodward said, 'Let us get out of this'; and they started back toward Urfa. The sergeant of gendarmes found a horse for himself, put Mr. Woodward in charge of nine other gendarmes, told them their lives would be forfeit if they failed to bring the American back alive, and then galloped off to carry the news to Urfa. That was the last Mr. Woodward saw of the Commandant and Captain Sajous.

It was a terrible sight, Mr. Woodward said, and shuddered at the thought of it. 'They butchered them like pigs,' thousands of savages rushing down the hillsides on a little handful of French. One wounded Frenchman, lying in the road, put up his arm to shield himself, when a Kurd ran a bayonet through his head, so that it came out on the other side: just plain slaughter and butchery.

The road was a shambles as they passed along, and they were constantly meeting bands of Kurds clamoring to kill the 'infidels,' and were saved only by the pleas and threats of the gendarmes, who formed a ring about them. So they started off across the mountains, and after many weary miles, with frequent pauses to allow Mr. W. to rest his aching feet, they struck the river to the west of our house and crossed. Even here they were not safe, for the rejoicing enemy on the hills and road just outside of town fired on them; but fortunately they were not struck.

Our beloved and honorable John no doubt lies out there on the barren roadside, as does Elias, for whom his bride

Aghavni mourns, whose time is near. Would they had heeded the appeals of their friends not to go; but they thought, as indeed did we all, that they were safer going out with the French than here in the Armenian quarter, knowing not what was in store for them.

Monday, April 12. — I have heard many terrible stories — the aftermath of the French massacre of Sunday morning. The Commander's head had been exhibited in the streets; also Captain Sajous's and Lieutenant Marcereau's. So the gifted warrior, Marcereau, is no more, and the kind Commander, who was so honorable that he believed in the honor of others. The others, too, for they say no Frenchman has been left alive — all our dear friends — gentle and kindly men — men who had passed five years of war on French battlefields, to meet such death from these Kurdish hordes — butchered to make a Moslem holiday. But the one face that seems to stay most clearly in my mind is Lieutenant Frayne's, as I saw him Sunday morning, with its silky black beard, and gentle, Christ-like face and kindly blue eyes. Then, too, Captain Perrault, the Good, a daily communicant — always prepared for death, always so jolly and optimistic, ever hoping against hope that the 'column' was near, and trying to infuse everyone with his hope; not one left alive to tell the tale of the terrible morning.

And it was all planned beforehand: a proclamation was sent through the city, calling upon all loyal Moslems to go out and fight the French; and word had been sent to the Kurdish tribes to gather for the slaughter and the pillage; and the very fact that the massacre had already taken place was known to that roomful of Turkish and Kurdish notables who gathered that Sunday morning in Miss Holmes's office to tell

of the new republic of Turkey, with its capital at Angora, and its promises of democracy to all the inhabitants, Moslem and Christian. No wonder the Armenians say they speak fair words with their lips, but they lie in their hearts.

The two porters who brought the raisins for the children's dinner from the market to-day openly acknowledged that they had a part in the massacre — the whole city having emptied itself for that purpose. Being asked why they should do such a thing, they said, 'Why not? They were our enemies, and we did an honorable work in killing them.' Another Turk, who knew our beloved John, said he was dead, and that when he last saw Elias, he had a wound in his breast. Few wounded are allowed to live. An Armenian, who went down in the market as requested by the authorities, said he saw a wagonful of heads. There is no hope, even for the advance guard, which had got by before the firing began. Some tried to escape, but were run down by the mounted soldiers and tribesmen. The Armenians are still in great fear. I asked one, 'Is there no way the Armenians can escape from this they fear?' and he said, 'There is no way — all ways are guarded. We can only wait.'

There was great rejoicing in the city to-day: the sound of music and dancing, and to-night much firing, in celebration of victory.

The captain of the gendarmes, who saved Mr. Woodward, says it will be six months before the trains will be running again — so you may see my fate; and Dr. Lambert begs us to make no attempt to move, lest the brigands get us on the way. From the peaceful country of last fall, under British occupation, this has become a place of danger and of many pitfalls. No wonder Major Burroughs, being forewarned of what was coming, besought the authorities in Aleppo to move us and the Or-

phanage while there was still time. We used to think he was an alarmist, but we know better now. We learn that the government here has received telegrams from Constantinople, saying the Allies have occupied it in force.

Tuesday, April 13. — To-day I again started my clinic at the City Orphanage, so had to be up early. Later in the morning, I accompanied Mr. Woodward to the Serai, to the office of the Mutasarif, where we also found Namik, commander of the Milleh forces, the same black-bearded gentleman who speeded me on my way the other morning, when I wanted to come back. I know now that he had been out on the Seroudj road, organizing the attack on the French on Sunday last. It is almost impossible to believe that these two kindly, smiling gentlemen could have been guilty of such a breach of honor; but customs, manners, and traditions vary in different nations and races. I cannot blame the Turks for attempting to drive out the invaders and occupiers of their country, but I do blame them because they dishonored their plighted word and attacked with such overwhelming forces an enemy army to which they had promised safe passage to the railroad. Here I may digress to say that both the Mutasarif and Namik assured me that Turkey would even now accept a mandate of America, but not of any other nation. The Turks say that Said Bey has left with his tribes for his own villages; but since it is known that every man and boy above the age of eighteen in Urfa has been called upon to go to Telebiad and Jerablus, to fight the French and drive them out, one can easily guess where Said Bey and his fierce Kurdish tribesmen have gone.

The Turks admit that they are besieging Jerablus, — the division centre on the Bagdad Railway of the French, as it was of the British, — as they did

Urfa. One can only hope that the French will withdraw in time, or that relief will come before they suffer the horrible fate of their brothers on the Seroudj road. If only the Turkish government would treat its Christian subjects humanely, I would say, let them have their country. They are surely pleasant people to meet socially; but for an enemy they know no mercy; and what is too cruel for them to do, the Kurds do for them.

As it is, it seems incomprehensible that Europe and America should stand idly by and, either from indifference or

from impotence, watch these Christian peoples being rapidly and surely exterminated, by fire and sword and pestilence, by torture and massacre and sudden death, with none to offer help. Imagine the hopelessness of it all, the weary prayers offered to Heaven for deliverance, the longing in those eyes turned in vain to America for succor. Yet behold the dauntlessness of a race that lifts its head after every massacre and starts again to build up its ruined lives and to reconstruct its homes upon the ashes of the old. All honor to the Armenian nation!

(The End)

ÉLAN VITAL

BY VIOLA C. WHITE

SOME days I tend with careful sun and showers,
But hungry time demands their fruit of me,
And I alone possess my wasted hours,
That are the children of infinity.

I dare rejoice that I have offered gifts
To many a deity of wood and clay,
And many a house have built where sea-sand drifts,
And many a ship lost on the ocean way.

I dare rejoice at trespassing and tears,
And at the doomed Niagaras of the soul,
That, flowing faster as the chasm nears,
Go down in thunder, knowing not their goal;

For by their depth of wastage I can tell
How deep the source, how inexhaustible.

RELIGIO MAGISTRI

BY HENRY NOBLE MacCRACKEN

I

WHAT is the faith of the teacher? What the secret strength that sustains his spirit through unprofitable journeys? What the unfailing source that will keep his mind serene through the long hours of drudging over dusty fields, the dry farming of the soul, savoring little of the fresh activities of his own world?

For there must be some *religio magistri*: some magnetic quality in the teacher's chosen way to point his compass true; some energy inherent, which is justified in the men and women we have ourselves known, who have sought great teaching above all other aspirations, building and establishing with skill the enduring bases of this last, not least, of the great professional services of civilization.

It is intolerable that we should be asked to state this faith of ours in terms of money, first and last; yet the world is to blame if we accept its price for us, and we find ourselves of small account. The publicity given to college and university drives flatters only the unthinking; the success of these will be but a mere pittance in the budget of the profession. In Poughkeepsie, in the week of this writing, the Board of Education has been obliged to vote a strict enforcement of all contracts with teachers; there are vacancies in every school in the city, and unwilling workers are being held to tasks they no longer desire lest the whole system give way. The empty schoolrooms

of this year are, moreover, few compared with what we dread for the autumn of 1921, when the normal schools will have graduated the smallest classes in many years. Then, just as the American people, aghast at the revelations of illiteracy, of provincialism, of class and racial hatred, — the daughters of ignorance, — will be calling for teachers, there will be none to answer.

For the first time in the history of our profession, we have accepted the money-value at which the public has priced us as an index of our worth. What irony it is that we, who have always placed our profession above all, we who have never sought great rewards, whose work is, in the larger sense, disinterested, should be thrust forward as beggars, whining for an alms! What a joke and what a tragedy, these parades of college boys carrying banners inscribed 'FEED THE PROF'; when college girls masquerade on Fifth Avenue in their grandmothers' gowns, and alumnae hire out as cooks and waitresses 'for the benefit of the Faculty'! Could they degrade the great tradition further?

It is most characteristically American that, confronting such a situation as this, we should seek the remedy of endowment campaigns and other means of enhancing the money-value of teachers. We turn, as Kipling said we always do, a keen, untroubled gaze home to the instant need of things. But having gone thus far, and being in a fair

way to go further, we think we have solved the problem through things. There is need of a different emphasis, however. The economic solution is primary, it is true. We must pay our teachers enough to maintain them. There is little comfort in being told that you are a natural-born teacher when you cannot obtain a natural living. Every college in the land faces this situation, and must continue to face it squarely. If the increased tuition fees of education, barely commensurate with increased maintenance costs, will not supply the additional income for needed salary increases, our colleges must supply them in some other way. But this done, they cannot leave the other undone.

More lasting and more vital than external stabilization of the professor's market value must be his faith in his calling. If we cannot find it, if we cannot reaffirm it, our cause is lost in advance. Subsidies and endowments will never make teachers essential to the people's life. Take away the *religio magistri*, and teaching becomes no longer a profession.

The teacher cannot, as does the scholar, find a retreat of the spirit away from the perils and perplexities of the present life. The philologist described by Gilbert Murray finds consolation far from the world, in the kingdom of ancient letters. His salvation is conferred by mighty spirits of the past, which free him from the body of his present death. No such refuge could ever be a teacher's source of power. He may seek rest and recreation through the study of the classics, with the romantic Hellenist of Oxford; but his faith must spring, like truth of old, out of the earth in which he toils, the product of his own work and life. Else he could make no headway against the doubts that assail him; he must surrender the battlefield once and for all. The

teacher's faith must be, not of the past, but of the living present; not of the completed thought of the ages, but of the process of the great *to be*; otherwise the doubts win.

More dangerous, because more insidious, enemies than the wolf at the door are the foes of the teacher's spirit. We can restore to the profession some self-respect through adequate salaries, though we may not, in our lifetime, overtake the economic supremacy which the industrial elements of democracy have already won. At least, teachers will not starve. But what if we destroy the one liberty which should be guaranteed every man — joy in labor? A widespread but furtive envy of intelligence circulates sneers about 'college professors.' Parents of pupils encourage an atmosphere of criticism and opposition in the classroom. Governing boards and administrative autocrats virtually compel organization by teachers in defense of their tenure of office. Under such conditions, it will take more than the promise of a livelihood to beguile young aspirants to successful careers in the field of teaching. A reward must be shown which will make the workers at one with their work because it is in itself worthy.

Can we make them believe in its reality? For there are great doubts. The teacher of to-day, young and well trained, eager for the highest service, is confronted by three barriers, irreducible and baffling. They may, for want of better names, be called educational economics, bio-psychological determinism, and propagandism — long words, but the forces they describe have no familiar names.

II

Let us consider the economic situation of contemporary education. Here is a scene a thousand times repeated in the American schoolroom of to-day.

The teacher has begun work with her class. A group of eager pupils face her from the forms — impressionable minds ready for the adventure of learning. Then the shadow fills the doorway. The school principal says, 'I'm sorry, but the superintendent of schools has told me to double the number of children in every room.' Of course, sixty is an impossible number for teaching in one room. But there are the other children. Where shall they go? And the golden opportunity is gone.

This is no imaginary scene. It happens equally in the country districts, where the remote district schools are being given up, and even more in the congested sections of the great cities. Conditions like these make mockery of the plans and dreams of the ambitious teacher. Is it any wonder that most of the energy of the teaching staff is dissipated by worry over the bare economy of the subject?

This attitude finds its natural reflection in the national conception of education. The departments of education in universities concern themselves primarily, of necessity, with school-management and administration, with the statistics and finance of the industrial organization. The problem of putting twenty-five million children through school on an inadequate scheme offers problems so complex that it is little wonder that our educational specialists are still concerned with the business of education, and have scarcely risen to a conception of education as a science, to say nothing of an art. Worst of all, the immense sums involved, the powers connected with the erection and use of the great buildings, and the profitable connections of studies and textbooks all contribute toward the development of a type of personality that may be called the educational politician. He costs the profession more in the destruction of morals than all the effi-

ciency experts, the economists, and the statisticians of education can replace. The result of his control of educational policy has been to drive out of the profession the highest type of teacher; because teachers have been considered, not as individuals, but as units in schemes, and have been made the playthings of boards of education and of district leaders.

The same economic determinism follows the teachers through the higher grades of the profession. They are always between the devil of poverty — not alone in salary, but in departmental equipment and resources for research — and the deep sea of the student tide. Just as soon as their equipment and salary become adequate to their departmental needs, they are inundated with an increased student body, and the old plan of overwork and under-equipment is resumed. Thus teachers are driven, unconsenting, to think of students, not as persons, but in terms of units, hours, semesters, and credits; the intimate personal contact of teacher and pupil becomes impossible, and the old academic traditions become mere memories.

Determinism of a different sort introduces even more serious questions for the teachers. They have lived under the impression that the bough was inclined as the twig was bent; that, by training, the young idea could be taught to shoot; that the child would not depart from the path he was taught to go in. Brave maxims! But are they true? Steadily, year by year, psychological studies of ability and biological studies of heredity take away from the teachers their claim to a share in character formation. Teachers must reconcile themselves to learning that they cannot, by taking thought, add a cubit to the mental stature of their students. The child becomes father of the man in a new sense, most fatal to the ambi-

tious hopes of his teachers. College, we learn from the army psychologists, adds practically nothing to the general abilities of any boy. There are two classes of minds — the fit and the unfit; education neither helps the one nor harms the other in any appreciable degree. The truth is exaggerated here, of course, but the problem involved strikes teachers in almost this form. And when the psychologists are reinforced by the biologists, with their heredity chromosomes and gametes; by the environmentists, who laugh at the thirty months of college scattered among vacations and week-ends, and ask what possible mental adaptations can take place under such handicaps, the teachers' faith may struggle bravely against the assaults, but can you wonder that they feel sometimes like a Lost Battalion?

The heaviest assault is in reserve. The world has discovered the great half-truth that prejudices of youth last longer than those of the middle miles. So the world comes to the school-door with its propaganda. It begins mildly enough: simple souls conceive the idea that if we educate we must educate 'for' something. The aim of education is not the growth of the student's powers into maturity; it includes their application as the teacher may direct. The student is no longer to be dismissed at the school-door; the teacher must lead him to the gate of opportunity and must see to it that he rings the bell.

We began some years ago to educate for character, and we sent to our boys at Christmas-time *School, College and Character*; we progressed into education for service, and sent them by the thousand to hear John R. Mott at student conventions; we read Dunn and Barnard, and trained our teachers to educate for citizenship; the vocationalists came down upon us, and we tried

hard to educate for the needs of life. Books with these titles, and many more, stand on the teachers' shelves, each an idea decayed into a slogan.

Herbert Spencer taught us long ago to educate for life; he pointed out that the education of any age could but reflect the social aspiration of the group which it served. But neither he nor any of the great Victorian writers on education conceived a period which would have to struggle with so many *isms* as does ours. Both at top and at bottom of our scale we see new academies founded, whose primary object is not knowledge but propaganda, and not propaganda but action, and direct action at that. The Rand School represents one type, closely affiliated with an organized political party. The trade-unions of the West are opening up schools for the children of union workers. Schools of social research, which begin with a bill of rights for academic freedom, too soon tend to become schools where propaganda is substituted for research. In a different mode we have the Socialist Sunday Schools. Across the river from my home is the Libertarian Academy, or International School for the Education of the Children of Radicals. On the other side of the fence, the Protection and Security Leagues are equally vociferous in a campaign to inculcate patriotism. The Non-Partisan League of North Dakota recently intimated gently to professors of the state university that it might be well for them to join a trade-union, and most of the faculty complied.

Education as propaganda is the sum of all: no time for discussion, no time for research; above all, no time for dispassionate consideration of both sides. Teachers are asked to be pleaders on one side or the other, appointed no longer on the basis of character and ability, but on the basis of official subscription to one party or the other.

Even where impartiality is supposed to exist, the method of the classroom reminds me of a journey I once took through Bulgaria. We had been held in Constantinople during a plague outbreak. When finally the Orient Express was allowed to leave, Bulgaria permitted it to pass through her territory only on condition that the train should not connect with Bulgarian soil. So, at the frontier, the train was literally sealed: the ventilators were closed, the doors were locked, and soldiers sat in the corridor with guns ready for business, to shoot anyone who lifted a window as much as an inch.

Such a miserable quarantine is that to which some parents would condemn our teachers of to-day; and trustees, like gendarmes, are held accountable to resist the intrusion of fresh air from without. When such powers as these fight against the faith of teachers, it is quite beside the point to argue, as some members of the profession have recently done, that the teacher is not all that he should be. A little plain talk from Sir Oracle will not improve matters. It is rather a source of wonder that these foes of the spirit should have caused, upon the whole, no greater disintegration in the educational armies of America. It is not low salaries primarily that have caused the break-up of faculties in several colleges in the last two years: it is educational tyranny. And if we are to restore teaching to a place among the professions, we must not merely proclaim boldly our teacher's faith, but we must put our teacher's religion into practice and leave the issue to the God of Battles. All honor to those who have not yet bowed the knee to the Baal of propaganda, the Moloch of the mob, and the Gogmagog, the stuffed bolster, of the bio-psychological determinists. In defiance of the great doubts, teachers can but nail their theses to the door and leave the issue to time.

III

To the cathedral door, then, with our *religio magistri*! The teacher's articles of faith are three — he believes in his subject; he believes in his pupil; he believes in himself.

In his subject, first, that it is the best of all possible subjects under the sun for study, research, and application. The teacher must be convinced, like any other salesman, of the value of the commodity in which he deals. Of the teachers I have known whose teaching was a failure the greater number seemed to have lost faith in their subject. It is the one great law of teaching, that it goes by infection. Many a half-hearted pupil, unwillingly or unwittingly dragged into chemistry, has caught fire from the flaming zeal of the teacher.

Of course, the teacher's faith can never proceed from half-knowledge. Your book-canvasser who repeats his parrot knowledge of the grand, illustrated, authoritative history of the war, and tries to simulate an interest in the edition which he has not read, is the type of untrained teacher that infests our schools. When we realize that less than a quarter of our six hundred thousand teachers have any real knowledge of their science, and only a tenth of these have a first-hand acquaintance with authority or experiment in any field, we realize how much is parrot-study, how little fact or reason, in American education.

So true is this, and so defective our system of education in its failure to make the teacher a learned person, that our more scholarly group is in violent reaction against this state of things, and insists that there is nothing to teaching; that teaching is but pseudoscience. If a man knows something, really knows it, they say, he can teach it — he cannot help teaching it. This goes with Plato's glorification of know-

ledge as virtue, and is reading into knowledge something, it seems to me, which it does not ordinarily contain. The irritation against departments and professors of education among university professors the country over is due, in the first instance, to the utter failure of both public and private education to train and hold its teachers, and to raise them from a conception of teaching as mere occupation up to the professional point of view.

Certainly this may be conceded: that if any one of us will turn time's flight backward and ask himself this question, 'Who was my greatest teacher?' he must confess, I think, that the first merit of his best teacher was acquaintance with and love for his subject. And this love was not diverted by thought of application to life, by vocational advantage or propaganda, but was a pure love of the subject for its own sake, for the delight of its discoveries, the neatness of its inventions, the harmony and perfection of its laws, the intricacy and smooth workings of its processes. The love was that of a good chauffeur for his motor, of a captain for his ship. What does he care where he sails her, your old mariner? Only let her be staunch and true, seaworthy and responsive to helm, and he will love her for better, for worse. Such is Gilbert Murray's *Religio Grammatici*, to which I referred, in which your scholar proves triumphantly and conclusively that nothing in the world is so worth doing as settling Hoti's business. What he actually proves is, of course, that he is a great teacher, and that in teaching teachers as Murray does, he revitalizes his subject.

Faith in one's subject is, of course, apt to harden into its excess, bigotry. Nine tenths of all faculty quarrels are due to the secret contempt with which one professor views the subject-matter of his neighbor's course. *Rara avis* the

teacher who commends the subject-matter of another department. Here and there, it is true, one sees signs of a better understanding, chiefly through the influence of national associations. The sciences, in particular, have shown signs of some real fraternizing within the curriculum. Botany now frankly acknowledges its debt to chemistry and physics; so must physiology. But the feeling is not always reciprocal, and physical chemistry views with grave suspicion the heresies that may arise through botanists who meddle with osmosis.

And so it goes round the faculty. One would think, for instance, that the languages would welcome departments of comparative literature. As it has turned out, the sister languages have had to form a kind of league of nations, with an Article X to prevent unlawful seizure of the common territory. The history of academic toleration is a short one, and full of petty wars. Teachers must give up such bigotry, and proclaim instead the common dignity of all fruitful learning, free trade over all frontiers, reciprocity, and mutual understanding. The present crisis in the profession will not be in vain, if such a result is obtained.

And the teacher must have faith in his students. He must trust their growth as the farmer trusts sun and rain and soil to work their æstival miracle. Because his potato crop has failed, will the farmer despair? On the contrary, the farmer, knowing that farming is a highly hazardous business, and subject to great losses and great gains, becomes philosophical, and leaves the event in other hands. Professor Royce was accustomed to recommend mathematics as a preparation for philosophy. Agriculture might provide the better discipline.

Your average teacher seldom, if ever, looks on teaching as a hazardous occu-

pation. He wants perfection all the time, and grumbles if he does not get it. There are teachers like Professor Lounsbury who, as he became more and more the scholar, lost faith in his pupils, and contented himself with making epigrams upon 'the incredible capacity of the student mind to resist the intrusion of knowledge,' and his famous 'a few more pearls, gentlemen.' There are also Northrops of Yale and Wrights of Harvard, who are held in loving veneration by college generations responding to their faith in them, and looking back to them as the great personalities of their university.

Lack of faith in youth, refusal to see in education the usual risk of crops, presumptuous assumption of all the responsibility, these are the failings of the teacher who loses hold of this cardinal article of the *religio magistri*. And it is precisely here that the teacher makes his great mistake. Instead of adopting nature's laws as his great analogy, he is all too apt to assume the rôle, not of teacher, but of tyrant of the classroom, and by a false discipline to force results. The effect is inevitable. It is, as Leatherstocking said, 'agin nater,' and the end is death.

Your true teacher loves youth for its own sake, as he loves his subject; he keeps himself young among his lads; he sees through their eyes the importance of the matters that engross them; he brings into the classroom all the wealth of allusion that this knowledge gives him. I think of old Doctor Furnivall at eighty-six, one of the great teachers, though not in classes or set schools. I can see him now, out with his girls on the Thames, coxswain of their eight-oared shell, one with them in all their life, his Shakespeare and Chaucer societies forgot, his hated snobocracy pigeon-holed, teacher and friend of half London. When his associates raised a fund on his seventy-fifth

birthday, all he would accept was a second-hand eight-oared shell for his girls and a paid-up cremation ticket.

The teacher's faith in his students receives its reward in vicarious ways only. Through their achievements he lives. Professor John Bassett Moore said the other day: 'When I learned that there were many members of the Peace Conference who considered the most brilliant and best-trained diplomat in Paris my pupil Wellington Koo of the China Mission, I had my unalloyed reward.'

Such pleasure is akin to that of the creative artist; but the art in which the teacher makes his impression is that of life itself, and always through the personality which he has trained. The true teacher withholds his hand from the temptation to guide his student. He distrusts profoundly the current discussions of vocational guidance. He believes in bureaus of vocational statistics, and would lay before his students the whole world of his day, with every opportunity it may afford. But he believes that, just as an imprisoned youngling robin, which has never seen a bird's flight, will fly on the first trial, by instinct, out of the opened cage, so the effective impulses which stimulate the choice of careers and the quest for success are deeply rooted in personality and should be held sacred by parent and teacher alike. This, indeed, is the ultimate test of the teacher's faith in his student.

It is even more important that the *religio magistri* include faith in himself. There is no true teaching without it. The only discipline worth the name is discipleship, which cannot come unless the teacher himself inspires, not only affection, but admiration. Sincerity, the one thing needful in real art, begins and ends with the teacher's faith in himself. It is the secret of a William Graham Sumner. One may, indeed,

affirm that the art of teaching rests wholly upon this foundation. Teaching is something, but enthusiasm is everything, as Goethe said. It is certainly the secret of personality.

In his passion for perfection — for your teacher is always a perfectionist — the teacher too often fails to respect himself or his calling. He subjects his own best capacities to trivial and wasteful compliance with irrelevancies. He is too ready to leave his real work at the first demand; he cries for committee work, the petty detail of administrative routine, the civic forum, and the thousand and one little snares which destroy his love and usefulness for his prime functions. Your true teacher must be about his Father's business, teaching; he has time scarcely for marks or the rules of faculties; he has to be fenced round, protected, forgiven by the less gifted. For him rules are made to be broken, and there is no known record of a great teacher who was not at war with the faculty rules of his time.

Faith in one's self is most needed, perhaps, by the teacher of younger pupils. Children are quickest to detect any loss of self-confidence. Adolescent youth, on the other hand, responds most sensitively to responsibility placed in its own hands; while the post-graduate student leans most upon the teacher's faith in subject-matter. But, for pupils of any age, the teacher's faith must be in himself as teacher, not in any other capacity. He may sigh to take part in a more active citizenship, or envy the productive scholar, but he must press forward to the mark of his own high calling. He cannot, of course, be a teacher without keeping abreast of his time; he must study and probably produce some scholarly work, if his treatment of subject-matter is to be fresh. But he will never be puzzled as to which treasure lies closest to his heart.

It is often charged against the young women teachers who comprise three fourths of the nation's staff, that they choose the profession only in the expectancy of leaving it early for marriage. This may be true. It is also true that thousands of young men teach a short time before entering other professions. The lives of the greatest Americans almost always contain such periods. But all this has little to do with the standards that can be upheld. It is perfectly possible, as our army proved, to build up morale in a force whose term is short. The problem must be approachable from another angle. If school administrations, boards of education, and parents' associations will seek to prove that the community has faith in the teacher, it will not be hard for teachers to obtain faith in themselves.

If the community fails in this duty, there is but one alternative left to the teachers — to organize in defense against the community, and to demand, not only the salaries which the work deserves, but that share in civic responsibility which their service merits. Teachers will then be accused of greed and selfishness, of desertion of the high standards of their calling. Such censure will be unjust. If public opinion responds only to the power of group-interests, if disinterested service is forgotten, who will be to blame when the teachers join the other organized groups of labor in the civil war of class interests? The writer hopes that no such action will be taken; he believes that all gains of war are, in the final analysis, Pyrrhic victories. But we are drifting, and it may soon be too late to work for the true faith.

Misbegotten self-esteem, like the false knight of the *Faërie Queene*, steals the accoutrements of the knight of the true faith and fools the world. Not so that faith of the born leader which is forti-

fied by conviction that one's work is essential, that one's subject is indispensable, that one's students will be loyal; and having done all, stands. Such leaders of the teacher's faith we need today. The right wing of our school army

has been broken in by the threat of economic disaster; the left wing has disintegrated under the insidious filtration that is corrupting the integrity of our profession. It is time to move forward with our centre to the attack.

BEHIND THE DOUBLE DOORS

BY GEORGE W. ALGER

I

'WELL,' I said finally, 'this does n't start at all like the work Sam has been talking about. I don't know anything about insanity, and I never was in an insane asylum in my life — yet — How am I going to tell whether these people are sane or not?'

The old gentleman listened to me placidly, patting the tips of his fingers together and smiling gently. He was, as usual, having his own way. My last objection disappeared, as the others had. 'I'll get you an alienist; he will take care of that end of the affair,' he murmured softly.

Then the benevolent despot returned to the copper business, and I began investigating something I knew nothing about — an asylum for insane criminals.

This is perhaps too abrupt a preface. The Governor of New York had requested the Superintendent of Prisons to appoint a committee to investigate the state prisons and make constructive recommendations for their improvement. Adolph Lewisohn had been made chairman of the committee, and I had agreed to act as its counsel.

Just at this time, a series of sensa-

tional charges was filed against Dr. Ross, the Superintendent of Danemora State Hospital. This hospital is one in which are confined prisoners who have become insane after sentence. The Governor had just referred the matter to this newly appointed committee and had requested it to investigate the charges.

The young lawyer who made the complaint that formed the basis for these charges came in to see me the next morning. He had some young men with him, who, to my disappointment, when they came in later, turned out to be, not ex-inmates and witnesses, but scribes for the metropolitan press.

'I hope,' said the lawyer earnestly, 'this is not going to be a Star Chamber proceeding. I mean,' he added hastily, 'I think the press should be allowed to see the witnesses and hear what goes on. These charges are against a public officer and a public institution. The public is entitled to know how it is run.'

Having satisfied him on this score, we later began hearing witnesses.

For about a week, we had ex-inmates and the wives and relatives of inmates. The stories they told were very distressing. They filled columns of the city papers. The food was atrocious: bread made practically without yeast through some unaccountable economy; bread full of maggots; bread which did not rise, hard, flat, uneatable, made by insane inmates, ignorant of the very rudiments of baking; decayed fish, and an unending line of impossible soups; hash, which had all the left-overs of previous meals; food eaten under compulsion of hard words; 'needles,' administered with hypodermics, to make the unruly sick and tractable through physical weakness; brutal guards, details of whose conduct were given; unprovoked assaults, ending in death or permanent injury; sane men held over their time—that is, after their prison sentences had expired. These and other charges of similar character were made. The hospital, many witnesses asserted, was full of patients 'as sane as you are,' held simply to gratify grudges of the Superintendent, or to prevent their talking if the inmates came out. One particular picture was that of the imbeciles and idiots, with minds too far gone to care for themselves, neglected, filthy, sleeping in beds too vile for words, and herded in a leaky cellar, where they stood in three or four inches of water when there were visitors, or on the very rare occasions of public inspection by the State Hospital authorities, who went through the establishment always with the offending Superintendent at their heels, terrifying into silence persons who might otherwise make complaint.

It was all very gruesome. What if it were true? Here was a hospital for insane convicts. It was in a very remote location. Sane visitors, other than on the occasional visits of relatives of inmates, were infrequent. Its population

was largely of very poor people without friends. In such an atmosphere, with the opportunity for ill-treatment, might it not be true that the attendants and guards would succumb to a brutalizing life and be guilty of the conduct described? Time and again, the witnesses declared, the doctor and the attendants would retort to those threatening complaint: 'Who will believe you? You are crazy and you are a crook, too. We can do anything we want to.'

Then would follow a story of 'double-door' punishment for the complaint. 'Double doors' were the rooms where the intractable patients, or sane men who resisted brutality, were confined for punishment—solitary confinement in a dimly lighted room, without bed or furniture—nothing but a dirty mattress on the floor. When, at rare intervals, the patients in these rooms were permitted to take the air of the hospital yard, they went, we were told, in strait-jackets, with their hands tied behind them.

The long-distance picture given of the institution was far from pleasant. It was, moreover, unrelieved by any word of defense. The much-charged Superintendent did not appear. He wrote us that the war had left him short-handed and prevented his leaving his post; that he assumed that the investigation would ultimately be at the hospital; and that, when the time came, he would make his reply at the institution itself.

So, with much misgiving, one day early last July we started on our way to the hospital. An accommodating member of the committee met us with his car at Saratoga, and gave us a delightful trip on good Adirondack roads by Lake George and Keene Valley, ending with a quiet night at his Loon Lake camp. The next morning saw us making an early start for Dannemora. By 'us' is meant the alienist, the stenog-

rapher, and our host of the committee. The lawyer whose charges were the cause of our labor was to meet us at the hospital.

II

Dannemora is a beautiful site for a fine summer hotel: Swiss scenery, clear air, nearby hills and rolling farm-lands, with Lake Champlain in the distance. But Dannemora means to the New Yorker one thing, — the prison, — by custom the abiding-place for hardened offenders: a prison called Siberia by the under-world. Our car passed its high forbidding walls, turned into a driveway at an adjoining building, and stopped under a porte-cochère. A man in the white uniform of the hospital, wearing glasses, who greeted us, turned out to be the much-charged Superintendent. Our labors had begun again.

In its entrance, it was not unlike a city hospital, where you go to see Simpson who has had his appendix out. The usual shiny immaculate floors, an office or two, with girl stenographers making quite the usual hum. White-clad attendants were missing; men in blue coats with brass buttons were here in their stead.

As I learned afterward, our insane criminals read the newspapers, and, I may add, with a quite natural preference for the Hearst dailies. For weeks the inmates had read the lurid stories which their former prison associates had furnished to the press. The great day had now come. The investigation was in their midst. The lawyer who had made the charges, who had become their champion, who might be their liberator, was among them. Already he had clients there. Writs of habeas corpus had already been issued for some of them at his instance. More might follow.

So when we entered the first reception-hall, which is a large nearly square

room, with the usual highly varnished hospital floors, we found its four walls closely lined with a hundred men, dressed for the most part in faded blue-denim suits. Each, it seemed, was holding a letter in his hand.

A murmur rose from them as we entered. They were eager-faced, expectant, excited.

'I told them,' the doctor said, 'that the committee was coming and that any of them who wanted to be heard would have a chance.'

The men stood at their places near the walls while we passed around the room. We collected letters, which came like autumn leaves in Vallombrosa. Those who had no letters gave us their names and numbers. It was a babel of confusion.

'Be sure to call me; I will tell you about the Scali murder. I am 346.'

'I am ten years over my time,' calls another, 'and they won't let me out. Give me a chance, will you? Listen to me, for God's sake!'

'You will be given your chance,' we told them; and we collected the letters and passed to the next pavilion. There more patients and more letters met us. Scores of queer faces, some excited, some dull; men young and old were there: black and white, Italians, Jews, Poles, Irish, and nondescript. All were dressed in hospital, prison-made clothes, with prison-made, shapeless and heel-less shoes. Still another hall followed, and we started upstairs.

'Take us to the double doors,' demanded the barrister.

'If you mean the isolation corridor, that is where we go next,' said the doctor.

More keys, more waiting attendants and doormen. Then we found ourselves in a corridor, with narrow rooms on either side — rooms with high ceilings lighted by a single barred window, perhaps fifteen feet from the floor. Each

room had two sets of doors; the outer door in most of them was open. The inner door had in it a small window about the size of a man's head. I give the size in this crude way, for there was a head at most of the windows. Such faces! We could see by the strained facial muscles that these men were shouting at us. We could see rather than hear them. They too wanted a hearing.

I went to one of the windows. 'Not too close,' said the attendant, 'with this one.'

The next one seemed calmer. The eyes had the dull glitter of a snake. The face was impassive. 'I owe my position as superintendent to this man,' said the doctor. To my inquiry, he added quietly, 'He killed my predecessor, Dr. North. The doctor had tried to encourage this man by giving him some carpenter work to do. He stabbed Dr. North through the back with a cold chisel.' The story was told simply and briefly, and we passed on.

More comments followed. 'This man down here was a celebrated train-robber in his time. His feats were romances in the newspapers twenty years ago.' — 'This is Bill Green; he was once a prize-fighter. You may remember hearing of his escape from Sing Sing. He bent the bars with his hands. Do you want to see the committee, Bill? No? All right.' — 'This is Habeas Corpus Russell. He got out about three writs a year for quite a while. He got his last one from New York City, where he subpoenaed all the prominent people he could get hold of, who were conspiring to keep him in the hospital. He was his own lawyer. He had, I remember, ex-Governor Odell on the stand. He asked him why he did n't get reelected. The Governor asked the judge if he had to answer it. The Judge smiled and said it was a fair question if Odell knew the answer. A minute later the Judge decided a ques-

tion against Russell. Then Russell turned on the judge and said, "Then you too are one of these scoundrels who are trying to hound me to prison for life." The hearing stopped right then and there, and Russell and I and the keeper took the afternoon train for home.'

This next case is interesting. 'Here is a real artist'; and we saw a perfectly made model of a locomotive and a full-sized guitar made of white-paper pulp, both exhibited with much pride.

'Now,' said the doctor, 'I am taking you to a ward in which I take particular pride.'

The door opened. The big room was full of what had once been men — creeping, grimacing, shaking, mumbling, palsied imbeciles, dull-faced idiots, — wrecks of men, no longer capable of attending to their simplest physical wants. Yet they were clean. The pavilion in which they were grouped was as immaculate as a first-class hospital in the city.

'Let us see where they sleep,' said the barrister suddenly.

We were then ushered into a room full of cot-beds. 'Pull any one of these to pieces, you please,' I said to the barrister; 'look at the bed and the mattress, and I will do the same with another bed. See if we can find what was described to us by witnesses in the city.'

Somewhat shamefaced, he returned after a time and said, 'These beds seem to be all right.'

The inspection of the kitchen and dining-room followed. They turned out to be clean, the food wholesome, and the kitchen seemed to have everything that could be wished for — and rarely found — in a first-class restaurant. What we found, to be sure, was entirely at variance with the sordid picture with which the witnesses had favored us in the city. At this, however, I was not

greatly surprised. One of the newspapers had tried a 'beat,' and while I was laboriously listening to these sad stories of bad beds and worse food, it had sent a reporter unannounced to the hospital itself. He had come back and told me that from his inspection he thought the hospital was better from every aspect, except its curious inmates, than two in which he had been a patient himself, and as to which he had no complaint.

Unlike that of the reporter, our visit had, of course, been expected. The food on the table at dinner might have been specially prepared for our inspection. The larder might have been specially filled, and the bad old stuff secreted — though we looked for it. So I tried the patients on this matter shortly afterwards.

'John,' I said sympathetically, to one of the apparently more sane patients, 'do you mean to tell the committee that the stuff we have just seen on the table for dinner is what they make you eat right along.'

'Yes, sir,' he answered eagerly.

'This is a perfectly good sample meal?' I inquired.

'Yes, it is like that right along,' he assured me.

Two other men gave me the same answer.

I hazarded a question: 'If you were free again and back in the city, would n't the dinner you had to-day taste about right?'

The sad eyes lighted for a moment. 'You've said it,' he replied quietly.

When we had finished investigating the food, we went to the basement and looked for the leaky cellar where, we had been told, the imbeciles and idiots stood when visitors came. This, too, had disappeared like magic. We looked for water like a thirsty traveler in the desert, and found none. The beds for these imbeciles had been examined.

How any sane person could, year after year, take care of these objects, and not become insane too, I am unable to imagine.

Professional interest and training in the case of the doctor gives a point of view which laymen can hardly be expected to share. I remember that, as we passed through the imbeciles' ward, the doctor remarked casually, 'We nearly had an epidemic of influenza here a few days ago. We caught it just in time. The "flu" in a ward like this would have made a heavy mortality record.'

I must be forgiven for the thought which came to my mind with the doctor's words.

As we were making our inspection of the building, the hospital yard was full of patients at play. A ball-game was going on, and we watched it through the windows. The players had all the zest of real ball-tossers. The patients on the whole, however, were less interested than could be desired. Some sat back looking listlessly at nothing. A few watched, but none seemed to regard baseball as other than a necessary nuisance. This indifference, I presume, is one of the sure signs of insanity.

The dinner call came, as we watched. The men left the yard and, as they left, we went into it. When empty, it was as bleak and cheerless as the average playground in a public school. As we were walking through it, suddenly a square box, about the size of a cigar-box, came down on the earth almost in front of us. One of its sides flew invitingly open, and this side of the box lay flat on the earth. We looked up. The box was attached to a cord, the cord to a pole, and the pole was in the hands of a cheery fellow whose smiling face grinned at us through the bars of his window. 'This,' said the doctor, with some enthusiasm, 'is the best rat-trap in the world, made by an insane man, too. That fellow

catches more rats with his box and his fishing-pole than we can get with all the rat-traps we have. If he had brains enough to get it patented, there ought to be a fortune in it.'

III

After our inspection, we started looking over the letters, calling witnesses, listening to complaints. The greater part of the time was spent in investigating alleged murders and assaults. In the meanwhile, the alienist, Dr. Brill, was looking for sane persons wrongfully detained.

The murder charge was against one of the keepers — a middle-aged, quiet-looking, thick-set fellow named Pat Ward, who had been in the hospital nearly twenty-five years. The coroner's verdict had been self-defense. I began, I admit, with a prejudice. Twenty-five years with insane criminals is, I thought, a brutalizing job. It is an isolated and remote locality, and restraints are few. The coroner is probably a local friend of the keeper in a place where a convict has no friends.

This prejudice became somewhat dislodged as we went through the isolation corridor where the dangerous patients are detained. The doctor had been telling us of the care which was used in searching these patients on their return from exercise in the yard. 'Most anything that can be made into a weapon somehow gets smuggled back into the cell,' he said; 'and then, look out.'

When we came back to his office, he opened two drawers of his desk: they were filled with rude weapons. Pat Ward picked up from among them a window-weight, with a piece of cord attached to it. 'I got this here,' he said quietly, 'on the side of the head.' The parted hair still showed the scar. 'The window-weights were all taken out after that,' the doctor said.

Here was an old piece of a hinge, rudely sharpened on one side, and with a piece of cloth wrapped around it for a handle. 'This is another of mine,' said Ward. 'I got this in the back. It is kind of dull, though. If this fellow had had the chisel that Reichman had, when he killed Dr. North, he would have had me sure.'

Here was a long wire nail set in a wooden handle. The doctor handed it to the lawyer. 'This we got away from a client of yours, whom you are trying to get out on habeas corpus. He stabbed another patient with it. That is why he is in the isolation corridor now.'

Testimony was not lacking to convict Ward, and from one to three other attendants, of murder or murderous assault. The trouble was that no two of these stories were alike. They came from perhaps the least credible class of witnesses that can be found. Here, for example, is a pasty-faced Frenchman. He tells a connected story. Who is he? Before coming to the hospital, he had served years in various French and American prisons, for offenses ranging from blackmail to burglary. His last conviction resulted in a twenty-year sentence. He was a confirmed bad character, with a diseased mind.

Here is another — a witness whom I remember very distinctly. I took his testimony in the doctor's office. As the attendants went to get him, I noticed that the doctor was arranging the desk at which I sat. A paper-knife went into one of the drawers, a paper-weight followed, the large glass ink-well was taken away. When the patient came in, three attendants placed themselves, one at the back of his chair, one near the window at my left, and the third somewhere in the offing. All this for a big, powerful, smiling-faced negro. After he had told his story of how Ward had murdered Scali, and had gone back with

his retinue, I picked up the book which has the record of Bill as a man and as a case. The photograph on the cover had the same smiling face. Bill's smile was all on the cover. The story of his life was a continuous record of violence, from the murder which put him in prison to the attempts at murder which put him in isolation in the hospital.

Ward sat phlegmatically silent, as witness after witness told his story. He showed emotion twice. First, when Dr. Ross put on the record a most emphatic endorsement. 'Ward is one of my best men. He is experienced; he has good judgment; he is absolutely dependable and fearless. We have over five hundred insane criminal patients here. We have a small number of officers and attendants. When trouble comes, or is near, I can rely on Ward to take responsibility. None of these acts charged against Ward could have happened without my knowing about them. I vouch for everything he has done since I have been in charge.'

He showed emotion the second time in the course of my examination of him as to the death of Scali, which was one of the murder charges. Ward's story had been simple. Scali, an able-bodied young Italian, had made a disturbance at dinner-hour in the dining-room. Ward had taken him out. The corridor door had been opened with Ward's key and locked again. When he and Scali were alone in the hall beyond, a murderous assault by Scali on Ward had occurred, the moment the corridor door was locked. A struggle had ensued, ending with the fall of the men on the stone floor, the keeper's heavy body on top. Scali had died the next day of internal injuries.

'Did you kick Scali in the course of this fight?' I asked.

'I have been here twenty-five years,' said Ward. 'I never have kicked a patient. To hear this man talk you

would n't think I had a friend in the place. I have, and lots of them, too. I wish you would hear some of these patients. I will call a hundred if you will listen to that many.'

The suggestion was adopted. A long line of patients of all kinds and conditions came to vouch for Pat Ward. Their endorsement ran from 'He is all right,' 'The best in the bunch,' to 'Like a father to us.'

One particularly emphatic elderly Jew aroused my further curiosity. Perhaps he had a motive. 'Don't you think Ward might help you to get out of here?' I inquired.

'Maybe,' said the patient cautiously; adding, 'would they send me back where I came from?'

'I suppose so,' I said, 'if your time was not up.'

'My time was most up when I came here,' he replied. 'I was in the death-house at Sing Sing. If I went back, do you suppose they would give me the electric chair?'

There was obviously one patient, at least, who had a good reason for staying where he was, and who had no grievance at not getting a transfer.

One of these unusual character witnesses for Ward had a quite different opinion of Dr. Ross. 'Why,' he assured me, with terrible earnestness, 'he is the vilest monster on God's footstool. He had consumption when he came here; he sucked blood out of me and two other patients, to make himself well. He puts electricity to burn our feet at night. He'—But the story of the doctor's wrong-doing is too long.

'Yes,' the doctor said, when I told him about it; 'this man was a farmer and I had him working on our farm until a few months ago. That is too dangerous now. I have to keep him inside the walls. There is always a chance that one of these outside workers will find some kind of a weapon, bring it

in, and plant it in the yard. Then he or somebody else gets it when the opportunity comes, and then something happens.'

For a hospital superintendent, with a wife and two children, who had succeeded to an office made vacant by the murder of his former chief, to take such precautions against a similar fate seemed not unreasonable.

One ever-present grievance, which colored the testimony of witness after witness, had in it a tragic pathos, difficult to put in words. Imagine yourself sitting opposite a man, who talks with tears in his voice, and often in his eyes, in tones husky with despair, born of hope deferred and sickness of heart.

'I am ten years over my time. I did my bit in Clinton for four years. I had only six months and ten days to the end of my term. I got a little excited one day in the prison, had a little trouble, and they sent me here; and I have been here ten years over my time. They won't let me go. I am sane, I could go straight. They won't give me a chance. They want me to die here. I've paid the State for what I have done. I've paid twice. I've got no friends. For God's sake, do something for me. I am sane, you can see I am. Make them let me go.'

Consider the Superintendent from the despairing mind back of these angry eyes. Here was this doctor, a man who could say the word 'Go,' who could open the doors and make the one-time prisoner free, and who said, 'No, you must stay.' What sentiment toward him other than resentment and hatred could be expected? In the patient's place, would we have felt otherwise? Protecting the interests of society, that vague impersonal intangibility, by saying 'no' to some of these pleading human voices, is surely no agreeable duty. May the time come soon when human wisdom shall be better able to

minister to the mind diseased, and not merely give the maladies names, — names which are but new additions to the vocabulary of science and of despair!

The next morning, I conferred with Dr. Brill, who had worked late into the evening examining patients. 'Did you see the list of patients we were told in New York were sane and unlawfully detained?'

'Yes,' he said.

'Did you find any of them sane?'

'Not one,' he replied. 'The records,' he added, 'are in better shape than I should expect, for there are not enough doctors here. The war has taken away two assistants, and Ross has been getting along with too little help and trying to do draft-board work himself. The food is better than in most hospitals. The place is clean, well ordered and equipped. The patients are physically in good shape and they seem to be well cared for. The patients in the isolation ward do not get enough chance at exercise. They need a new and separate pavilion for these cases. Dr. Ross has asked for it. We ought to help him get it.'

The rest of the day was filled like the one before, with sifting charges — a day filled with strange witnesses, queer stories, vivid incidents: interviews with the man whose sister wanted him out, but whose wife's life would be in danger from his delusions if he should be released; interviews with the rich insane wife-murderer, so mean that he sold his daily newspaper to his fellow inmates after he was through with it, while his relatives, unsuccessful in having him declared civilly dead, wearily waited for something to happen to unloose his fortune.

In the evening, the automobile took us to the night train at Plattsburg, and our work was over. As the car left the

hospital, and the grim neighboring walls of the big Clinton prison grew grayer and darker in the distance behind us, the beauty of the evening hills came as a healing balm. We had left behind us a human Sargasso Sea, filled with hulks, — a living graveyard, — filled with still floating derelicts. We had seen the last phase of crime from which all the tinselled romance had long disappeared, where punishment had ceased, where society, still preserving and caring for the wrecks of her offenders, patiently waited for the end to come.

All over the United States, institutions for like purpose are maintained. Along with our prisons, our penitentiaries, our workhouses, our reformatories, with the chain-gangs of the South, go these hospitals. They are hospitals for a class distinguished clearly from the insane of our asylums by the habits, aptitudes, and inclinations, acquired and indelibly marked upon these inmates by lives of crime. Lost in most of them is that subtle something by which in the others, the merely insane, inhibitions born of habits of right living so often continue and function, by some subconscious process, after the mind has failed.

These hospitals present the prison problem in its hardest and most forbidding aspect. Woven into the problem of crime, and an inextricable part

of its complexity, are insanity, feeble-mindedness, and the tangle of new names invented by science for describing mental abnormalities, defects of will, diseases of character, which make diseases of conduct. In these institutions are shown to-day the needs that form the basis of those slow-moving reforms which require new classifications of prisoners, new standards of responsibility, new duties of continued custodial care, instead of the short periods of misplaced and blind punishment, disapproved by scientific knowledge.

How shall we meet feeble-mindedness, insanity, defects of will, before they express themselves in criminal offenses? How shall we, later, separate the prisoners who have at least the mental basis for reform from those who have not? How shall we take from prison industry the handicap which to-day so often slows down its machinery to the snail's pace of the feeble-minded? These are basic and vital problems, both of the prison and of the social organization which makes prisons and prison hospitals necessary.

The problems are not new. The thing which is new should give us hope. It is the slow but steady growth of an enlightened public sentiment, which recognizes these problems in their true significance and seeks wisdom for their solution.

GOLFING VERSUS FARMING

BY GEORGE P. BRETT

THERE is no doubt that the present generation and those yet to come have entered, and are to enter, a world of greatly changed conditions, a world of complicated machinery, of crowded cities, and of economic stress. Many of us are already sighing over 'the good old times' and wishing for their return, not seeing that the earlier, simpler conditions of life have vanished forever; that the times have changed permanently so far as most aspects of life in civilized countries are concerned.

For instance: few of those remaining of an older generation can fail to remember the great extravagance in food which characterized American tables of forty years or more ago: the board fairly groaned with the multitude of dishes, and abounding plenty was to be found in the homes of rich and poor alike. One could live in comfort, and even in luxury, at good hotels for two dollars per day — a charge which included lodging and three or four plentiful meals; and at the more sumptuous hosteleries, such as the old Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York, and the Palmer House in Chicago, where the charges were four or five dollars per day, one required two hours or more, and the capacity of an ostrich, to get through the dinner alone.

No modern diner-out who remembers the times of which I write can fail to wonder at the great changes which a few years have brought about. Lodging alone in a first-class house to-day costs nearly double the price of room and board of those days; and the din-

ner, then given freely as part of the day's board, costs ten or twelve dollars in the few places where such a dinner still can be had, to say nothing of the tips to the waiters, hat-check charge, and so forth, which were almost unknown in the period in question.

These great changes in conditions, and the pressure of population on our food supplies which brought them about, were among the primary causes of the recent war; and unless we take steps to remedy the situation, they will bring about even more severe conflicts in the future. After enjoying a period of surplus, we are now living in a time of scarcity, and may come, unless we provide a remedy and find means to increase our supplies of food, to actual want and misery. The ease with which the prohibition amendment was adopted was probably due, at least in part, to the widespread belief that thereby large quantities of food-stuffs hitherto used for the making of beer and spirits would be saved for food.

In a recent book¹ on the American food-crisis, the author says: 'The most serious and pressing question of to-day is: What is the matter with American agriculture that it is breaking down at the most critical period in our history?' He points out that every other civilized country has in the last few years bettered its agricultural conditions and enormously increased its yield per acre, whereas we have failed to do so to any appreciable extent.

¹ William Stull: *The Food Crisis and Americanism*.

Such conditions should engage the attention of every serious person, as our future depends upon finding a solution for the difficulties, largely caused by want of adequate labor, that exist to-day on our farms.

The great vogue of the game of golf among the well-to-do classes in our cities is of comparatively recent growth. It has become popular, and a household word, in a single generation. Fostered, in the first instance, by physicians, who found in it a means of keeping their well-to-do patients in good physical condition, it has become popular with young and old alike, and is more universally resorted to than any other outdoor game or amusement.

Golf, moreover, not only caters to that gregarious instinct, that love for social company which is so pronounced a feature of modern life, but it also serves the purpose of many in business and professional pursuits by extending their acquaintance with men of wealth and leisure. As a well-known architect recently remarked: 'I find that the hours I spend on the golf-links are often more profitable to me in a business way than a similar number of hours spent in my office.' I remember, too, a publisher, now among the first in his profession, who secured the funds necessary to start his business career through forming an acquaintance on the links with one of our best-known and wealthiest golf enthusiasts.

Much may be said in favor of the game, and it serves well many of the purposes of the city man. Most of those, however, who derive health from its pursuit would be equally benefited by taking long walks; but few of us are strong-minded enough to take long walks persistently, alone, and companions for misery of this kind are hard to find. A well-known author in one of his books says that he knew only three men who took long walks on

principle; and he adds that two of them were 'cracked.'

I will not go so far as a popular novelist does who, in a recent book, makes one of his characters say, 'Golf is a beastly, silly, elderly, childish game; a retired tradesman's consolation.' But at the same time it cannot be said that golf is without its disadvantages from the nation's standpoint. It takes large tracts of land in the aggregate, and often the best agricultural land, in our suburban communities from economic use; it often reduces materially the supply of farm-labor, especially during the building and laying out of the links; and during the Great War, now happily ended, the building of at least one well-known golf course deprived the farmers for miles around of their usual supply of labor.

Much of the discontent which has been so general among all classes of labor in the last few years, and which at one time since the Armistice came perilously near to an attempt to overthrow our present industrial system, has been caused by the idle pleasures of wealthy people and the ostentatious and vulgar display which accompanies them. Sunday golf has not been without its influence as one of the causes of envy and hatred of the poor for the wealthy classes.

To pursue a golf-ball over hill and dale and through streams and across bunkers seemed to me, when I tried the game (and I attained a fair proficiency at it), a somewhat idle pastime — it might serve to amuse children and perhaps very old men. There was a lack of usefulness in it, a waste of time which, before long, made it appear to me as a not altogether creditable pursuit for a man of able body and energetic habits.

In 1907 I purchased an abandoned farm in the hills of western Connecticut. The low, rolling hills, with their

frequent glimpses of the Sound, their open plateaus broken into by deep, wooded, narrow valleys, are an ideal spot for the homes of busy city-workers. They have a summer-night temperature many degrees lower than that of the coast. The absence of mosquitoes and the invigorating atmosphere are in marked contrast to the enervating climate and surroundings of the lower altitudes only a few miles distant. It is the only part of our Eastern countryside nearer to the city than the Maine coast, where a man may work with vigor and enjoyment in our depressing, energy-exhausting summer climate.

There was no intention on my part of ever working this farm, or of growing crops on its sixty acres or so of arable land, or of making a business of farming. We found in it a summer home, where we could be out of doors all day and find peaceful, quiet sleep at night in outdoor sleeping-porches, and where we were free from the scandal and gossip, general inanity, and dreary waste of time characteristic of the seaside and mountain resorts in which we had hitherto spent our summers.

There is a widely prevalent idea that farming for the amateur farmer is an expensive operation. One remembers in this connection the oft-repeated story of the gentleman farmer's milk, which was as costly (in pre-prohibition days) as his champagne. This is far from the truth. These abandoned farms, which may be found by the thousand in some of the Eastern states, can often be had literally 'for a song,' and one may spend as much or as little as one chooses on their upkeep. Certainly one may buy and put in thorough repair one of these abandoned farms for less than the entrance-fee to at least one of the best-known golf clubs; and when one considers the cost of golf-balls and caddies, and other

attendant expenses, farming would, I think, prove the less expensive amusement of the two.

'I have noticed,' a physician said to me recently, 'that when one of my patients takes to farming he almost at once abandons golf, and the links see him no more.'

Golf accordingly now became a thing of the past with me, and I spent my spare time (usually two days a week) in cutting trails in the hundred-acre wood-lot or removing the tree weeds from the younger growth of the forest, and in setting out clumps and single trees in the fields, so as to give a park-like effect to the open plateaus on the hills. The work was often laborious, and one got dirty and wore one's old clothes; but every moment was thoroughly enjoyable and interesting, and there was the added satisfaction in the thought that something was being accomplished, even that the country itself was being benefited by the growth of noble trees and the saving of the woodland from possible destruction by fire. The benefit to my health was immeasurable — for the first time in many years I was neither sick nor sorry. My revived health and energy were also of the greatest value to my business affairs in the city.

In these early years on the farm I gave my time and attention largely to work in the woods. Growing trees is one of the most useful of outdoor occupations, and no work is more delightful or more healthful than the varied tasks connected with forestry on either a large or a small scale, and no farming crop is so profitable on many tracts of land in the East, if you are not too anxious for early or immediate returns. Many of the large Eastern states, including both New York and Pennsylvania, now import from the far Northwest most of the lumber used for building, although there is sufficient

idle land in these states to grow all the needed lumber — land which is unfitted, for one reason or another, for agricultural purposes. Much of the scarcity of timber in the East is due — according to a late forestry report — to the growth of tree weeds in the cut-over forest. No suitable seed trees are left to reseed the forests with the better sorts of timber trees, and no proper methods of reforestation are undertaken.

Came the time of the Great War. Working on the Liberty Loan committees and on various commissions seemed, even for a man of sixty-odd, a poor substitute when his son was fighting in France with a million or so of his comrades. So the plough went into the park-lands, and crops were sown on the farm for the first time since it had come into our possession. The amateur farmer is not usually the proudest boast of the countryside, and the real tiller of the soil generally looks upon his efforts with contemptuous amusement. But we managed, even in this first year of our farming, to carry off first prize for corn and second prize for barley at our county fair; and our produce, chiefly hay, cereals, and root-crops, was worth a little over seven thousand dollars at the end of the harvest season. It would not have been a bad speculation even if we had gone into it with that end in view.

Roads have been built through the property, and marshes drained, and the old-fashioned 'pocket-handkerchief' fields so familiar to travelers in New England have been transformed into broad pastures and wide grain-fields. The assessors of the county, who have a keen eye for improvement values, now assess the property at something over three times the sum that I originally paid for it, and the local real-estate agent, looking, I have no doubt, to his own commission, recently asked me to

let him sell it — at double the assessors' valuation.

Nor has it proved an unwise move from another point of view. We had in the natural course of many years of married happiness given several hostages to fortune; and when they and their children spend the summer on the farm, we are quite a large family and consume great quantities of fruit, vegetables, milk, and what not; and the prices of these articles are by no means low in these days in our cities. Is it only fancy that makes them taste better at the farm than when we purchased them in the city?

I wonder sometimes whether our city populations will not in course of time forget the natural taste of food. Treated with preservatives, as many or nearly all our foodstuffs are, the flavor and quality are often entirely changed or lost. Again, the necessity for picking fruits before the sun has given them the last touch of sweetness which makes them wholly palatable, so that they may be safely transported long distances, deprives the city-dweller of the enjoyment even of the natural fruits of the earth in their finest perfection.

When winter drives us back cityward, the farm does not forget us, but sends us milk, cream, butter, and eggs, not to forget the hams which, milk- and corn-fed and cured by ourselves, are more delicious than anything that can be found elsewhere; and our weekend visits to the farm, to enjoy the pleasures of the winter countryside, are looked forward to through the busy week with honest enjoyment.

The farm, too, is the best place for children. To play in the dirt, to cultivate their own little gardens, brings them health and independence; and to take part in the daily happenings on the farm gives courage and character and enlarges the powers of observation. The child reared in the country receives

a training in the homely virtues of industry, economy, and uprightness, which is a most important part of his education, and leads to habits of clear thinking, which are of the utmost value to him later on when he takes his place in the work of the world.

So that, when I see the city-dweller go forth with his bundle of golf-sticks, and reflect on the waste of his time and the uselessness of his energy, and remember the great need for labor under which this country is now suffering, I feel as if it were my duty to tell him how much pleasure and delight he is depriving himself of, and how unethical it is to waste in a childish game time and effort which, rightly expended on the soil, would bring him both pleasure and profit and a self-supporting home of which none could deprive him.

Hoeing potatoes or corn, or bedding out melons, is just as interesting and enjoyable as your finest strokes on the links. To stack hay on a sunny day in June, or to hasten its loading before a sudden thunder-shower, will give your muscles just as much exercise; and the glow and contentment which come with your cold shower before dinner, after a day spent at work in the fields, are finer, and give more satisfaction, than any game ever invented by man.

So great to-day are the exactions of the unions in the non-producing (of foods) trades; so many additional consumers are being added to the urban population by the exigence of modern life and by the invention of additional and unnecessary wants of life; and so rapid has become the drift from country to city, with its consequent dearth of farm-labor, that it may well be that, in a few years, he alone will be able to live happily and have sufficient food who to-day purchases one of the thousands of abandoned farms that abound in the Eastern states, and produces on it the necessities of life.

Those who cultivate the soil are, for the most part, free from that much-abused bugbear, the high cost of living — or, as it should properly be called, the high cost of luxuries. Both in the city and country our family table still rejoices in the old-fashioned abundance, and not infrequently our own farm is the origin of all our food-supplies, with the exception of tea, coffee, and condiments. We grow our own grain, thrash and grind it, and make it into bread; and we find our sweets in the maples with which nearly every woodlot of the Northeastern states is well supplied, or in home-grown honey, which is free from the taint of syrup-fed bees characteristic of much of the honey that is for sale.

If the wealth and energy now devoted so freely to golf and similar games could be used to rehabilitate our abandoned farms, and these country homes could be occupied by those of our city populations who have a little leisure and moderate means to cultivate them, and who now find it so difficult to secure homes in our large cities, it could not fail to result in incalculable value to the country at large and to the people who take up this valuable work; and it would also be the means of increasing the food-supplies of the nation, which is the ever-present duty of us all.

I cannot, I fear, hope to convince or convert the confirmed golfer to what many will agree with me in believing is a better way. He regards his pastime as a recreation. Farming and tree-growing are recreations in the truest, most enjoyable meaning of the word; and either of these employments really re-creates what the country most needs, and with most pleasure and profit to the player. Play and healthful exercise must be sought in a change to outdoor occupation rather than in mere pastime, if the participator is to derive the fullest benefit from them.

MIHINTALE — A PILGRIMAGE

BY L. ADAMS BECK

I

CEYLON—and the glory of the tropics flooding the senses like a breaking wave of light and color. Life so urgent, so luxuriant, that surely these forest trees crowded with bloom, these vines trailing their splendors, cannot have the cool virginal sap of temperate zones flowing in their veins. The current of their life must be burning blood, pouring in a torrent from the mighty heart of Nature. The very leaves—huge carved leaves, thickly ribbed, and mottled like snakes with vivid splashes of color—are heavy with voluptuous languor, bathing themselves in the milk-warm air.

A tree stood beside me, fern-fronded like an acacia, but dripping with scarlet trails of blossom; and beyond it the oxidized silver of the gnarled pagoda trees, the chalices of their ivory flowers censuring the air with the mystic perfume that in India and Ceylon breathes worship as they stand about the temples. Above, an ecstatic sky of unfathomable blue, raining down light upon the breaking jewels of the sea, the deeps of the all-surrounding jungle.

Here is a land of the Gods.

They have left their footprints very plain upon this ardent loveliness as they came and went. Ceylon has known many generations of them. Rama, the God-King of India, incarnation in human flesh of Vishnu the Preserver, here fought a war of the Gods and Titans to recover his divine wife, that lovely Sita whose name is a household word in

India. Here, Ravana, the Demon King of Ceylon, held her in captivity; and in that older fight to recover a purer Helen, the army of Rama strode across the great bridge of scattered rocks between Ceylon and India. Still may be seen the gap that no strength, human or divine, could mend, where the mighty host was stayed until a little tree-squirrel, for love of Rama, laid his small body in the hollow, and because love is the bridge eternal between the Two Worlds, the host passed over it, triumphant. But Rama, stooping from his godhead, bent over it and touched the dead fur tenderly as he passed, and to this day the tree-squirrels bear the marks of the divine fingers upon their coats of gray.

There is no demarcation in Asia between so-called animal and human life. Rama himself had passed through the animal incarnations of the upward way, and knew well what beats in the little heart beneath fur and feather.

In the wonderful Birth-Stories of the Lord Buddha he has recorded his memories of the incarnations of bird, animal, and lesser lives, through which a steadfast evolution led him to the Ten Perfections. How should he not know, and, knowing, love? Is it not written by one of the greatest of Buddhist saints, 'To the eye of flesh, plants and trees appear to be gross matter; but to the eye of the Buddha they are composed of minute spiritual particles; grass, trees, countries, the earth itself,

shall enter wholly into Buddhahood'? And does not science, faltering far behind the wisdom of the mighty, adumbrate these truths in its later revelations?

We know too little of the wisdom of the East. The Magi still journey to Bethlehem, but only those who have the heart of the Child may receive their gold, myrrh, and frankincense.

Yet, for mere beauty's sake, these stories of the East should be read. Men thrill to the mighty thunder-roll of Homer's verse, but the two supreme epics of India are little known. If the West would gather about the storyteller as the East gathers, in bazaar or temple court, the stories should be told from these and other sources, until Rama stands beside the knightly Hector, and Sita's star is set in the same heaven where shines the lonely splendor of Antigone.

When the rapturous peace of the Lord Buddha could no longer be contained within the heart of India, it overflowed, and like a rising tide submerged Ceylon. And now, although India has forgotten and has returned to the more ancient faiths, Ceylon remembers. The Lotos of the Good Law blossoms in every forest pool. The invocation to the Jewel in the Lotos is daily heard from every monastery of the Faith, where the yellow-robed Brethren still follow the Way marked for them by the Blessed One who in Uruvela attained to that supernal enlightenment of which he said, 'And that deep knowledge have I made my own — that knowledge, hard to perceive, hard to understand, peace-giving, not to be gained by mere reason, which is deeper than the depths, and accessible only to the wise. Yet, among living men are some whose eyes are but a little darkened with dust. To them shall the truth be manifest.'

If it be an aim of travel to see what is

beautiful and strange, it may be also an aim to seek that spiritual beauty where it sits enthroned in its own high places; and my hope in Ceylon was to visit the land where that strait and narrow way of Buddhism is held which is known as the Hinayana — or the Lesser Vehicle. In Thibet, China, and Japan, I had known the efflorescence of the Buddhist Faith where, recognizing the mystic emanations of the Buddhas, it becomes the Greater Vehicle and breaks into gorgeous ritual and symbolism, extraordinarily beautiful in themselves, and yet more so in their teaching. Buddhism, in those countries, like the Bride of the Canticles, goes beautifully in jewels of gold and raiment of fine needlework, within her ivory palaces. In Ceylon, like the Lady Poverty of Saint Francis of Assisi, she walks with bared feet, bowed head, her begging-bowl in hand, simple and austere in the yellow robe of the Master — her rock-temples and shrines as he himself might have blessed them in their stern humility. Save at the Temple of the Tooth, the splendors she heaps upon his altars are those of her flowers. With these she may be lavish because his life was wreathed with their beauty. He was born in a garden, beneath a Tree he attained Wisdom, in a garden he died. A faith that is held by nearly every tenth living man or woman is surely worthy of reverence and study, even in these hurrying days when gold, not wisdom, is the measure of attainment.

So I came to Ceylon.

II

Near a little town in the hills stands a Wihara — a monastery — dreaming in the silent sunshine. The palms are grouped close about the simple roofs — so close that the passing tourist could never guess that the Head of the

Buddhist Faith in Ceylon, a great saint, a great ruler of seven thousand priests, dwelt there in so secret, so complete an austerity.

He was a very old man when I came, but his ninety-two years sat lightly on him and each year had laid its tribute of love and honor at his feet. He was known as the Maha Nayaka Thero; and in religion, for love of the Master, he had taken the Master's human name of Siddhartha. It was strange indeed to see the simplicity of his surroundings — to me it appeared singularly beautiful: it breathed the spiritual purity that had made him beloved throughout the island.

A great scholar, deeply learned in Sanskrit and Pali and in the abstruse philosophy that is for the elders of the Law, he was yet the gentlest of men, and his very learning and strength were all fused into a benignant radiance that sunned the griefs of the world he had cast so far behind him.

I was glad to wander about in the quiet monastery — the little one-storied quadrangle on the side of the hill. It offered — it invited — the life of meditation, of clear thought, of delicate austerity. The noise of great events (so-called) was like the dim murmur of a shell when they reached the Wihara and the ear of Sri Siddhartha. But he heard, he noted the progress of science, even to the possibilities of aviation, because to a Buddhist saint all spheres of knowledge are one, and all nothing, in the Ocean of Omniscience.

So the people brought their grievances and troubles to the aged Archbishop. You were in the presence of a very great gentleman when you entered and found him seated, his scribe cross-legged at his feet to record what passed. The people would approach him softly and with the deepest reverence, and with permission would seat themselves on the ground at a due distance.

'Venerable Sir, we are in trouble. We seek your counsel.' That was the cry. And always, in spite of his many years, he listened and counseled and comforted.

Soon after my arrival his birthday was celebrated with much rejoicing. The Bhikkus (monks) had put up little festive bamboo arches, fluttering with split palm-leaves like ribbons, all about the Wihara, and troops of Bhikkus came to lay their homage at his feet. The roads were sunshiny with their yellow robes as they flocked in from remote places — jungle, cave-temples, and far mountains. The laity came also, crowding to see the Venerable One. He received them all with serene joy, and pursued his quiet way, thinking, reading, meditating on the Three Jewels — the Lord, the Law, and the Communion of Saints. And the Bhikkus departed, believing that he might be among them for many days.

But so it was not to be; for, a few days later, while he was sweeping the garden walks, a duty he had made his own, he felt a sudden loss of strength, and lying down, in two hours he passed painlessly away.

I was permitted to visit Sri Siddhartha as he lay in death. The room was very simple and bare. Many of his Bhikkus stood about him, and there were flowers, flowers, everywhere. Beside him burned a perfumed gum, sending up its thin blue spirals of fragrance.

I was received with perfect kindness, and especially by his favorite disciple and pupil — a young monk with a worn ascetic face, who stood in deep meditation at the head of his Master. He looked up and smiled, and raised the face-cloth that I might see, and looked down again at the brown face, calm as a mask of Wisdom with its closed lips and eyes. Even closed, they looked old — old. A Bhikku, standing by, told me that all had loved him and were be-

reaved in his going; 'But for him — he is in the Nirvana of Paradise.'

The strange phrase awoke in my mind the words of the Blessed One, and I repeated them as I stood beside that quiet sleep.

'But this, O Bhikkus, is the highest, this is the holiest wisdom — to know that all suffering has vanished away. He has found the true deliverance that lies beyond the reach of change.'

And I remembered the symbolic fresco in Ceylon, representing the Lord Buddha borne dead on a chariot in a garden. The gardener digs his grave, but the Lord awakes from death, and bids the man know he is not dead but living. The Buddha stands majestic by the open grave — the gardener recoils in fear. Death has no more dominion.

So I left Sri Siddhartha lying in the mystery where all the wisdoms are one.

In the garden, in the riot of tropical blossom and beauty, a Bhikku was standing in the perfect stillness that is a part of the discipline. He greeted me, and we spoke of my quest.

'Go,' he said, 'to Mihintale, where the Law first came to this island by the hands of Mahinda. Seek also the great Dagoba where stand the images of the Buddhas that have been and of Him who is to come. And under the Tree which is a part of that Tree beneath which the Blessed One received illumination, meditate on Truth.'

I delayed only that I might see the flames receive the discarded body of the Venerable One; and the ceremony took place next day amid a vast gathering of the people and the great companies of the Bhikkus. They flooded the ways with sunshine in every shade of yellow, from deep primrose to a tawny orange. The roads were strewn with rice like snowflakes, stamped into star-shapes. A strange, melancholy music went with us. So, climbing a steep hill, we came to the pyre, heaped with the scented and

aromatic woods of the jungles, and closed from human view by a high scaffolding draped with bright colors. On this pyre he was laid, and one of his own blood, holding a torch, applied the pure element to the wood; and, as he did so, the assembly raised a cry of 'Sadhu, Sadhu!' and with that ascription of holiness a sheet of flame swept up into the crowns of the palms, and the scent of spices filled the air. And even as the body of the Blessed One passed into gray ash, passed also the worn-out dwelling of Sri Siddhartha.

I made my way next day to a temple hollowed in the rock, the ceiling of which is frescoed with gods and heroes. It is taught that here the Canon of the Buddhist Scriptures was first committed to writing about 450 B.C. Here five hundred priests, learned in the Faith, assembled, and collating the Scriptures, chanted every word, while the scribes recorded them with stylus and palm-leaf as they heard. Burmese, Thibetans, Indians, all were present, that so the Law might be carried over Asia, and the Peace of the Blessed One be made known to men.

Here, too, the discipline was fixed. The Bhikku must not be touched by a woman's hand. He must eat but twice a day, and not after noon. He must keep the rule of the Lady Poverty as did Saint Francis. He must sleep nowhere but in Wiharas and other appointed places. And these are but a few of the commands. Yet, if the rule is too hard for him, the Bhikku may relinquish it at his will, and return to the world a free man — a fettered man, as the Master would have said, but free according to the rule of the Transient World. It is said that few accept this permission.

It took little imagination to people the silent temple with the Assembly — the keen intellectual Indian faces, the yellow robe and the bared shoulder,

seated in close ranks in the twilight of the temple. Now it was silent and empty, but a mysterious aura filled it. The buildings of men's hands pass away, but the rock, worn not at all, save where feet come and go, preserves the aspect of its great day, when it was the fountain-head of the Truth.

A solemn gladness filled the air. Surely the West is waking to the message of the East — that message, flowing through the marvelous art of China and Japan, through the deep philosophies of India, the great Scriptures of the Buddhist Faith, and many more such channels. And we who have entered the many mansions through another gate may share and rejoice in the truths that are a world-heritage.

III

It was time now that I should visit the holy places, and I took the road through the jungle, intending to stay at the little rest-houses which exist to shelter travelers. The way is green with grass in the middle; there are two tracks for wheels — narrow and little used. Even the native huts may sometimes be forty miles apart. And on either side runs the huge wall of the jungle, holding its secrets well.

Great trees, knotted with vines and dark with heavy undergrowth, shut me in. Sometimes a troop of silver-gray monkeys swept chattering overhead; sometimes a few red deer would cross the road, or a blue shrike flutter radiantly from one shelter to another. Mostly, the jungle was silent as the grave, but living, breathing, a vast and terrible personality; an ocean, and with the same illimitable might and majesty. Traveling through it, I was as a fish that swims through the green depths of water.

So I journeyed in a little bullock cart — and suddenly, abruptly, as if

dropped from heaven, sprang out of the ocean of the jungle that bathed its feet a huge cube of rock nearly five hundred feet high, with lesser rocks spilt about it that would have been gigantic were it not for the first — the famous Sigurya.

An ancient people, led by a parricide king, took this strange place and made of it a mighty fortress. They cut galleries in the living rock that, like ants, they might pass up and down unharmed from below; and on the head of the rock — a space four acres in extent — they set a king's palace and pleasure, with a bathing-tank to cool the torrid air. Then, still desiring beauty, this people frescoed the sheer planes of this precipitous rock of Sigurya with pictures that modern Sinhalese art cannot rival. These vast pictures represent a procession of royal and noble ladies to a shrine, with attendants bearing offerings. Only from the waist upward are the figures visible; they rise from clouds as if floating in the sky. The faces have an archaic beauty and dignity. One, a queen, crowned and bare-bosomed, followed by attendants bearing stiff lotus blooms, is beautiful indeed, but in no Sinhalese or Indian fashion — a face dark, exotic, and heavy-lidded, like a pale shadowed orchid. It is believed the whole rock was thus frescoed into a picture-gallery, but time and weather have taken toll of the rest.

The government has put steps and climbing rails, that the height may be reached. Half-way up is a natural flatness, and above it soars the remainder of the citadel, to be climbed only by notches cut in the rock, and hand-rails as a safeguard from the sheer fall below. And here this dead people had done a wonderful thing. They had built a lion of brick, so colossal that the head towered to the full height of the ascent. It has fallen into ruin, but

the proportion of the great cat-paws that remain indicate a beast some two hundred feet high. There is a gate between the paws, and in the old days they clambered up through the body of the lion and finally through his throat, into the daylight of the top. Only the paws are left, complete even to the little cat-claw at the back of each. Surely one of the strangest approaches in the world! Here and there the shelving of the rock overhangs the ascent, and drops of water fall in a bright crystal rain perpetually over the jungle so far below.

Standing upon the height, it was weirdly lovely to see the eternal jungle monotonously swaying and waving beneath. I thought of the strange feet that had followed these ways, with hopes and fears so like our own. And now their fortress is but a sunny day's amusement for travelers from lands unknown, and the city sitteth desolate, and the strength of their building is resumed into the heart of nature. The places where men have lived are dead indeed in their ruin, but the places where men have worshiped and lifted their hands to the Infinite are never dead. The Spirit that is Life Eternal hovers about them, and the green that binds their broken pillars is the green of an immortal hope.

The evening was now at hand, and, after the sun-steeped day, the jungle gave out its good smells, beautiful earth-warm smells like a Nature-Goddess, rising from the vast tangle of life in the mysterious depths. You may gather the flowers on their edge and wonder what the inmost flowers are like that you will never see — rich, labyrinthine, beyond all thought to paint.

The jungle is as terrible as an army with banners. Sleeping in the little rest-house when the night has fallen, it comes close up to you, creeping, leaning over you, calling, whispering, vi-

brating with secret life. A word more, — only one, — a movement, and you would know the meaning and be gathered into the heart of it; but always there is something fine, impalpable, between, and you catch but a breath of the whisper.

Very wonderful is the jungle! In the moonlight of a small clearing I saw the huge bulk of three wild elephants feeding. They vanished like wraiths into the depths. The fireflies were hosting in the air like flitting diamonds. Stealthy life and movement were about me: the jungle, wideawake and aware, moving on its own occasions.

A few days later I was at Anaradhapura. Once a million people dwelt in the teeming city. Now it is a village, but inexpressibly holy because it contains in its own temple the sacred Bodhi Tree which is an offshoot of that very Tree beneath which the Lord Buddha received the Perfect Wisdom. Ceylon desired this treasure, and they tried to break a branch from the Tree, but dared not, for it resisted the sacrilege. But the Princess Sanghamitta, in great awe and with trembling hand, drew a line of vermilion about the bough, and at that line it separated from the Tree, and the Princess planted it in perfumed earth in a golden vase, and so brought it, attended by honors human and superhuman, to Ceylon — to this place, where it still stands. It is believed to be 2230 years old.

With infinite reverence I was given two leaves, collected as they fell; and it is difficult to look on them unmoved if indeed this Tree be directly descended from that other, which sheltered the triumphant conflict with evil.

The city itself is drowned in the jungle. In the green twilight you meet a queen's palace, with reeling pillars and fallen capitals, beautiful with carved moonstones, for so are called the steps of ascent. Or lost in tangle, a

manger fifty feet long for the royal elephants, or a nobly planned bath for the queens, where it is but to close the eyes and dream that dead loveliness floating in the waters once so jealously guarded, now mirroring the wild woodways. A little creeper is stronger than all our strength, and our armies are as nothing before the silent legions of the grass.

Later, I stood before the image of that Buddha who is to come—who in the Unchanging awaits his hour: Maitreya, the Buddha of Love. A majestic figure, robed like a king, for he will be royal. In his face, calm as the Sphinx, must the world decipher its hope, if it may. Strangely, in most of his images this Savior who shall be is seated like a man of the West, not like an Asiatic, and many learned in the Faith believe that this Star shall rise in the West. May he come quickly!

IV

I set out next day for Mihintale, in a world dewy, virginal, washed with morning gold, the sun shooting bright arrows into the green shade of the trees—a cloud of butterflies lovely as little flower-angels going with me. One splendor, rose-red, velvet-black, alighted with quivering wings on the mouse-gray shoulder of the meek little bull that drew my cart.

The Hill of Mihintale rises abruptly as Sigurya from the forests, and the very air about it is holy, for it was on this great hill that Mahinda, mysteriously transported from India, alighted bewildered as one waking from a dream. Here the King, Tissa, seeing the saint seated beneath a tree, heard a voice he could not gainsay that called his name three times; and so, approaching with his nobles, he received the Teaching of the Blessed One.

The hill is climbed by wonderful

carved shallow steps, broken now, but most beautiful with an overgrowth of green. At the sides are beds of the Sensitive Plant, with its frail pink flowers. They faint and fall if touched, and here you would not even breathe roughly upon them, for the Buddhists regard the shrinking creatures as living and hold it sinful to cause such evident suffering.

Descending the gray steps, the shade and sunshine dappling his yellow robe and bared shoulder with noble color, came a priest, on his way to visit the sick of the little village. He stopped and spoke. I told him I had come from visiting the shrines of Burma, and he desired me to give him a description of some matters I had seen there. I did so, and we talked for some time, and it was then mentioned that my food, like his own, necessitated no taking of life. Instantly his whole face softened as he said that was glad news to hear. It was the fulfilling of a high commandment. Would I receive his blessing, and his prayer that the truth might enlighten me in all things? He bestowed both, and, having made his gift, went upon his way with the dignity of perfect serenity. That little circumstance of food (as some would call it) has opened many a closed door to me in Asia.

At the top of the hill is a deep shadowy rock-pool, with a brow of cliff overhanging it; and this is named the Cobra's Bath, for it is believed that in the past there was a cobra who used, with his outspread hood, to shelter the saint, Mahinda, from the torrid sun, and who was also so much a little servant of the Law that none feared and all mourned him when he passed upon his upward way in the chain of existences. Here, above the pool where he loved to lie in the clear cool, they sculptured a great cobra, with three hooded heads, rising, as it were, from the water. It was most sinuously beautiful and

looked like the work of a great and ancient people, gathering the very emblem of Fear into the great Peace. On the topmost height was the *stupa*, or shrine, of Mahinda, encasing its holy relic, and the caves where his priests dwelt and still dwell. I entered one, at the invitation of a Bhikku, an old man with singularly beautiful eyes, set in a face of wistful delicacy. He touched my engraved ring and asked what it might mean. Little enough to such as he, whose minds are winged things and flutter in the blue tranquillities far above the earth!

The caves are many, with a rock-roof so low that one cannot stand upright—a strange, dim life, it would seem, but this Bhikku spoke only of the peace of it, the calm that falls with sunset and that each dawn renews. I could not doubt this—it was written upon his every gesture. He gave me his blessing, and his prayer that I might walk forever in the Way of Peace. With such friends as these the soul is at home. Peace. It is indeed the salutation of Asia, which does not greet you with a desire for health or prosperity as in the West, but only—Peace.

I would willingly tell more of my seekings and findings in Ceylon, for they were many and great. But I pass on to the little drowsy hill-town of Budalla, where the small bungalows nest in their gardens of glorious flowers and vines. I sat in the churchyard, where the quiet graves of English and Sinhalese are sinking peacefully into oblivion. It was Sunday, with a Sabbath calm upon the world. A winding path led up to the open door of the little

English church, a sweet breeze swayed the boughs and ruffled the long grass of the graves; the butterflies, small Psyches, fluttered their parable in the air about me. A clear voice from the church repeated the Lord's Prayer, and many young voices followed. It was a service for the Sinhalese children who have been baptized into the Christian Faith. They sang of how they had been brought out of darkness and the shadow of death and their feet set upon the Way of Peace.

Surely it is so. When was that Way closed to any who sought? But because man must follow his own categorical imperative, I repeated to myself, when they were silent, the words of the poet Abdul Fazl, which he wrote at the command of the Emperor Akbar as an inscription for a Temple in Kashmir:—

O God, in every temple I see people that see Thee, and in every language they praise Thee.

If it be a mosque, men murmur the holy prayer, and if it be a Christian church they ring the bell from love to Thee.

Sometimes I frequent the Christian cloister, and sometimes the mosque, but it is Thou whom I seek from temple to temple.

Thine elect have no dealing with heresy or orthodoxy, for neither of these stands behind the screen of thy Truth.

Heresy to the heretic and religion to the orthodox!

But the dust of the rose-petal belongs to the heart of the perfume-seller.

Yes—and an ancient Japanese poet, going yet deeper, says this thing: 'So long as the mind of a man is in accord with the Truth, the Gods will hear him though he do not pray.'

GERMANY REVISITED

BY J. BENNETT NOLAN

I

A PARIS grown prosaic to those who knew it in the days of the shrill *alerte*, when the hostile avions flapped overhead, has lost something of its old charm. One involuntarily misses the boom that betokened the landing of the giant shells. I concluded that Germany, if equally profitless from the standpoint of excitement, might at least show more of interest.

The great, dimly lighted Gare de l'Est was as crowded and uncontrolled as in the days when we used to take the morning train for G.H.Q. at Chaumont. And, incidentally, it is quite as warlike since the *permissionnaires* of two armies of occupation are continually pouring through it. The half-effaced legend, 'Lignes de Mulhouse,' antedating the war of 1870, is still there. I remembered looking at it on the morning when the news came that Soissons had fallen. How hopelessly ironical it seemed when there appeared to be little likelihood that Mulhouse would ever be known by any other title than that of Mühlhausen. Now two new and proud *affiches* mark the platforms, as symbolical of victory as triumphal arches might be. One bears the words 'Metz, Trèves, Coblenz,' and the other, 'Strasbourg, Mayence, Wiesbaden.'

Instead of the Teutonic tourists in their long, woolen cloaks, who were wont to take the eastern trains in other days, there was a steady stream of athletic young soldiers in the horizon blue of the infantry, or the red fez and

khaki of the Colonials. That picturesque figure of other days, the unshaven middle-aged *poilu*, bending under the load of his pack and saucepan and extra pair of shoes, has disappeared. He has gone back to the farm and to the workshop, and in his place were these lithe fellows of the Line. A few German civilians there were, to be sure, who looked curiously at the soldiers and seemed to think that the times were sadly out of joint.

'Your luck is in,' said the sergeant in the American R.T.O. 'Usually it is hard to get a sleeping-compartment unless you have ordered it days ahead, but the boys in Coblenz are going on manoeuvres in a few days, and no leaves are being handed out.'

I got into my comfortable compartment, and knew little more until I was awakened by the Luxembourg customs officials in their high-peaked, Austrian-like hats.

My neighbor in the next compartment came out in the passageway, and, finding that I spoke German, engaged me in conversation. He had remained in his home at Saargemünde, it appeared, throughout the war, because he managed an *Eisenfabrik*, and his presence was imperative.

'I would rather have been at the front,' he said regretfully. 'Our food was so execrable, and toward the end we could hardly get a night's sleep because your fliers came so regularly.'

He went on to speak of the aerial

bombardment, contending that the actual damage, which he computed shrewdly enough, was trifling in comparison with the gigantic scope and cost of the effort; and that the greatest damage done was to the shattered nerves of the workers in the *Kriegsfabriken*, who could not work properly after a disturbing night.

'I know exactly,' he said, 'because one of your American officers was quartered with me directly after the Armistice. It was his business to check up the damage done by the Allied fliers and he was amazed to find there was so little. Take the aniline plant in Ludwigshaven, which your newspapers claimed was so heavily damaged: it was scarcely even struck.'

His conclusion was that in which the best judgment of England has lately come to concur, namely, that the measures of defense did not increase in proportion to the means of aerial aggression. The elaborate barrage which protected Mannheim and Frankfurt would not have sufficed to prevent their virtual destruction by the Allied fliers, had the war lasted a few more months. Similarly, the comparative immunity enjoyed by London and Paris in the last weeks of the war was due not so much to the defensive systems, efficacious though they were, but rather to the breakdown in the German morale. My fellow traveler set up for an authority on Zeppelins, and stated that their failure was due to their extreme vulnerability to explosive bullets. With the use of helium, a non-inflammable gas, he considered that the Zeppelin would be a far more effective agent of destruction than the aeroplane.

By this time we were rolling through the beautiful valley of the Saar, which has lately loomed so large on the troubled political horizon. My companion was at the expense of some sar-

casm concerning the Allied nations who, while purporting to fight for Democracy, had turned over a district in which ninety-five per cent of the people were Germans, to French control. Having just come from the tortured city of Rheims, two days before, I was in no humor to be lectured by a Boche, and reminded him rather sharply that the French control was for a limited period only, to the end of securing the coal-supply. I invited him to visit the devastated Aisne Valley before criticizing any steps which the Allied powers had taken in Germany. This caused somewhat of a coldness between us, and he left me at Trier with a very gruff 'Guten Morgen.'

The great Bahnhof at Trier seemed unchanged except for the tricolor floating over the office of the *major de cantonnement*, and the number of French soldiers of all branches of service. German uniforms, of course, there were none; but by a special indulgence promulgated some days before by the Rhineland Commission, the display of the German flag was again permitted. What the Republican flag is, or whether there is any, I never discovered; but the old *Schwarz, Weiss, und Rot* was in evidence at many of the windows

II

The train pursued its way, following the sinuities of the beautiful Moselle, and finally brought us into the teeming Bahnhof of Coblenz. Here all was American and khaki-clad and business-like. The military police, with their long batons, paced the platforms.

At the hotel, the embarrassments of the vanquished were brought home to me when the proprietor asked me if I were American. Only Americans, it appeared, military or civil, were to be quartered at the best of the river-front hotels. A German fellow traveler had

the mortification of being told to seek a less comfortable hostelry on a side street. *Væ victis!*

My bedroom was placarded with warnings that were in themselves evidence of the weakening of moral fibre in a nation which had once been regarded as an exemplar in the homelier virtues. One was advised not to put one's boots outside of the door at night, and to keep baggage continually under surveillance, and was even warned of the prevalence of venereal diseases. I had noticed in the railroad stations how the associations for *Versicherungs Reisegepäck*, or protection of baggage against theft, had multiplied. Then, too, there was the flaunting of certain forms of vice whose publicity would not have been tolerated in the old days.

The Rhine embankment, with its noble terraces and *allées*, shimmered in the sunshine of that lovely August day. The stately municipal buildings, now occupied by the Allied Rhineland Commission, the glowing flood of the broad river, the bridge of boats, the castled crag of Ehrenbreitstein, confronted me as they did Childe Harold on just such a day, a century since. Only now, from the highest point of the storied castle, floated an enormous and singularly beautiful American flag, an earnest of victory and an emblem of defiance in the clear autumnal air.

The American Occupation at Coblenz, albeit complete and effectual, is the shadow of a shade. 'You should have seen the place when the boys were here,' said the doughboy who drove me out in his camion to the great outlying fortress of Feste Franz. 'The M.P.'s had their hands full, I can tell you. Now we are all fat as butter from this lazy life. This here fortress, now: she is all mined by our engineers and ready to go up some time this fall, when the other Rhine forts are demolished. We get along pretty well with the Boches;

but then we know how to treat them. If a Boche tries to take up too much of the sidewalk, we just push him out into the street.'

The centre of activity in Coblenz, at the present moment, is the great group of buildings on the Rhine embankment. Here float the flags of the Great Powers that make up the Commission. An army of clerks inhabits the ornate rooms; the sentries of four armies pass before its doors. Conscientious German policemen keep order in the crowd of idle onlookers, and salute punctiliously with the passing of each Allied officer.

The city of Blücher and Moreau is ludicrously Americanized, to those who knew it in other days. Chewing-gum and Camel cigarettes are displayed in the windows. The street gamins pester one in very tolerable English slang. A baseball schedule is displayed on the great bulletin board in the Schloss Platz; and in contrast to the homesickness which featured the closing days of the A.E.F. in France, no one in Coblenz seemed to wish to go home.

'Live we not here a pleasant life betwixt the sun and shade,'

quoted one of the officers who knew his Thackeray. The spectre of an arid America seemed to loom with nameless terror.

The train for Wiesbaden was as crowded as in the old tourist days. A French general, resplendent in gold-embroidered oak-leaves, preceded me, accompanied by his orderly. They inquired as to the platform for Mayence. 'It is there, *mon général*,' said one of the *Eisenbahn Angestellten* in excellent French. But I heard him mutter to the ticket-puncher that the name had been Mainz at one time, and might soon be so again.

Opposite to me, in the crowded compartment, sat three alert middle-aged Germans, who appraised me with practised eye. The habit of cutting the

hair quite close has somehow survived the war, and often gives that peculiar animal-like appearance which suggests the typical German physiognomy of the great Dutch caricaturist. I knew at once that my vis-à-vis had seen military service, and they accosted me as an American. We chatted amiably enough until we came below St. Goar and observed a company of French engineers throwing a pontoon bridge across the river. I innocently asked if this were not the place where Blücher had made his famous crossing in 1813. They answered that it was, and then, evidently moved by the contrast, broke into invective against the rigor of the Allies, the duplicity of the Americans, and the stupidity of their own leaders, who, they alleged, had brought them to so sorry a pass.

'Look at me,' exclaimed the younger and most soldierly appearing of the three. 'I have worn the King's coat for fourteen years. I had been artillery officer at Plauen since 1906. Now I am turned off, a broken man, glad to get an obscure clerkship in Frankfort. We could not have been worse off if we had fought to the end. But it was your Wilson who tricked us, with his fine protestations and his fourteen points. If only we had not been such dupes as to give up our weapons and our railroads!'

We passed a freight train moving on the up track. 'Do you see that hay?' he continued. 'Do you know where it is going? To France. They have taken our milk-cows while our children starve; they have taken our best locomotives, which they cannot even use, and now they want our grain. If only we had stood shoulder to shoulder and said, "Lassen sie uns nur kommen."'

The second man, whom I found to be a wine merchant from Bodenbach, began, with more moderation, to discuss the stringency of the times. 'I must

pay my people three times as much as in 1913, but they will not work. During the war they became accustomed to periods of two or three weeks of intense endeavor, followed by months of inactivity. It has ruined them. And then the French will give me no sugar, and I cannot properly prepare my wine. We have a good fruit harvest, particularly in apples, but without sugar they will all be wasted.'

Now we were passing Bacharach. In mid-stream steamed two rakish, light-draught torpedo-boats, each with a wicked gun mounted on the foredeck. They were units of the Flotille Rhénane, with which the French police the river. Opposite the Bahnhof was a storehouse now used as a barracks by the occupying army. Above the roof fluttered the beautiful tricolor, and beside it some strange green ensign of the Prophet. From each window appeared swarthy faces under red fezes; before the door paced a gigantic Moroccan sentry. My companions regarded the Colonials with gloomy eye, and began to tell me of their misdeeds, rapes, and tyrannies, and of the still wilder Senegalese who had preceded them.

'The French might at least have garrisoned us with civilized troops,' said the ex-artillery officer.

I told him, not too mincingly, that I might have had more sympathy with him if I had not the week previous been in the Champagne; and suggested that the native French might well be needed at home to restore a countryside which his countrymen had so hideously ravaged.

A palpable hit, this, for he could only mutter something about 'Krieg ist Krieg.'

The third traveler, who had said little, began now to discuss the war, showing a correctness of information that seems to be the attribute of every educated German, and that causes one

to marvel that so shrewd a people should have committed so many and such grave blunders in the conduct of the war. Like most of his countrymen, however, he had no conception of the American standpoint.

'The mistake we made in America,' said he, 'was in allowing the newspapers to be bought up by the English. We should have floated a big loan in your country. If your money had been invested with us in any great quantity, you would never have entered the war.' Again, speaking of the end of the conflict, 'We were beaten from within; it all seemed so hopeless. Those who had come home to work for the allotted period in the munition factories refused to go back to the front. The men grew to hate their officers. The whole world seemed to be against us.'

I was curious to see how he had viewed the shocking poltroonery that had sent out a much-vaunted navy, under a white flag, to surrender to their arch enemies. This amazing proceeding, however, had apparently left him quite cold. It was certain destruction to fight, he said; if a surrender was to be made, as well do it thoroughly. I began dimly to see that the real elements of national greatness were wanting in a folk who could reason so callously where the honor of the entire people was concerned.

My three companions expressed themselves quite freely as to the payment of the war-indemnity and were unanimously of the opinion that no indemnity would ever be paid. Indeed, I never spoke to any German during my stay in their country who professed to believe that it would be paid, even in part.

III

We crossed the Rhine and rolled into the great ornate Bahnhof, built for the loveliest and most cosmopolitan of the

German watering-places. I recalled Wiesbaden as I had left it six years before, on the first feverish day of the mobilization. I remembered the tumult and the excitement, the quays heaped high with pyramids of trunks of belated tourists, the continual clanging of the church-bells. What a change now from the well-ordered state of other days! The platforms were unscrubbed and littered with paper. The beautiful bluish-glass roof was grimy. Of the host of deferential porters in former times not one appeared to take my bag. Near the ticket-gate we must turn to avoid a row of French soldiers sleeping on the stone floor.

My driver told me that Wiesbaden was full, that the Allied officers from Köln and Coblenz brought much custom, but that prices were high, and that the once conservative city was drifting into the control of the Spartacists. He carried me to my destination smartly enough, and I gave him a generous fare in German currency, which, if exchanged into our money, would about equal the tip that a New York cabbie would expect for a similar service.

The luxurious Rose is one of the few larger hotels which the French have not taken over. The befrogged porter, sadly altered from the pompous demeanor of other days, received me with a rueful smile. He had served four years, it appeared, and had been three times wounded. Business was returning, but very slowly, and 'Es heist arbeiten,' he observed hopefully.

I secured a room for an absurdly trivial figure in my American exchange, and ascended to the glass-enclosed terrace, through which had flowed the gay life of other days. At that corner table, in 1914, I had seen the last of the Orleanist princes, the Pretender, who had magnanimously volunteered in the first days of the war to fight as a private

under the three-colored flag so abhorrent to his family. The table was occupied now by the American Commandant and his staff, come over from Coblenz for the day. His four-starred automobile stood outside, the only one of a long line which were usually parked there. Some English officers sat chatting at another table, and a group of commercial travelers at a third. Save for these, the great sunny terrace was deserted.

I deposited my bag, left the place where so many crowding memories were fast driving me into a fit of depression, and walked over to the gardens of the Koch Brunnen. The Anlagen lay shimmering and beautiful in the August sunshine, but the gates are open now. The French Commission has decreed that the health-giving waters shall be distributed without ticket or fee, except on the occasion of a concert.

The once plethoric gate-keeper was in his place, and recognized me immediately. He had stayed at home, but had also borne his particular cross, as was evident from his shrunken figure. 'Sehen sie nur an,' he exclaimed, as he stretched out his vest to show me how he had fallen from the corporeal estate of other days. I tried to console him by telling him that he looked much improved; but he only shook his head in doubtful fashion and began to tell me how ominous was the food-situation. The restrictions on the use of grain were still in force, and the bread was a wretched oily substance, differing little from the *Kriegsbrot*. Profiteering was on a gigantic scale, and was held in bounds only by the threats of the Spartacists. Only the week before, the shopkeepers had demanded six marks each for eggs. The Spartacists had risen and broken into the food-shops. Now eggs were back to the old price of four marks each.

I continued on my way to the famous

eye-hospital, where I had dwelt before the war. The names of the streets, I noticed, had been reposted in French. The 'Markt Platz' was now the 'Place du Marché,' and — crowning irony — the splendid 'Wilhelmstrasse' had been rechristened as the 'Rue Guillaume.' This was the street on which daily, in the first week of May, I had been accustomed to see the War Lord ride out for his promenade in the Taunus Wald. I recalled his brilliant train and the mounted lackeys who bore the great baskets into which the complaisant monarch heaped the bouquets that a devoted people presented. How imposing he looked on horseback, and with what easy affability he was wont to acknowledge the enthusiasm of his loyal subjects. And now he was drawing out a morose and dishonored exile, biting his fingers at destiny. This very street bore an alien name, and echoed to the marching steps of his hereditary foes. Had he shown himself upon it, his life would hardly have been safe from those same citizens who had once worshiped him almost as a god.

The renowned *Augen Klinik* seemed as scrupulously clean and well-ordered as ever. Through its doors, in the last decade, had passed many notabilities, seeking relief for distressed vision at the hand of the Master. I remembered how, on this pavement, old King Leopold was wont to pace up and down, early in the morning, waiting for the doors to open and admit him for his consultation. The door-man (a new face — poor Franz, the old porter, had fallen at Armentières) looked at me in some surprise. The Herr Doctor was engaged, but would see me shortly.

I walked upstairs and was joyfully received in the spotless diet kitchen, where I drank thin coffee and listened to the news. The war, it appeared, was a hideous nightmare of bad food and long exhausting hours, punctuated by

the alarm of nightly aeroplane raids on Mainz. The poor girls looked worn and haggard, and bore the uneasy, furtive expression which I noticed on so many faces in Germany. It seemed to hint at a future which bore little hope. 'We can hardly clothe ourselves on what we earn now,' said Minna. 'We earn three hundred marks a month, but the government takes a hundred and twenty of that in taxes, so you see there is not much left. And a decent pair of shoes costs six hundred marks.'

Word came that the Doctor was ready to see me, and I descended to his private office. I was astonished at the change in his appearance. This was the man whom the physicians of the great Empress Queen had called to England during her last sickness, to pass upon some defects in her vision, and who, report said, had been the first to discover that the august patient was dying and beyond human aid. Now he stood before me, thin and pallid; his clothes were shiny and worn. Although he greeted me cordially enough, it was evident that the iron had entered his soul.

He spoke of the war and of the shame and bitterness which it entailed. 'Sad times indeed! I can no longer afford to conduct my Klinik on the old lines, and yet my German patients are unable to pay me more than formerly. My English patients are returning; some are living here now and more will come. But I cannot take them at the old rates, nor can I have one rate for the Germans and another for the English and Americans. One of your American houses has asked me to come over for three months, they to arrange my consultations and take ten per cent of the fees. But I will not go while I must hang my head. When we Germans are reinstated in your public opinion, then, perhaps —'

He spoke of the military occupation without any attempt to conceal his

chagrin. 'The French take our all and we are powerless to prevent it. If the French commandant wishes my house, my goods, or my wife, he can do as he pleases. You remember how clean and decent this city used to be? Now it is full of official brothels and low dance-halls. They have garrisoned us with African troops, who know no law but their own lust. Only last week a young girl was found raped and murdered, outside of their barracks. Their officers make inquiries, but it seems no one is punished.'

He then began to detail to me the various and vexatious restrictions which were imposed upon the citizens. While listening, I was wondering whether he was aware of the fact that the French had simply taken the German proclamations which they had found in Lille and in the Belgian cities and retranslated them for use in the Rhineland. However, I could see nothing to gain by an argument, and we parted in friendly fashion.

I had a commission to perform in the older section of the city, and asked Teresa, gentlest and kindest of nurses, to go with me. As we walked along, she told me of the thousands of blinded officers who had passed through the Augen Klinik, and of the work and the suffering. She feared that the coming generation would be much weakened by the strain of five years of insufficient rationing.

'We will walk by the Röderstrasse,' she said, 'and you can see for yourself.'

I had known the Röderstrasse as a working-class quarter, teeming with life and overflowing with children. The children were still there, but many of them wan and stunted. In the central part of the city, where are the shops and the great hotels, the effects of the war are to be estimated only by such trivial tokens as shabby clothing, paper linen, and the absence of silver. Here,

in the poor man's house, the real result of the four years' blockade upon the development of the nation could best be observed. Children who were ten years old looked to be seven or eight. Many of the little faces were pinched; fat, rosy baby legs were scarcely to be seen.

'We have practically no milk,' continued Teresa, 'and not much chance of getting any for some months. It is a bad outlook for the very young and the very old, for these must have milk. It was a bitter day for us when we knew that the French were to come. It was raining hard on the day that they marched in, and everyone stayed indoors behind drawn curtains.'

By this time we had come the length of the mediaeval Markt Platz, the centre of the old town. A strain of wild Oriental music came to our ears, and we knew by the gathering crowd that the daily ceremony of the changing of the guard was about to take place. The Markt Platz is flanked on one side by the Archducal Palace where the Emperor was wont to reside when he visited Wiesbaden. This is now the residence of the French Commander-in-Chief. Opposite is the stately old Rathaus. Above its Gothic portal still flaunts the erstwhile haughty motto:—

Wer im Kriege will unglück ha'en
Fängt ihn mit den Preussen an.

Some military cynic on the staff of the occupying army had allowed this in-

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scription to remain when many of the other legends were effaced. It is a biting commentary to a proud people, forced to pass beneath it in their daily life and to reflect upon the shortness of shine of human promise.

On the steps of the palace were the regimental commander and his staff, who stood at attention beneath the flag of France, while the officers of the day paced to and fro with drawn swords. Beyond them were three files of Algerian infantry, in red fezes, with abnormally long bayonets. These were drawn from the very border of the Great Desert, and had formed a part of the famous Division de Fer. Next was the regimental band, of trumpets and shrill African bagpipes. To each trumpet was attached a green pennon, embroidered in Arabic characters. Before the beginning of the tune, the tambour-major waved the cadence with a huge brass crescent; the lean, swarthy arms shot up in unison; the green banners waved, and then the barbaric strains of 'Sidi-Brahim' rang through the mediaeval German square.

I looked about me into the faces of the crowd. A nation's cup of gall was being drained to the bitter dregs. I glanced down at Teresa and saw that there were tears in her eyes. We turned aside and left the Markt Platz, pondering as we went on the mutation of earthly greatness.

LENIN

BY ALEXANDER KUPRIN¹

VLADIMIR ILYICH ULIANOV was born in 1870. He is a nobleman, the son of a landowner in the Government of Simbirsk. He was educated at the Simbirsk Gymnasium and the Kazan University. He joined a revolutionary party while still a student. Early in his life he was arrested and exiled. Then he went abroad and spent the greater part of his mature life outside of Russia. He wrote, under the pseudonyms of Ilyin, Tulin, and Lenin, almost exclusively in the revolutionary journals published in Geneva. At the time of the revolution of 1905, he was in Petrograd, but had no important part in the events of that period, for the movement then was of purely proletarian character, and the workmen regarded the intelligentsia with mistrust and hostility.

He was one of the first to embrace the Marxian theory, and at the very beginning found himself at the extreme left wing of the movement. When the fatal split occurred in the Social-Democratic party, Lenin became the prophet and the leader of Bolshevism.

He was still a boy when his elder brother was executed for taking part in the assassination of Alexander II. What impression this produced on him it is impossible to tell: there are no biographical data on this subject. But there is no doubt that, even if this incident alone did not color his hatred for the ruling class with a personal hue, it could not but have deepened it.

¹ Translated from the Russian by Leo Pasvolksky.

Concerning his childhood and youth I have two bits of personal testimony.

The first is furnished by the poet, Apollon Korinfsky, who was his classmate at the gymnasium. According to his account, Ulianov was serious and gloomy as a boy; he always kept to himself, never took part in common games. He was always a good student, usually the first in his class. There is one thing about him that the poet remembers clearly, perhaps through personal experience: Ulianov never prompted his neighbor, never permitted any of his classmates to copy his lessons, never helped any of them by an explanation of a difficult lesson. He was not liked, yet no one ever dared to tease him. So he passed through all the eight years of the gymnasium, always alone, awkward in his motions, serious, a wolfish light gleaming under his eyebrows.

The poet and critic Nevyedomsky knew him as a university student. At that time his character had already become quite set: straightforward, cruel, utterly lacking in feeling. Personal friendship and intimacy never attracted him. He shunned all escapades and even innocent sport. At the meetings of student societies, he never pushed forward, never became excited or began to argue. He waited until the rest of the young orators, wearied with their zeal, wound up against the eternal wall of all Russian discussions: 'You are talking nonsense, comrade!' — 'Oh, no, it is you, comrade, who are absurd!' Then he would ask for permission to speak, and would express his opinion

with cold logic, tersely and clearly. And although his opinion was always extreme, at times individual, he knew how to win over to his side the decision of the group.

It must be said that logic is not always convincing to a hundred young, hot, liberty-loving heads, and it was not his logic that constituted the secret of Lenin's success. Nor did that secret lie in personal fascination, for he never aroused in his classmates either sympathy or enmity. His success was due to the fact that even at that time there existed for him nothing sacred and holy, no lofty dream: he was never touched by inspiring though high-sounding words, by a beautiful though useless gesture, by a playful though one-sided comparison, by a sudden historic analogy, thought out on the spur of the moment and convincing on the face of it, though lacking in historic accuracy. In his narrow, cold, and clear mind there was no room for that which constitutes the joy and the beauty of youth — for imagination. He always reminded one of a serious, mature mathematician who comes to a group of boys making childish attempts to solve by means of home-made methods the problem of the square of the circle, or of perpetual motion; he smiles at their efforts, takes a paper and pencil, and in a few moments demonstrates the uselessness and the aimlessness of their task; then he goes away, leaving them disappointed, but convinced and contrite.

Yet there is not a monomaniac who, no matter what mastery he has over his will-power, does not at one time or another divulge his inner thought, his sole guiding idea. So it was with young Lenin. He always became excited, enthusiastic, even picturesque in his speech, when he had occasion to speak of the future seizure of governmental authority, at that time by the people,

not by the proletariat. According to Nevvedomsky, it was evident that for days at a stretch, perhaps during sleepless nights, alone with himself, he was working out plans for seizing the government — thinking them out, step by step, in every detail; forestudying all possibilities and eventualities.

Passing over a number of years, we see Lenin, in 1901, 1907, and 1908, taking part in armed expropriations. Those were his first attempts to pass from vision to actuality, from theory to practice. It was as if a young wolfhound, no longer a pup, but still too young for actual chase, were trying his strength and his cruelty on sheep and other dogs, letting alone the frogs and the chickens that were his concern in his puppyhood. According to men who knew Lenin well at this time of his life, he exhibited unusual resourcefulness, coupled with carefulness and foresight. His personal courage has always been very doubtful. Perhaps he simply took care of himself, as the guiding force, the most delicate part of the revolutionary dynamo!

Very often I have heard men who are opposed to the Bolsheviks, both those who understand what is going on and those who understand nothing at all, express the same stupid notion: —

‘What do they care, all these Lenins, Trotskys, Zinovievs, Gorkys, and the rest? They get lots of money from the Germans and the Jews, and nothing else matters. They have all they want to eat, live in palaces, ride in automobiles. If their cause fails, they will all run away, to some other country. They all have millions in foreign banks, and then they will live in peace and luxury in their own villas, somewhere in the South.’

Such people, and they are the majority among the enemies of the Bolsheviks, remind me of the legend about the Little Russian peasant, who is supposed to have said, —

'If I were the Tsar, I would eat nothing but bacon, and I would sleep on bacon, and use bacon for a cover. And then I'd steal a hundred roubles and run away.'

And when I hear people talk about these German-Jewish millions, I always want to say to them, —

'My dear fellows, if your imagination cannot carry you any further than that, then I am sure that you are moved by nothing but envy. I can wager that, if you should read a report about a murder in which the murderer did not get what he expected, you would say, "What a fool! Why, he had only two kopeks in his pocket and a crust of bread in his bag. To kill a man just for that!" And if not "just for that"? Suppose there was a million dollars in the bag? Or suppose he had arranged things so that no traces would be left? Eh? What are you thinking about now, my ferocious anti-Bolshevist and counter-revolutionary?'

I do not speak of Zinoviev. His pampered nature organically requires chicken cutlets and caviar and expensive wines. And Zinoviev is so necessary for giving depth to the revolution. I do not speak of Gorky, Shaliapin, Lunacharsky. They are aesthetes, they are the priests of eternal art; they should be safeguarded from exhausting duties of everyday toil and placed under special conditions.

I speak of Lenin. He wants nothing. He is moderate in his food; he does not drink; he does not care where he lives; he is not particularly fond of women; he is a tolerably good husband; you cannot offer him a thirty-carat diamond of the most exquisite purity as a present without being spurned with the most contemptuous of smiles.

People without imagination cannot conceive or believe that there is another temptation, greater than all the material temptations in the world —

the temptation of power. For power, the most fearsome of crimes are committed. It was of power that someone said, that it is like sea-brine — the more you drink, the thirstier you are. Here is a prize worthy of Lenin.

But there is power *and* power.

The Little Russian peasant, continuing the story we began above, said, —

'And if I were the Tsar, I would sit in the street and hit in the face everyone who passed by.'

This is the highest manifestation of power, the most central affirmation of the ego.

Alas! even such wise men as Kerensky and Trotsky (I offer my apologies to Mr. Trotsky for bracketing his name with the other) have not escaped this naïve greed of power. From the end of February to the end of April all we heard was, 'I, Kerensky; I, a lawyer and a Socialist-Revolutionist; I, the Minister of Justice; I, the Supreme Commander-in-Chief; my address is the Winter Palace.' Trotsky rules more energetically, in the picturesque Biblical style: he demolishes houses and cities to their foundations and scatters the bricks to the four corners of the earth; he dooms to death unto the third generation; he punishes by fire and water. Yet (it must be instinctive tact) he never says, 'I,' but always, 'We.' But after his speeches in Petrograd or Moscow, the Communists would carry him out in triumph, and he would sit there, on his moving pedestal, calm and composed, extending his hairy hands to be kissed.

However, an 'I' squandered is no longer an 'I.' Of all the world's poets, Pushkin alone caught the essence, the apogee of power, when he created the image of his 'Miserly Knight.' To rule, while remaining outwardly powerless; to preserve in one's dungeon or in one's soul the potentiality of power, unhandled by the vulgar, unseized by

history, as a great inventor dreamed of compressing into a platinum vessel a bit of explosive that could blow up the whole world; to know that *I can*, and to think proudly, *I do not wish*—such power is a great delicacy and it is not for the vulgar.

And in Lenin, not the one whom I am trying to picture, but the real, living Lenin, there are gleams of these heroic features. It was so that he made great preparations to elevate to the post of President of the Soviet Republic M. Kalinin, a simple, ordinary man, who would be a will-less marionette in Lenin's hands. When his fiftieth birthday was celebrated, he was somewhere in the clouds—all the time that Comrade Lunacharsky and Comrade Nogin compared him with Marx, and Comrade Gorky, with tears in his eyes, announced to the world that Peter the Great was just a tiny Lenin, who is more of a genius, more of a figure of universal history, than the barbarous Tsar. And when the agitators' jaws grew weary with their exertions, Lenin came out, dressed, as always, neatly, modestly, and unpretentiously, smiled at them with his customary slightly contemptuous smile, and said,—

'Thank you for sparing me the necessity of listening to your speeches. And my advice to you is not to spend so much time in unnecessary talk.'

To rule unseen, to make the whole world dance and ascribe the music to the world proletariat, this must be, indeed, an exciting subject for thought, when you lie alone in bed and are certain that no one will overhear you.

I can understand very readily an incident like the following.

Lenin comes out of his modest quarters in the Commandant's wing of the Kremlin Palace, into the hall where a conference is in progress. The crowd is obsequious before him. There are no bows, only sweaty hand-shakes and

smiles of dog-like loyalty. The words 'Comrade Lenin' have an inflection of greater abjectness than the words 'Your Majesty' ever had.

'Comrade Lenin, strictly speaking, only two men now decide the fate of the world—you and Wilson.'

And Lenin hurries past, dropping carelessly, as if absentmindedly,—

'Yes, but what has Wilson to do with it?'

But there is an ultimate form of power over the world, the greatest, the mightiest of all: it is the translation of a word, a naked idea, a precept or fantastic vision, into actuality, its incarnation in flesh and blood, in artistic images. Such power comes either from God or from the devil, and its possessors either create or destroy. Those who create work in the image of the Greatest Creator: everything they do is instinct with goodness and beauty. But at times the Black One dons white robes; and it is in his ability to do this, perhaps, that lies his greatest power and greatest menace. Was it not in the name of Christ that we had the inquisitions, the night of St. Bartholomew, the religious persecutions, the bloody monstrosities of sectarianism?

Lenin is not a genius; he is only moderately able. He is not a prophet; only an ugly evening shadow of a prophet. He is not a great leader: he lacks fire, the legendary fascination of a hero; he is cold, and prosaic, and simple, like a geometrical figure. With his whole being he is a theoretician, a passionless chess-player. Following in the footsteps of Marx, he carries out that cruel, stone-like teaching to its absurd results, and constantly tries to overstep even that limit. In his personal and intimate character there is not a single outstanding feature: they have all disappeared in political struggles and polemics; in the one-sidedness of his thought. But in his ideology

he is a Russian sectarian. Only those amazing Russian seekers after God and truth, those savage interpreters of the dead letter, could have translated separate expressions in the Gospel into their monstrous and absurd ceremonies and rites: into castration, self-burning, and their other atrocious practices. Marx is supreme for Lenin. There is not a speech of Lenin's in which he does not represent his Messiah as the immovable centre of the universe. But there is no doubt that, if Marx could have looked from *there* upon Lenin and his sectarian Asiatic Bolshevism, he would have repeated again his now famous phrase, 'Pardon, monsieur, je ne suis pas Marxiste.'

Beauty and art do not exist for Lenin. He has never been interested in the question why some people are moved to ecstatic joy by Beethoven's Sonata, or a Rembrandt painting, or the Venus of Milo, or Dante's poetry. Listening to such effusions, he would say with the condescending smile of a grown-up man speaking to children, 'Men sometimes waste their time on trifles. All these works of art that you speak of — what relation do they bear to the class-struggle and the future power of the proletariat?'

He is equally indifferent to separate human acts. The most despicable of crimes and the loftiest flights of the spirit are just simple, irrelevant facts. For him there is nothing either beautiful or repulsive. There is only the useful and the necessary. Human personality is nothing; the clash of class-interests and the struggle between classes is everything.

One night, five youths, almost boys, were brought to him in his room at the Smolny. Their crime consisted in the fact that an officer's epaulette had been found in their possession during a search. Neither at the Soviet nor at the Tribunal could they decide what

to do with them. Some insisted that they should be let go; others wanted them shot; still others wanted them detained till the morning. What would Comrade Lenin say?

Without interrupting his writing, Lenin moved his head slightly toward them and said, —

'Why do you bother me with such trifles? I am busy. Do anything you think necessary with them.'

This is simplicity — almost innocence. But this innocence is more terrifying than all the gruesome massacres of Trotsky and Dzerzhinsky. This is the quiet innocence of 'Moral Idiocy.'

Every Socialistic precept must contain a grain of love and respect for man. Lenin jeers at such sentimentalism. 'Only hatred, self-interest, fear, and hunger move the great masses,' he says to himself. But only to himself, for he knows when to be silent.

Red newspapermen sometimes try to create an image of Lenin as the father of the people, a kindly, good-natured, bald-headed 'Ilyich.' But these attempts always fail. The bald-headed Ilyich loves no one and needs no one's friendship. The task he has set before himself calls for the power of the proletariat, achieved through hatred, death, and destruction. He does not care how many 'comrades' may perish in the bloody water. And even if half of the proletariat perish, breaking their heads against that mighty rock up the slope of which billions of men have been laboriously and sacrificially climbing for hundreds of years, while the other half finds itself in the grip of slavery such as had never been dreamed of before, he, this cross between Caligula and Arakcheyev, will calmly wipe his surgeon's knife on his apron, and say, 'The diagnosis was correct, the operation was performed faultlessly, but the autopsy showed it to be premature. Let us wait another three hundred years.'

THE FUTURE OF RELIGION IN CHINA

BY PAUL HUTCHINSON

I

AN immense amount of material concerning the religious situation in China is being printed in the West just now. The efforts to secure more than fifty million dollars in a single year for Christian missions in this new Republic require this publicity. Most of it I have read; some of it I have written. And all of it leaves me with the fear that the thought of the West is not being clarified, either as to the present religious situation in China, or as to the portents now discernible. Perhaps this is because it is so easy to have a vigorous part in the religious development now taking place in this nation without ever comprehending the forces at work.

No man knows enough about the religious situation throughout China to speak dogmatically as to its details. Should I make the general assertion that Taoism is declining, witnesses will arise to declare that in certain sections it is the most flourishing form of worship. Should I tell of a Buddhist revival, other witnesses can speak at first-hand of fast-crumbling temples and derided priests. In this vast stretch of country, with its poor communications, we can know only in part and can testify confidently only in part. When one sets out to generalize, he does so at his own peril. The only consolation is that it is almost impossible to disprove any statement, for, however fantastical, it is probably in accord with the facts in some part of the land.

Yet, after an experience admittedly

circumscribed, I am convinced that there are certain main currents which are running through the religious life of China to-day, sweeping us toward certain goals that we may begin to see with considerable clearness, if we will but look. Some of these goals are not ones toward which many have thought the tide would bear us.

Any discussion of religion in China inevitably forms itself about the three religions — Confucianism, Buddhism, Taoism. Most Chinese (especially the 'modern' group) will strenuously deny to Confucianism the right to be called a religion. In theory they are undoubtedly correct, but in practice it is necessary to continue to study it in the familiar category. To the three should be added at least three others — Animism, Mohammedanism, Christianity. In large measure Taoism and Animism have become inextricably intermingled.

The somnolence which seems to have befallen Confucianism should not deceive anyone as to its power. The philosophy which has moulded a civilization for 2500 years is not going to pass away in a decade. It is true that the attempted Confucian revival of 1915-1916 was not a success, and that, except in a few spots, it has largely spent its aggressiveness. It is true that in many places the annual Confucian sacrifices are carried through in a purely perfunctory manner, or even omitted entirely. But that does not affect the fact that Confucianism, with its doctrine

of the golden mean and its morality designed to bring reward in this life, underlies the thinking of every Chinese who thinks at all. The missionary who works in China to-day must reckon with Confucianism just as the early church had to reckon with the philosophies of the Græco-Roman world. Adjustments are as inevitable as were those that gave Neo-Platonism such an influence in moulding Christian doctrine. They will work as powerfully in what may be called the ruder aspects of Confucianism, like ancestor-worship, as in the higher realms of thought where only the scholars walk.

It is easy to write of the lack of understanding of Confucianism on the part of the masses of the Chinese. It is, of course, inevitable that a largely illiterate population should have only the haziest sort of notion of a system of thought which has been carefully safeguarded from contact with the vulgar tongue. It is probable, however, that the average Chinese has as much knowledge of the Confucian classics as the average peasant in any one of a half-dozen Christian countries has of the Bible. And, however great the lack of literal knowledge, the fact is that the general Confucian attitude toward life is a part of the heritage of China, and is probably the one fixed point in her civilization. Until you change that civilization, and change it fundamentally, you have Confucianism with which to deal. And any fundamental change in the civilization of a quarter of the world's population is not an order to be lightly undertaken.

Buddhism came to China as a foreign religion, and has suffered terribly at periods during its nineteen centuries in the land. Perhaps the best thing that could happen to Buddhism to-day would be to suffer some more. For the fate has largely befallen Buddhism that awaits any religion which becomes rich

in houses and lands and offers a formal substitute for a vital spiritual experience. It is impossible to deny the validity of the spiritual experiences which have come to the Buddhist saints. Even to-day the sympathetic searcher will find within the monasteries a few sweet and simple spirits, the purity of whose lives and the ardor of whose religious passion might well be copied by many Christians. And so long as Buddhism can produce such lives *at all* it is entitled to respectful consideration.

Unfortunately for China, such fruits of Buddhism are the exception rather than the rule. With a reputed total of two million priests, it is only here and there, and by patient searching, that men can be found who are not lazy, not ignorant, not mercenary, and even not impure. The worship in the Buddhist temples is generally a mere formality, and while it makes its appeal to the senses, if properly conducted, it has very little to offer an inquiring mind.

Buddhism, in fact, has come largely to trade upon the fears of the people. The worshipers in its temples are there to avert disaster, or to repay vows made when disaster threatened, or to secure advice as to lucky and unlucky enterprises. Unworthy priests long ago discovered that the easiest way to extract money was to threaten with disaster, and the worship has, in many places, become as much a playing upon the fear of eternal torment as some degraded forms of Christianity.

A curious attitude toward Buddhism is to be found in many parts of China to-day. While in some cities, such as Hangchow, there is in process a determined effort to reform and revive the worship, in many others the shiftlessness and ignorance of the priests have become proverbial, and the temples are being allowed to fall into decay. In such a city as Nanking, for instance, the number of Buddhist temples has

decreased in a half century from more than four hundred to about forty. (The influence of the Taiping rebellion, with its fanatical hatred of idolatry, in producing such a decrease must be admitted.) The number of Buddhist priests is increasing, but their influence is diminishing. In many centres men are seldom seen in the temples, and when there, they are apt to be in an apologetic mood. Yet, in the deepest moments of life, when death enters the household, it is very seldom that the priests are not summoned to attend.

It is hard, in discussing Taoism, to distinguish between Taoism as such, and the Animism which is really the religion of masses of the Chinese. The two must be considered together.

In his book on comparative religions, *The Faiths of Mankind*, Professor E. D. Soper has a chapter entitled, 'Where Fear Holds Sway.' It is impossible for the Westerner to conceive such an atmosphere until he has lived in it. In fact, he may live in it for years and never realize the hold which it has upon his native neighbors. But it is no exaggeration to say that, to the average Chinese, the air is peopled with countless spirits, most of them malignant, all attempting to do him harm. Even a catalogue of the devils, such as have been named by the scholarly Jesuit, Father Doré, is too long for the limits of this article. But there they are, millions of them. They hover around every motion of every waking hour, and they enter the sanctity of sleep. An intricate system of circumventing them, that makes the streets twist in a fashion to daze Boston's legendary cow and puts walls in front of doors to belie the hospitality within, runs throughout the social order.

There are large parts of China where Taoism, as an organized form of worship, is disappearing. There are no regular services, and the priests are

seen usually in the funeral processions of wealthy people who patronize all the creeds in order to assure the deceased the benefit which any may be able to give. But the belief in spirits upon which Taoism battens will not be gone for a long, long time. Even in student circles it is not unusual to find as real a belief in devils as among the coolies. And the missionary who reads in his home papers that the American Senate has adjourned so that it may not be forced to do business on a Friday the 13th will hardly expect to see the power of Chinese superstition pass in this generation.

So far as can be determined, Mohammedanism is making no headway in China, although there are at least four times as many followers of the prophet in the country as of the Christ. The history of Mohammedanism in China should be pondered by Christian workers, and the present Mohammedan communities are not without their significance. In many cases they are as distinct from the life about them as would be a colony of Koreans or Japanese. Sometimes they have almost a monopoly of certain trades or forms of earning a living, and frequently they are looked upon by other Chinese with what borders on suspicion. They constitute a living proof that it is possible to win large numbers of converts and yet not make an appreciable impression upon the fundamental problem of converting China.

Finally, there is Christianity. Aggressive Christian effort in China dates from the sixteenth century, when St. Francis Xavier led the Jesuit fathers in their first attempts to enter the country. (The previous activities of Nestorian Christians are too speculative to warrant consideration.) Protestant missions began a little more than a century ago. There are to-day about 25,000 pastors and 400,000 communicants in

the ranks of Protestantism, with an additional 6,000 foreign missionaries appointed to this field, and about 2,300 priests, foreign and Chinese, and 2,000,000 communicants in the Catholic fold. There is very little of the bitter persecution which, as recently as twenty years ago, brought the martyrdoms of the Boxer uprising. Christians, as a whole, are winning a position of respect and influence out of proportion to their numbers. When compared with the history of Buddhism after its introduction into China, the progress of Christianity, especially since the landing of Robert Morrison, seems phenomenal.

II

Here, then, are the religions that are struggling for the spiritual allegiance of the Chinese. The Japanese demand in 1915 of the right to send missionaries may foreshadow the entry of another element, but it is doubtful if any effort with Japanese support stands a chance for favor. What lies ahead?

I am convinced that Confucianism will live on — the philosophy of the Chinese. It is a wonderful philosophy, and much better adapted to the practical working out of a Kingdom of Heaven on earth than most of the philosophy that has come from the so-called Christian lands. It is materialistic, to be sure, but its materialism is enlightened, and can easily be 'fulfilled' by the elements which Christianity offers.

There need be no bitter conflict between Christianity and Confucianism. The rites which seek to deify the Great Sage, which seek to transform a philosophy into a religion, are an excrescence, the result of the demand of the human soul for an object of worship. With the spiritual need satisfied elsewhere, Confucianism can, and will, become what its founder intended that it should be, the system of thought by

which the Chinese orders the affairs of his daily life. The teachings which do not conform to the demands of the present — and no system can stand without change for twenty-five centuries — will be modified by the words of later disciples. And a century hence the Chinese leader will be as proud of being the offspring of a race that has nurtured a Confucius as of being the disciple of that other Master.

Many Christians have been deeply disturbed over the question of ancestor-worship, which is one of the popular rites connected with the Confucian system. There is no question that ancestor-worship has led to abuses, just as has the adoration of the saints. But it is a restricted vision which does not see behind ancestor-worship a feature of Chinese life which has contributed mightily to the stability of these centuries, and is therefore in its essentials to be conserved. Too many Christians have gagged at the word 'worship' without looking at the facts. The point made by leading Chinese Christians, that originally the custom was merely one of veneration, is, on scholarly grounds, incontrovertible. And the day will come when the Christians will find some way of carrying on this same recognition of the contribution of their forefathers without compromising their allegiance to the One True God. In fact, in some Christian churches the memorial tablets to deceased members already mark a beginning in this direction.

The rapidly decreasing reputation of the Buddhist priesthood points to its eventual disappearance. No faith can finally survive whose servants do not exhibit elements of moral strength greater than those possessed by the run of men. But it will not be in this generation nor in the next that idolatry, which is the popular expression of Buddhism, ceases. There may come spasms of idol-destruction here and there, such

as have been indulged in by the Mohammedans, and such as marked the bloody trail of the Taiping rebels. But idolatry goes too deep into the life of Chinese society as a whole to be eradicated in a day, or in several days.

Not long ago, a teacher in the city of Foochow began to investigate the relation of idolatry to the industries of that city. Foochow contains approximately 700,000 inhabitants. Such a survey as has been possible, using student investigators, has shown that at least 80 per cent of the population is, to some degree, dependent for its livelihood upon the popularity of idol-worship. Thirty per cent of the people were found to be entirely dependent upon it. Some day the manifold ramifications of idolatry through Chinese society will be adequately discussed. Here it can only be said that it has its economic stakes set where even many of the missionaries never suspect them to be. Mohammedanism and Christianity combined have scarcely begun to affect idolatry.

Closely linked up with idolatry as an abiding force goes superstition. Taoism is as surely in the grip of death as Buddhism. But superstition will not pass in a year. It will be a long time before the air is purged of its terrors, even for those who may embrace such a faith as Christianity.

At the reassembling of a class in a Christian college, the absence of a certain student was noted. It was reported that he had been drowned while on a launch trip, returning from a vacation. His small brother had been with him at the time; the boy had been pushed overboard from the crowded deck; a strong swimmer, he had been able to reach the side of the boat, but not to clamber aboard; but the pleas of the puny younger brother could not avail to move a single person to lift a helping hand, and the other passengers had looked on while the lad drowned, rather

than move to save him. The teacher heard the tale in horror, but the student accepted it as a matter of course, explaining that the drowning devil, who had been after the student, would certainly have taken possession of any person who attempted to rescue him. And these men, in the closing years of a Christian education, had no word of censure for people who had calmly watched a fellow drown rather than incur the wrath of a devil!

As religions, Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism are on the down grade in China. Certain elements that they contain will persist long after the religions themselves have passed. Some elements will form a permanent part of the life of the country. But the Chinese will demand some religion in place of these three. What will it be?

Mohammedanism is at a standstill, and has no hope of winning the nation.

Materialism has its proponents, principally among those who have studied in Japanese schools. The affinity of Confucianism and materialism is emphasized. Chinese transcriptions of Japanese translations of the works of European rationalists and skeptical scientists are on the markets in large numbers. And, in the swing of the pendulum from the past, there is a tendency to thrust out any belief in the spiritual as unworthy of the present.

The element which works most mightily against materialism, outside the grip of the old order, is the example of what it has done to other nations, especially Japan. Modern Japan is a materialistic state. On no other basis can it be explained. The Chinese see its fundamental failure as clearly as its remarkable achievements, and they say, 'If that be the fruit of materialism, we want something better.'

What is that something better to be? Chancellor Tsai Yuan-pei, of the National University of Peking, a few years

ago came forward with a proposal to substitute a sort of ethical culture, with emphasis upon æsthetic values. Chancellor Tsai is the leader of the most influential group in the intellectual life of China to-day. From the university over which he presides have gone forth the publications of the New Thought, or Renaissance, movement which has taken hold upon the students to an unprecedented extent. Much that is in the movement is of the highest value; and when such a man as Chancellor Tsai dismisses religion in any form as superstition, his words are bound to have a profound effect. If they would, teachers in Christian institutions could testify that the young men of China have adopted a severely critical attitude toward Christianity as well as toward other faiths, largely as an effect of the New Thought agitation.

But ethical culture can hardly be expected to prove the final spiritual resort of such a nation as China. If it could not suffice for a compact state such as Greece, what chance has it in this colossus? And when you study the situation you are forced to the belief that the future religion of China — provided that China has a religion — must be Christianity, profoundly affected by the civilization of that ancient land.

What is Christianity in China to-day? To some, a regeneration. To some, a newer and better doctrine. To some, merely one faith among many. To some, one more insidious Western influence. But to all, the fruit and symbol of a civilization.

Let no man think that the struggle between Occidental and Oriental civilization is finished. There are signs that the civilization of the Occident will be, in its essentials, vindicated and adapted in the making of a New East. But there are still plenty of Chinese leaders, men of good education and large ability, and of undoubted patriotism,

who reject Western civilization entirely.

Thinking Chinese long ago discovered that Western civilization has been largely formed by Western religion. The pragmatic test, which is the characteristic test of Confucianism, shows a civilization better fitted to grapple with the modern world than is the old individualistic and fatalistic civilization of the East. The conclusion is obvious.

But it is this fundamental premise in this line of reasoning that must now engage the attention of the foreign missionary. In truth, it is this premise which constitutes the present *raison d'être* for the foreign missionary. He is in China to vindicate the civilization from which he has come.

Does he practise medicine? He does so to prove that his Western hygiene and medical practice contribute more to health and happiness for the people as a whole than the medical systems of the East.

Does he teach school? He does so to prove that his civilization has a kind of education which fits more people better for the tasks of life than the education of the Orient.

Does he seek to introduce new methods of agriculture? He does so to prove that more food can be produced and more stomachs filled with less labor than by the methods which the Chinese have followed for forty centuries.

Does he go about seeking converts? He does it to prove that he knows of a spiritual force which is able to purge society of those fundamental weaknesses which have made the doctrine and the doing in China so glaringly different.

In every aspect of his work the foreign missionary is really, to the Chinese, seeking to vindicate the civilization of which he is a product. And when that vindication is complete, the work of the foreign missionary is done.

The day is coming when the spiritual needs of the Chinese people will find

their satisfaction in a widespread acceptance of Christianity. But that acceptance will come only after the civilization which Christianity breeds has been thoroughly vindicated, the missionary has withdrawn, and the Christian church in China has become an organization of and by, as well as for, the Chinese. So long as foreign influence is apparent, the masses of Chinese will hold off. Even that advisory relation which we are told will follow the present will prove a sufficient handicap to discourage any sweeping movement toward Christianity. But when Christian civilization has been so thoroughly vindicated that the Chinese can assume, with assurance and unassisted, the propagation of the religion that lies at its foundation, a marvelous ingathering within the acknowledged Christian fold is sure to occur.

That day is closer than many missionaries realize. Already Christian civilization is so nearly vindicated that Chinese Christians are moving out to assume the leadership in the Christian enterprise in their native land. The church papers of America have told of the spontaneous response on the part of the Chinese church to the projected missionary enterprise in the province of Yunnan, an enterprise that is Chinese in conception, support, and execution. Even more significant is the recent call for a National Missionary Conference to be held in 1921. Fourteen years ago such a conference was held, one hundred years after the landing of Robert Morrison. It contained not a single Chinese delegate. *The conference of 1921 is to contain Chinese delegates in numbers at least equal to the foreigners.* During this year the Chinese have demanded, and obtained, equal representation on the China Continuation Committee, which binds together the work of the various denominations.

A brilliant Chinese Christian was

talking to a missionary in New York one day last summer.

'You missionaries make me tired!' he exclaimed. 'You are not honest with yourselves or with your constituents. I have heard dozens of missionary speeches on China since I came to America, and read articles galore. Again and again and again I hear you talking about C. T. Wang and Chang Po-ling and Fong F. Sec, and David Z. T. Yui, and pointing to them as examples of Chinese Christians. Of course they are Christians. But I have yet to hear a missionary say, or read a missionary's admission, that not one of them is connected with your foreign-controlled churches! Every one of them has come up through your churches and schools, and when they felt their powers pressing for worthy expression, every one has been forced off into some line of independent effort. It is practically impossible for the Chinese to have real leadership in the churches as long as they remain under foreign direction.'

The days of foreign direction of Chinese Christian churches are numbered. The civilization of the West is too nearly vindicated. Just a little bit of Christian practice in the realm of international politics will finish the test; and the radical movements in all Western lands indicate that that practice will not be long delayed. It is, for example, conceivable that the formation of a Labor government in England would transform the outlook for Christianity in China in ten years.

With that final proof of the superiority of the West, the case for the Christian proponent in China will be complete. But it will be a Chinese Christian, under Chinese direction, with Chinese support, who goes out to set his religion above all others in China. Before the end of this century he should be fairly launched upon his task.

1920

BY HENRY W. BUNN

I

As the old year closes, it behooves us to 'consider whereabouts' we are 'in Cebes's *Fable*, or that old Philosophical *Pinax* of the Life of Man.' So considering, the dweller in the Americas may expect the new year with cheerful confidence; but to the European or Asiatic 't is a dubious prospect. In the Americas (including, at last, Mexico) peace reigns; nor is it likely to be disturbed in the next twelvemonth. But Europe and Asia, though for the moment less embroiled, are even more perplexed than they were a year ago. To be sure, thanks to French genius and policy, Western Europe has just escaped Red ruin. But the peace on the new Polish frontier is but precarious. The Red Peril looms scarcely less hideous than it did a year ago, its most dangerous instrument being, not arms, but propaganda. The 'old Ethicks and the classical Rules of Honesty' are hard put to it to maintain themselves against the new inverted Ethicks of the Moscow school.

And, as if the old motives for war were not sufficient, new motives are being discovered by the ingenuity of man; of which the most notable is the Principle of Self-Determination — a natural child of the League of Nations. If men are not so apt as formerly to cut each other's throats for the greed of a prince, or in the name of Christ or Mahmoud or Mumbo Jumbo, it is because they are doing the same thing in the name of Self-Determination. It

may be that events are framing themselves toward a general pacification in the near future; but what one actually sees is war, or near-war, or delicate situations holding possibilities of war, or bloody chaos, almost throughout Europe and Asia. If, however, — a thing more felt than seen, — the Bolshevik propaganda has passed its peak and must henceforward decline, within the coming year the 'bustle unto Ruin' may halt itself; a new Face of Things may appear.

The outstanding events of the year in America have been few. Financial and industrial readjustments have been proceeding much more smoothly and successfully than was to be expected. According to the auspices, we should now be in the worst of business panics; but we are not. Strains and stresses have made themselves felt; but the structure is sound enough and promises to stand up. It cannot be maintained that the government has fairly coped with the problems of reconstruction. Canada has done much better. Despite such failure, we have got off so far with little worse than discomfort and the necessity of retrenchment (not without its disciplinary uses). The country is self-sufficient. The process of deflation is as discomforting as that of inflation is exhilarating. But with any sort of decent management we shall escape misery in the real or European sense: nobody need starve.

Thanks to the happy accident of the war, we have at last a merchant marine fairly correspondent to our commercial greatness; to the same happy accident we owe an immensely enhanced political and economic prestige and extraordinary trade-opportunities.

The new government has an unexampled opportunity for constructive legislation: it is expected to enact measures to ease the process of reconstruction; to set on foot an industrial constitution, so that strikes will become as rare as the *duello*; to revise our immigration laws; to improve education; to simplify the machinery of government; to further a machinery whereby states may coöperate for the common good; to realize our trade-opportunities — this last presupposing aid generously, but discreetly, given to Europe. For, without a revived Europe, though we may escape misery, and even discomfort, we cannot resume our 'brave state' of yore. If the Republican Party makes good, perhaps within a generation we may again, without too much hyperbole, use the expression, 'this courtly and splendid world.'

A presidential election year is usually poor in constructive legislation; it is dedicate to talk. The year just ended has been exceptionally thus poor because of the bitter antagonism between the Executive and the Republican majorities in the two Houses. The most important pieces of legislation signed by the President were the Railroad Reorganization Act, the Americanization Act, the Army Reorganization Act, and the Merchant Marine Act. The Americanization Act is significant for its recognition of the necessity of organized effort to conciliate and assimilate the alien mass. The Merchant Marine Act proposes to continue for a while immediate government influence upon our maritime expansion, especially in the matter of new shipping

routes. The Army Reorganization Act is a disappointment to those who hoped for a citizen army as an incomparable instrument of Americanization and education in citizenship. That issue is not yet dead. The measure proposing a budget system and that declaring the war with Germany ended were killed by the Presidential veto; that carrying repeal of special presidential war-time powers lapsed by a 'pocket veto.'

A survey of the year must notice the report of the President's Second Industrial Conference, which report proposes machinery for the peaceful settlement of industrial disputes, and recommends shop-councils. The arbitration features of this report had earlier in the year been embodied in the Kansas Industrial Courts Act, against which the American Federation of Labor declared war, and operation of which has been forcibly resisted by Kansas workmen. The A.F.L. is reluctant to hear to reforms except of its own making. The A.F.L. also opposes shop-councils, which, nevertheless, are increasing in number and favor. In the recent election campaign the A.F.L. pursued the new tactics of blacklisting candidates whom it chose to declare enemies of Labor; with the result, which was to be expected, that the public sense of fairness was outraged and the reprobated candidates were, generally, elected.

The year has been remarkable for a general rounding-up of radical agitators, the worst of whom, being aliens, have been packed home. The country has conceived such a disgust of anything that savors of Bolshevism that it winks at a certain lack of legal pedantry in methods to be rid of it.

The Prohibition Amendment became effective in January, and the Woman Suffrage Amendment in August. The tail promises to wag the dog. The reader will remember what the humorous Athenians did to Alcibiades's dog.

II

The past year has been one of incredible activity for Soviet Russia. If Lenin could have his will and extend the class-struggle over the entire orb, humanity would exhaust itself and 'threescore year would make the world away.'

Despite the breakdown of the economic system and the railroads, despite a currency that does not pass current, despite *émeutes* in the industrial centres and peasant resistance to food-requisitions; despite the blockade; despite infinite obstructions within and without, that strange government at Moscow not merely survives, but keeps going. Armies are fed; new levies fill the gaps; troops and material of war (including heavy artillery, airplanes and poison-gas) are transported with magic speed over huge distances from front to front; succor is sent to allies; new enterprises are set afoot. And that new instrument of mendacity, the wireless, is used with consummate skill to perplex and confound the enemies and hearten the friends of Bolshevism throughout the world. Differing from others, I believe that the prospect of continued existence of the Bolshevik *régime* is more promising as I write (in late November) than it was on January 1, 1920.

As the year 1920 opened, Denikin was seen to be in grave difficulties. In mid-October, 1919, he was in the full tide of success. But suddenly a change came o'er the spirit of his dream. The change is easily explained. Denikin's rapid advance was made possible by the weakening of the Bolshevik front by sending heavy detachments against Koltchak. Toward the end of October, 1919, Koltchak's second offensive was stopped, and so complete was the sudden *débâcle* that Trotsky decided to pursue him with a much smaller force than

an ordinary commander would have thought sufficient. With the troops thus disengaged Trotsky reinforced the anti-Denikin front, with results at once seen. The entire Denikin line from Volhynia to Tzaritzin gave way. By the year's end great part of the territory so quickly won had been much more quickly lost. Nothing but vigorous coöperation by the Poles could stop the Red advance. This coöperation the Poles offered, on condition that Denikin would agree to Polish possession of East Galicia. Denikin demurred and was lost.

The fact is that Denikin was not up to the *rôle* to which Fate appointed him. For modern war on the grand scale he proved quite inadequate. In civil matters he showed himself, like most military men, a fool. He might have had the enthusiastic support of the Ukrainians; but, true to the Tsarist tradition, he treated them as an inferior and subject race. So they rose behind him, and at the crucial time diverted much of his strength from the Bolshevik front. Even his Cossacks turned cold, because he could not bring himself thoroughly to establish promised reforms in administration. He yielded, willingly or unwillingly, to the pressure of his reactionary *entourage*, and became suspect to the mass of his followers, whose morale became, in consequence, *nil*.

Being such a man, he could not escape destruction. The Reds drove a wedge which severed his line and reached the Sea of Azof at Mariupol. In February Odessa fell and the Ukraine was lost. In late March Denikin evacuated from Novorossiysk in the Caucasus, under cover of the guns of a British fleet, some 34,000 of his followers, who were conveyed to the Crimea in British bottoms, there to form the nucleus of Wrangel's army. Arrived in the Crimea, Denikin surrendered his command to General Wrangel, the hero of Tzaritzin

and the ablest of his subordinates. Of all the vast territory which he swayed a few months before, Denikin turned over to his successor only the little Crimean peninsula; somehow the Perekop and Tchongar isthmuses had been held.

We cannot deny to Trotsky, or whoever is responsible for the Red strategy, vast strategical conceptions and invincible resolution. The Red strategy has always been cunningly coördinated. Had the activities of Yudenich, Koltchak, and Denikin been thus coördinated, Bolshevism should have been overthrown. It is a proper observation that all efforts, offensive or defensive, from without or from within Russia, against Bolshevism, have been miserably muddled and misdirected; have lacked coördination, constancy, resolution. Opposition within Russia seems now to have been completely cowed; and invasion from without is prevented by the attitude of Labor and the Pacifists in Western Europe, and the Olympian detachment of America.

I have noted how, late in October, 1919, Koltchak's second offensive was stopped. There followed the most extraordinary *débâcle* in military annals: as if at a word of command, the Koltchak armies turned tail and ran for it. Thousands must have dispersed over the Siberian wilds. Other thousands must have perished. The detachments which maintained a semblance of organization were captured before January was far advanced — all except some 3000, under Voitschkovsky, who fought their way into Irkutsk and finally joined Semenov at Chita. Koltchak himself reached Irkutsk early in January, clinging desperately to his war-chest. Little use had he for its contents in the journey he was going. The Social Revolutionaries of Irkutsk murdered him. The Reds who pursued the Koltchak remnants halted at Irkutsk, not caring to try conclusions just now with

the Japanese, or with their glorious protégé, Ataman Semenov.

To detail the process of events in Eastern Siberia during the past year would be a very large undertaking. The situation there is very complicated, very 'questionable.' Following upon the events described above, all foreign troops in Siberia, except the Japanese, were evacuated through Vladivostok. Only the Japanese remain. The grand question which intrigues the East Siberian (and it interests the rest of the world almost as much) is: What do the Japanese propose with reference to East Siberia? It is doubtful whether the Japanese themselves are quite prepared with an answer. They have protested an intention to withdraw their troops from Siberia as soon as a proper regard for the safety of their nationals will permit; or 'when they are no longer needed'; or some other like formula. It is all very vague.

After Koltchak was eliminated, there was a lively ferment in East Siberia, from which emerged a number of governments of varying types. Those of Verkhni Udinsk and Blagovestchensk are understood to be almost Moscow Red; those of Chita and Vladivostok, almost bourgeois White. I had understood that these governments were subordinated to a government at Verkhni Udinsk representative of all Siberia east of Lake Baikal — the Government of the Far Eastern Republic. If there be such a government, it seems to be ineffective. East Siberia is reported to be in renewed ferment of late. There is no likelihood that the Japanese garrisons will be withdrawn so long as the ferment continues. Moscow has recognized the Far Eastern Republic, and Red propaganda is doubtless active in that quarter.

While a Red army pursued Koltchak eastward, detachments spread out into Siberia and Central Asia. Meanwhile

other detachments had completed the Red conquest of Turkestan, Khiva, Bokhara, and Transcaspia. By the capture of Krasnovodsk and the seizure of Denikin's fleet at Enzeli in Persia, the Caspian became a Bolshevik lake. To the Soviet resources were added the wheat of Semirychensk, the cotton of Khiva, and the oil of Transcaspia — all most useful. At Tashkent in Turkestan is a school of propaganda, where choice, selected youths are carefully instructed, and whence they are sent to Afghanistan, Baluchistan, Mesopotamia, Kurdistan, India, China, Korea, to spread the Gospel of Leninism. And thereabout the famous Kuropatkin, according to report many months old, trained to highest efficiency an army of 150,000 men, including some 40,000 Hungarian prisoners, Reddest of the Red. What has become of this army, destined, we thought, to the conquest of India? Presumably many have been detached therefrom to the Western fronts, while others have been fomenting trouble in Persia, preparing the way. When will Kuropatkin, a new Alexander, start on his little trip to the Indus?

Denikin out, there remained in the West, for the Reds to deal with, Poland, the Nationalist Ukrainians, and Wrangel. For many months a desultory warfare had been going on between the Poles and Reds, interspersed with a peace correspondence. Suddenly, in April, the Poles launched a grand offensive in the Ukraine. The Polish apologists call this an 'offensive-defensive,' to forestall a contemplated Red attack, and so justified in ethics as well as in policy; the Reds and their apologists denominate it wicked aggression, chauvinism, imperialism (things hateful to Moscow). However that may be, by mid-May the Poles had conquered most of the Ukraine, including Kiev, and had declared an in-

dependent Ukrainian Republic, with Petlura as chief.

On May 17 the Bolsheviks began an attack on the Polish northern lines. The details of this campaign must be fresh in the reader's mind: how in the south Budenny retook Kiev, beat back the Poles, and carried the war to the gates of Lemberg; how in the north the Reds, after a doubtful period, overbore all resistance; how they opened the long-dreamed-of 'corridor' through Lithuania to East Prussia; and how we waited upon the cables, expecting momentarily the fall of Moscow. How only the threat of Foch on the Rhine deterred the Germans from repudiating the Versailles Treaty and casting in their lot with the Reds; how at this crisis the Poles intrusted the conduct of their operations to the French general Weygand; and how, as if, by magic, through the genius of Weygand the whole situation was suddenly reversed. Finally, how, in the preliminary treaty of Riga, Moscow made the most extraordinary concessions to the Poles.

In brief, the peace has all the marks of impermanence. It was accepted by the Reds only to release troops for the 'liquidation' of Wrangel; which long-threatened 'liquidation' quickly followed. Wrangel has gone the way of Yudenich, Koltchak, and Denikin. Is he the Last of the Varangians? He too was hampered and discredited by the forces of Reaction. The reactionary Russian discovers a stupidity above that of a Jacobite or a Bourbon.

The Muscovite government has displayed an extreme canniness in its policy toward the western border states (other than Poland). Early in the year 1920 it persuaded Esthonia to accept peace on generous terms. It made no great resistance to the rectification by the Letts of their ethnographic frontier. Later, it signed peace with Latvia. It avoided war with Roumania, probably

by fomenting internal troubles in that kingdom through Bolshevik agents. By a temporary sacrifice of the Lithuanian 'corridor,' it persuaded Poland to renounce interest in the Ukraine and White Russia, which regions, under the euphemism of 'federated Soviet republics,' become intimate parts of the Muscovite system. Peace has been signed at last with Finland. Poland has been furiously intriguing throughout the year for an offensive and defensive alliance with the Baltic states, Finland, and Roumania. The Bolsheviks have intrigued them out of even a defensive alliance.

The optimist may believe, if he chooses, that the treaties with Latvia and Esthonia were made in good faith; that Moscow has no designs upon their independence and bourgeois 'orientation.' I entertain no such idea. The optimist may believe that peace with Poland will be permanent, on the basis of the temporary treaty. To me such an expectation seems preposterous. Already the Moscow authorities are accusing and threatening Poland. As time shall serve, these treaties will be broken.

The Council of the League of Nations has undertaken to resolve the infinitely complicated Poland-Lithuania-Zeligovski problem. I hope it may. The 'orientation' of Lithuania is a very important matter.

It is confidently asserted that the trade-negotiations resumed by M. Krasin in London will result in a definite trade-agreement between London and Moscow, to be soon followed, M. Krasin is quite confident, by the British *de facto* recognition of the Soviet régime. In a world turned upside down, Mr. Lloyd George may have hit upon the correct formula for saving the British Empire. But not thus was it won; and not thus was any empire ever saved. Yesterday, Chatham; to-day, Lloyd George. A new world, my masters!

III

Great Britain has been weathering her reconstruction difficulties handsomely. It might seem that the economic and industrial prospect is more hopeful than it was a year ago. Tension, which had long been acute, found relief in the recent miners' strike, which was quickly settled by a sensible compromise. The 'Council of Action' turned out to be a thing of sound and fury, signifying little. The emissaries of the Independent Labor Party, who are radical enough in all conscience, had a close look at the monster and returned quite disillusioned of Bolshevism. Only a few half-mad persons, like Sylvia Pankhurst, Commander Kenworthy, and the editor of the *Daily Herald*, still think Red in England.

The recent municipal elections showed results the opposite of those of a year ago. Most of the Labor candidates were defeated, because the Labor councilors had proved inefficient and extravagant. The larger public is evidently convinced that Labor is not yet qualified to rule. The bogey of a Labor Parliament seems laid for the present. It might seem that a fundamental and satisfactory readjustment is well forward — that the optimistic Mr. Jacks is right, rather than the pessimistic Dean Inge.

But there are other considerations which are most disquieting. The temper of Labor is dubious, inconstant, irresponsible. There was a slight majority of miners against the compromise which ended the strike (a two-thirds majority was required to justify continuance thereof). It is not clear what the Labor leaders propose — whether they are for peace, or intend to carry on the fight for nationalization by the old methods. The housing problem is still acute, other problems not less so. There are some 200,000 ex-soldiers

and sailors who have not yet found employment.

And in England, more perhaps than in any other country, the industrial and economic weal is dependent on outside conditions; and these are more dubious than a year ago. There is the Irish problem, doubtless to be settled by Mr. Villard's committee; but, in the meantime, a serious problem. There is the problem of Mesopotamia, where Turkish and Bolshevik agents have stirred up a Holy War which keeps employed some 100,000 soldiers under the British flag. There is the problem of India, where through similar propaganda the British Raj is challenged as never before; and where, as if pat to Lenin's purpose, Mr. Montagu's bizarre scheme of government has just been installed. A 'Diarchy,' God save the mark! Anarchy, rather, say those who know their India. Mr. Montagu's Indian bill proposes to confer on India a measure of self-government: it actually seems to restore authority to that theocratic caste which was responsible for the secular anarchy that prevailed in India prior to the arrival of the British. In this new incredible world it may be what is needed; but Mr. Montagu lately admitted in Parliament that the news from India is alarming.

There is the problem of Egypt, where it is proposed to turn over the government to the scum of the Levant. There is the problem of Persia, where the Reds have established a base, apparently with a view to a grand invasion; whence, onward, we must suppose, to Afghanistan, to India. There is the problem of the Ottoman Empire, both that part which remains to the Grand Turk and that which has been parceled out; a problem which has just entered on a new alarming phase through the annihilation of Wrangel (which releases thousands of troops for reinforcement of Mustapha Kemal), through the failure

of the Greek campaign in Anatolia, and through the repudiation of Venizelos by his countrymen (which repudiation apparently implies repudiation of his imperialistic projects). There is the problem of Russia, and there is the problem of Germany: which two problems are intimately conjoined.

Yielding to the pressure of financial interests, of pacifists, and of Labor, or, belike, to the altruistic suggestions of his own soul, Mr. Lloyd George, we are assured, is about to make a trade-agreement with Moscow. We cannot escape the conviction that this must soon be followed by *de facto* recognition of the Red government. Would this mean the shattering of the Entente? If so, then the Versailles Treaty falls to the ground. Whatever way the Englishman looks, he sees 'a cloud that's dragonish.' Worst of all, he notes in the British public a temper the reverse of imperialistic. He notes that it is impossible to recruit the British army to its authorized strength by voluntary enlistments. He remembers the consequences to the Chinese and Roman empires of buying off instead of grappling with the invader. Such policy marks the absence of that masterful cast of mind which alone consists with Empire. He notes, on the other hand, how the recent messages of Tchitcherin to the Court of St. James's are couched in the language of an Emperor. And he recalls a famous passage of Macaulay.

IV

For France, the year has been one of anxiety, of disappointment, and of honorable achievement. The Treaty of Versailles became operative upon ratification by the Germans on January 10, 1920. The main energies of the French government have been employed since that date in the effort to compel fulfillment by Germany of her obligations

under the treaty. As was to be expected, the Germans had and have no intention of fulfilling their obligations. For the present, evasion and delay; later, modification of the treaty by the Allies; and, in the end, repudiation. Such was and is the programme. A skillful propaganda was set in motion, and discovered an unexpected ally in Mr. Keynes, whose brilliant book presented the case for the Germans in the most favorable light.

While the propaganda was gathering head, evasion was being practised. Coal deliveries were far short of treaty requirements. Arms were not being turned in. Though the German regular army was being somewhat cut down, full staffs were kept, and new military formations, posing as innocent defenders of the domestic peace, were being organized. To these developments the French were highly sensitive; the British had grown indifferent. The protean British Premier—returned to power on a platform of vengeance worthy of a Hebrew prophet—'upon better judgment-making' magnanimously admitted that Keynes and the Germans were very nearly right. The Italians, enraged by failure of French support of their Adriatic pretensions, went with Lloyd George.

The French found themselves isolated. They remain so. To be sure, in successive conferences Mr. Lloyd George has been constrained by antique considerations of honor to reassert his adhesion to the Entente. But the French have really been the sole effective supporters of the treaty and of the arrangements contemplated thereunder. When the Germans impudently flouted the treaty and sent troops into the Ruhr region, the French (in the face of Lloyd George's shrill protest) occupied Frankfort and vindicated the treaty. At Spa the French overbore the sophistry and impudence of the Germans by

giving them a glimpse of Foch, and the Germans were required to disband their illicit formations and really to demilitarize. The French, when Mr. Lloyd George had somewhat contemptuously abandoned Poland to her fate, saved Poland, and indeed western civilization (though by the narrowest margin).

To be sure, the French were not entirely wise at first (nobody was) in their attitude on the indemnity question. But they have long recognized that the indemnity total must be fixed, and that it must be far short of justice and French necessities.

France has been manoeuvring for some machinery whereby the indemnity problem may be finally settled as justly as possible, without prejudice from the selfishness of Allies or the sophistry of Germans. Delay is almost intolerable; but the machinery must be such as to ensure an award determined by considerations of justice to France, not by British cupidity or German desire to escape scathe and pains. There may be two words, of course, about 'British cupidity.' 'Call it altruism, if you will, then,' say the French. 'A noble sentiment, to be sure, but one whose indulgence in this connection will ruin France.' It is said that suitable machinery has been hit upon and will soon be put in operation.

But, taking a long view, there is ground for apprehension that France, however beautiful the machinery, may never recover a considerable indemnity. What, then, of France? Her economic situation is indescribable. Her ordinary budget is beyond her revenue, and the extraordinary budget for reparations is as large as the ordinary budget, and is cared for only by fresh loans and by inflation. That way ruin lies.

Yet even more important than the military problem is the problem of security. The promised American-British-French alliance, through confidence

in which the French gave up the Rhine frontier and assured possession of the Saar region — Well, it seems that President Wilson did not speak by the card, and that British action is contingent upon American.

So it is even more true of the Frenchman than of the Englishman that, whatever way he scans the region, he sees 'a cloud that's dragonish.' But is it not a reasonable hope that the new American administration will promptly take order to furnish economic aid and the much-desired guaranty of help in the event of German aggression?

Despite difficulties inferable from the above, restoration of the devastated areas has been going forward with miraculous speed.

In taking over Cilicia and Syria, the French undertook a large mission. General Gouraud has maintained himself and has beaten the Bedouins and the Turks wherever he has met them. But his forces are insufficient. French policy tends to be discreetly Turcophile, and a composition with Mustapha which would not prejudice the French position in the Levant might be acceptable to the French. Else the prospect, as things are going in that corner of the world, is gloomy. Perhaps the French Levantine enterprise was a mistake. But there is an immemorial and romantic French sentiment about Syria; and that sort of sentiment cannot be argued with.

V

The outstanding events of the year 1920 in Germany were — ratification of the Versailles Treaty, after a stormy controversy; the fantastic *coup* by which one Kapp ignobly challenged fame, and which was defeated (significant fact!) by a general strike; the disturbances in Westphalia and Thuringia; and the general elections, in which the Majority

Socialists were overthrown. The Majority Socialists had discredited themselves by their insincerity and cowardice; they were cowed by the militarists. The gains went to the Independent Socialists and the People's Party of the Extreme Right. The present government is a coalition of Centre and Right parties, including the People's Party, which boasts of the Junkers and of the powerful capitalists — such as Hugo Stinnes, reputed the most influential man in the party.

We are continuously advised to expect a *coup* in Germany of one or other set of extremists, the Right or the Left. A *coup*, if *coup* there must be, seems the more likely to come from the Right. We may say, I think, that the Germans are watchfully waiting for a favorable break. Industrial conditions in Germany are said to be greatly improving, unemployment to be decreasing — in marked contrast to France.

I cannot notice the various intrigues reported from Central Europe, in most of which we are asked to note the cloven foot of France. But one such I cannot pass by. It is somewhat clamorously rumored that Bavaria (where the Reaction is rampant) is about to bring back the Wittelsbach, and that Bavaria and Austria will join as a German Catholic state (France abetting).

The plight of Austria so exceeds in misery as to engage the sympathy of a miserable world. The present woes of South-Central Europe are largely due to the new political and territorial arrangements on ethnic lines — with exceptions. Quite right and proper; but the necessity of economic intimacy among these states is obvious, whether it be through a Danubian Confederation or a Zollverein, or whatever the name. It is reported that there is to be a congress of representatives from these states, to discuss ways and means to such an end.

VI

The past year in Italy has been one of unrest and strikes. The unrest reached a climax in a singular episode. Owing to lack of coal and raw materials, the plants in the great metallurgical district of Northern Italy could not be run at a profit. Some had shut down; it was rumored that all would shut down. Starvation loomed before the workmen. In a sudden wild access of hope, the men in certain plants seized those plants and set up workmen committees to manage them — the Soviet system. The movement spread to practically all the metallurgic plants. The Communists tried to bring on a Red revolution; they incited to violence. They did not succeed. A Labor convention at Milan resolved for moderation. They asked Parliament to sanction the above-cited extraordinary proceedings, and to devise legislation which should govern an experiment in the new kind. Here Giolitti stepped in, and brought together representatives of Labor and Capital, who drew up a compromise agreement, in accordance with which the plants should be operated pending parliamentary action. The agreement was accepted by the workmen. The plants were returned to the owners, and everybody went back to work. Giolitti appointed a commission to draw up a new scheme of operation and report it to Parliament. It is expected to be some variation of the guild system. One awaits eagerly the publication of this new scheme and the experiment thereof.

An episode unique, truly Italian, replete with explosive material, yet almost bloodless. Still, one fails to see how the compromise and the promise of legislation can have greatly eased for the present the economic problem. The essential need is of coal and raw materials, and these cannot be compromised or legislated into existence. They

must be obtained through credit. And Italian credit is not likely to be improved by invasion of the right of private property, however it may be explained or palliated. It is, however, to be hoped that the guild system on a grand scale may have a chance thoroughly to demonstrate itself.

Lenin, who had conceived the highest hopes, was disconcerted by the issue of the events above glanced at. He is sure to obstruct the new experiment.

At last the Adriatic controversy has been settled. By turns we hear that d'Annunzio has turned monk and dictator. He seems to have almost exhausted the possibilities of an active life.

Italy relinquished the Albanian adventure, after the Albanians had thrashed the Italian occupying troops. At this moment, when the Albanians were completely victorious, Giolitti came into power. With humorous appreciation of the situation, he told the Albanians that they had done quite right, that the Italians had no business there; and he acknowledged Albanian independence.

VII

Some months since, representatives of the Sultan signed the Turkish Treaty at Sèvres; but the Treaty has not been ratified at Constantinople. The other day the Unspeakable One informed the powers that it is not the right time just now for ratifying the treaty. Now, how came the Grand Turk to deliver himself thus? Apparently because there is no one in Constantinople who is willing to brand himself a traitor by helping to ratify. Mustapha Kemal, the Nationalist asserter of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, is once more making head against the Greek invaders of Anatolia, and he is expecting large reinforcements (released from the Wrangel front) from his Muscovite friends.

In March the Allies occupied Constantinople, and since then the Sultan has been practically a prisoner in his capital. In April Mustapha Kemal set up a republic in Anatolia and announced that he proposed to recover for the Republic all the territory formerly comprising the Ottoman Empire. He professed to consider the Sultan incompetent to issue orders, as one in duress; and he claimed the adhesion of all the Faithful.

The reader will remember the terms of the treaty: how it reduced the Ottoman Empire to very moderate limits — Asia Minor, less a shadowy Armenia, and less Cilicia and Kurdistan; in Europe only Constantinople, with an insignificant hinterland. Smyrna was not definitely sequestered, but it was to be administered for the present by the Greeks under Turkish suzerainty; its ultimate fate to be determined by a *plébiscite*.

The Allies wanted the treaty terms put into effect at once. But England and France had their hands full in Mesopotamia, Cilicia, and Syria, and could not spare troops for Anatolia; and Italy was not interested. In June Venizelos came to the rescue with an offer of a Greek army of 100,000 men and more, to subdue Anatolia. The offer was accepted and the Greeks started. We have had very little news of that campaign, but until quite recently what little news we had indicated Greek success. Kemal was greatly outnumbered, but he allied himself with Moscow. Moscow would support Kemal, would indeed support a Pan-Islamic movement, with Turkey at its head, provided the new Turkish Republic would turn Bolshevik. Bolshevism and Islam had seemed poles asunder, but it was found on a near look that they really blend sweetly; and Mustapha made his followers Red by order and announced

that the Republic would be run on soviet lines. In return, some Red troops were sent him.

But just then came the Polish successes, and further succor was held up. Mustapha was really in difficulties for a time. But the latest advices indicate that Mustapha is getting the better of the Greeks. The Red reinforcements doubtless now *en route* (since there is peace with Poland, and Wrangel is out of the way) should finish off the Greeks. Moreover, Caucasus Armenia has been subdued, and the only possible obstruction to a perfect communication between Russia and Asia Minor is Georgia; and Georgia cannot long stand out. The Armenian question has been brought nearer to a settlement by extermination of the Armenians in Asia Minor. Now, what are the Allies going to do about it? What *can* they do about it?

The question whether or no the Unspeakable One should remain in Constantinople has again become purely academic. A kind of wizardry has always attached to the Bosphorus. Here Io suffered her strange transformation. Here the Spartan King Pausanias went mad and proposed to betray Greece to the Persians. The whole history of the Byzantine Empire is monstrous and unreal. And every statesman who essays the Turkish Question comes off with addled wits. The Sick Man has been abed these many lustrums, kept alive by the ministrations of his enemies. They would not know how to bestow the corpse. The ineffable comedy promises to continue.

I regret that I must forbear comment about many delectable things.

The League? No, I am too canny for that. But I will refer the reader to the conclusion of the Ninth Book of Plato's *Republic*; he may find the answer there.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE BROKEN BOW

THERE WAS a rending crash. Something struck me keenly in the face, just missing the eyes and — my glasses. My eyes had flashed shut instinctively. What it was, I did not know. I opened my eyes again to a strange thing.

I still was grasping my yew bow at arm's length by its plush handle. My arrow-hand still was back beneath my ear, the fingers straightened from the loose, the elbow shoulder-high; but the upper half of the bow was gone! Part of it dangled from my arm, the bow-string still attached and flung across. The rest, in five ruddy, shining fragments, littered the sward beneath my feet. I stood a-daze.

That bow was my friend; made for me by a friend skilled in such craft, whose clever fingers earned high rewards from others, but who made this one for me in right friendly comradeship. Four years of constant usage had made me wise to all its dainty, pretty whims — its soft dalliance and laziness when August suns were fierce, demanding a longer draw and a higher lift to carry the arrow down; its steely hardening to a Northman's nerve when chill October drifted into colder November. Right then, to draw it to the full demanded somewhat of the Northman's grim set grit, with well-nigh every muscle in the body braced. But such are the ways of yew, dear even in their feminine whimsies to the owner bowman; and now it was — gone!

Why, not two days back we had been shooting all that golden afternoon, and I had rolled up at the shorter ranges the best score of my life. To wind up the

day, a bulkier mate mirthfully challenged me to 'shoot a few at the hundred yards,' alongside of his bow of nearly twice its strength. Joyously I assented; we tramped back to that far stance in the tangled grass, and shaft for shaft we sent our arrows arching down the range. One of his thudded into the target somewhere, two of mine were in the very gold. I whooped my glee. They do not always end like that, our impromptu matches.

Not two days back! yet never again.

How many years had that yew-tree been growing high up, thousands of feet up the rugged ledges of a mountain in far Oregon? Years enough for it to reach a height of perhaps six feet or somewhat more — a trunk-thickness of full eight inches, beaten to that height stubbily by the blasting wintry hail; the wood hammered hard and tough by storms that not even a gull could face; shone upon by golden sunlight that spread a scent of resin on the quivering heat of a day in summer, a darker tinge to the feathery fingertips of green that fringed the branches. Came a man, then, wise in woodcraft, leading a band of axemen, bidding them to cut this and that, as his keen eye swept over and discarded trunks of twisted grain. Afterward, for years, a little pile of three-foot logs lay under a rude shelter, seasoning, drying out the weakening sap, hardening the fibres of the wood; and at the last, a six-day train-journey across country brought it to my friend. Already it was cleft into triangular-sectioned staves and ready to his hand.

Cunningly he chose one, marked the butt across with a broad pencil, then split the stave from end to end and

roughly blocked each piece into the semblance of one half of a bow. Then he placed their two marked butts end to end, and joined them there in long-fingered, dovetailed splice. A right knowing bit of woodcraft that; for the log might be uneven in its toughness, wavering in its grain; and now, every inch on one side of that bow's centre has its duplicate of strain upon the other, its very twin.

Then that friend of mine lovingly touched with his keen-edged tools the scented wood, and carved it down, down, in tapering slopes whose secret of strength and tension when bent is known only to master-craftsmen. Wherever the grain swerved from the straight, faithfully followed that tool, like a hound upon the trail, along its curving, so that no fraction of an inch, even, should be cut across it. The harder, ivory-white sapwood from just under the bark became the bow-back; the red-cedar heartwood of the rest shone ruddily under the final polishing. The horn tips gleamed six feet apart, like dull opals of darkening gray. Then, last of all, a hand-grip of sturdy leather bound the centre and masked the splice.

Such a bow is a treasure for a warrior's worth! Its draw and loose are velvet-soft; yet its cast is a long arc, yards on yards lower than that from harder, harsher woods like ash and lance; and all day long one shoots and shoots, and knows no weariness while daylight lingers and the target gleams.

I look me back across the years to many a day like that. They have been years full of joy and comradeship. They are years to be lived over again in the winter nights, when the snow is swirling in the glare of the firelight past the windows; for — a friend gave them to me, those years. I *have* had them and their joy at his hand! So, in the years to come, I shall have their echoes still, though in fact I now am bow-bereft.

WHO'S GOT THE BUTTON?

For some time the world has smiled brightly on me — and when I say the world, I speak less in the poetic sense of one who visualizes laughing brooks and things, and more as a prosaist who thinks of mankind as the world. From the earliest morning until latest afternoon, my chance meetings with strangers are attended with good cheer.

To be sure, I have a bland, unsuspicious, and helpless facial expression that stimulates people of all sorts to be good to me. Taxi-drivers, on my emergence from a railroad train, have offered to drive me almost gratuitously to a hotel that I know to be opposite the station. Chance acquaintances, friends, even, have volunteered to take me in at the basement of golden investment opportunities; and members of my immediate family have gone freely out of their way to laud to me the blessings and felicities of the wedded state. All these kindnesses I accept as the meed of one born under a friendly star.

But I speak quite without indirection when I say that recently I have been the recipient of an unusual amount of cordiality. Not long since, a girl in a passing runabout glanced keenly at me as I stood waiting for a car in an outlying portion of the city; then stopped and offered to take me to my destination — 'that is, if you're not going *too* far out of my way.' During a short but welcome ride she talked brightly of the weather, and she left me at my corner with the kindest 'Not at all.' I had observed her glancing at the lapel of my jacket, but not once did she spoil the delightful impersonality of our contact by a reference to the cut of my ante-bellum clothes.

One day in the Elevated I was aroused from complete absorption in the political campaign by the remark of a train-guard, which led to a chummy

conversation. I now recall that his utterance bore some faint resemblance to 'Chatham Square,' but at the time it sounded like 'Château-Thierry,' and I rose from the seat, and asked him if he had been a marine. Perhaps the guilelessness of my question, coupled with the physiognomic ingenuousness to which I have already referred, disarmed the guard, for he entered cheerfully into a protracted conversation, interrupted only occasionally by a perfunctory supplication to other passengers to watch their step. He told me about the late war, with many spirited lapses into profane vernacular, which seemed tacitly to imply that I also had sounded the depths of the service vocabulary; and from time to time he glanced as if for assurance at the left lapel of my jacket.

By force of example my own gaze was directed to my lapel, and there I beheld what I had affixed with casual fingers and more than half forgotten — the button of a national order of World-War veterans. A light dawned upon me! This button, then, to which I am entitled by Mediterranean sub-chaser service, was the begetter of smiles, the open sesame to conversations, which had hitherto been denied me. It explained why persons who trod on my toes in the subway were willing to forgive my carelessness in taking my toes there to be trod upon; why one girl had broken the rule of motorists to give me a lift, and why other drivers had looked in passing as if only very important engagements prevented them from doing me a similar kindness.

After arriving at this amazing deduction, I terminated my conversation with the L guard, and left the train to walk the streets, as they do in literature, and think the matter out. It was true, then, that the war had had a profound influence on human nature. It had purged the New York public (if no other) of its indecent incivility, its dis-

regard of others' rights, its lamentably discourteous treatment of the stranger. My little button had fused the assorted hearts and dissimilar souls of America's people into a vast organ of kindness and altruism. To those who wore the insignia of this veterans' order, the best which might be offered in casual, passerby fellowship (and, no doubt, in the deeper exchanges of true friendliness) was not half enough. And among us of the order — I recalled then that the train-guard had worn the button, enfiladed on one side by the inevitable celluloidal glare of a presidential candidate — there was that spirit of *camaraderie* which exists elsewhere only among the Bolsheviks. Rank and caste had been thrown aside, and former officers and men were now men together.

So I thought in my solitary, lucubratory walk, and marveled no more that bank presidents, ex-yeomen (F), policemen, fatigued bartenders, and social leaders paused in their various occupations to flash a smile of greeting at me. True democracy, wherein everyone is the friendly equal of every other, had been achieved. Gone were the ascending rungs of the social ladder, and we were all blood-brothers in spirit.

But now it is my sorry business to shatter a train of thought that I had so hoped augured approach to Utopia.

Only yesterday I entered a shop, and was greeted by a salesman with the smile I have become accustomed to. 'Go'n' ter march in the parade?' he asked, glancing at my left lapel.

I have been a little out of touch with metropolitan affairs for the last five or six days and I was obliged to reveal my ignorance by asking what parade.

'Why, the bonus parade.'

'Oh, the bonus,' I replied, somewhat shortly, I must confess. 'I'm not in sympathy with the agitation. Taxes are high enough already.'

The ready smile left the salesman's

face, and I saw in its place a half-light of thinly disguised scorn creep from uplifted eyebrows to down-curved lips. 'Taxes,' he snorted. 'Wot 'er they got to do with it? We done our bit, and we rate the bonus.'

'As to that,' I remarked, feeling that we should best retain our mutual respect by keeping out of argument, 'you 're entitled to your opinion. — I'd like a couple of cells for my pocket flash.'

This clash of ideas between members of an organization rather jarred my sense of rightness with the world, but there was worse to come. As I waited for change, I heard the *buttonnaire* whisper to a fellow clerk: —

'D'yer see that big simp with the button? He don't want no bonus, and I'll bet a month's pay he had a soft job in Washington and don't need none. Them reserve officers always had the gravy, and as long as we got 'em in the outfit, we'll never get ours. Don't talk to me about men and officers bein' buddies now that it's all over. I don't want 'em to chow in my mess.'

HARVARD CALM AND HENRY ADAMS

'Yes,' said the very charming library official, 'the Adamses were always up to some sort of mischief'; and he walked on. He made no other comment on my discovery. Surely Henry Adams was right when he wrote, 'If Harvard College gave nothing else, it gave calm.'

To me it was an indescribably piquant experience to pick casually from the shelves of the Widener Library bound volume one hundred and fourteen of the *North American Review*, and open accidentally at a page, at the top of which was written in neat, square, scholarly writing, 'Suppressed.' The word 'suppressed' always implies an interesting history, and when it is written on a proof-sheet above the heading

'Taylor's *Faust*. *Faust*. A Tragedy. By JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE. First and Second Parts. Translated in the original meters by BAYARD TAYLOR,' it cannot but arouse curiosity.

Had I been trained in the Harvard calm, I should undoubtedly have first read through the article in a scholarly manner, to ascertain the reason for its suppression. Instead, I turned directly to the last page of the review, and in the same delicate handwriting I found the following note. 'This notice, written originally by a strong admirer of Mr. Taylor, but much changed by me in tone, led to a protest from the author, and a request from Mr. Osgood that the notice should be suppressed. Which was done. HENRY ADAMS.'

Only then did it occur to me that one did not ordinarily find proof-sheets of suppressed articles bound up in library copies of standard magazines. Surely there was a history behind this, and one not irrelevant to this age of suppression and censorship. Who knows what it may have been?

In 1871 Henry Adams became Assistant Professor of History in Harvard University. Shortly before that 'the publishers and editors of the *North American Review* must have felt a certain amount of confidence in him, since they put the Review in his hands.' Mr. Osgood was the publisher of the *North American Review*, as well as of Bayard Taylor's translation of *Faust*. Is it not justifiable to picture the twinkle in Professor Adams's eye as he, perhaps surreptitiously, placed the proof-sheets of the suppressed review in the library copy of the *North American Review*, available to all future generations of Harvard students, if denied the general public because of an editor's duty to his publisher?

As to the tenor of the review — I leave that to the investigations of the curious reader.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

This edition of the 'Atlantic' is 138,000 copies. Under present business conditions we are reluctant to face further increases. Our subscribers must of course be assured of their copies. Beyond this we hope to furnish the newsdealers with such a supply as may meet public demands which may be reasonably regarded as certain. It is a matter of regret to us that we can guarantee the opportunity of securing each month's 'Atlantic' only to actual subscribers.

Stuart P. Sherman, critic and philosopher and keen student of the times, is Professor of English at the University of Illinois. **Irene Hudson** sends to the *Atlantic* from Minnesota this record of her actual experiences in the Southern mountains. We are not at liberty to disclose the identity of the author of the paper on 'Old Age' — the ripe harvest of three-score years and ten. **Willard L. Sperry** is minister of the Central Congregational Church of Boston. Mr. Sperry is a Rhodes Scholar and a man much interested in large areas of thought.

* * *

S. Miles Bouton, Associated Press Correspondent, writes us concerning his striking little paper, that it is 'a piece of honest reporting. I have not dressed it up with any of my own words; the quotations are of actual conversations.' — What is the answer? We have our own ideas on the subject. **Elizabeth Madox Roberts** is a student in the University of Chicago. We can recall no truer chronicle of youth than the charming recollected scenes that make up the garland of her verse. **William McFee** has just published, through Doubleday, Page & Co., another novel, — *Captain Macedoine's Daughter*, — which to us, who had the privilege of reading it in proof, seems a story wholly different and wholly interesting. **Robert M. Gay** is Professor of English at Simmons College, Boston, and the author of a wonderfully compendious

little book on the art of writing, which was published a few months ago by the Atlantic Monthly Press.

* * *

Harriet A. Smith has been living in Boston since her return from the Near East. In his report on the siege of Urfa, Dr. Vischer has this to say: —

I must at this point render grateful homage to the devoted activity of the American nurse, Miss Smith, but for which it would have been impossible to ensure with equal success the proper treatment of the sick orphans and adequate hygienic conditions for those in good health.

In her journal Miss Smith speaks of the exercises in versification by which some of the party sought to relieve the tedium and anxiety of the siege. In Mrs. Richard Mansfield's contribution, we find the following passage, which gives some impression of the spirit in which these ladies faced the tragedy which surrounded them: —

Place aux dames, however, — so let us begin
With our Croix Rouge so fine — to say stern
were a sin.

Her wit, it is true, sometimes has a sharp sting,
But her kindness so great makes its hurt take to
wing.

'Courage' — *mon Dieu!* she is made of that
word —

To the roof in pyjamas she flees like a bird —
And waves her white banner to save the poor
man,

Who crawls o'er the vineyard as fast as he can.
While we seek the cellar, she sits there on high,
And smilingly says, 'Ce n'est pas rien,' as the
shells whistle by.

Take Joan of Arc, Florence Nightingale too,
Barbara Frietchie, Moll Pitcher, all others you
knew —

Put them together, yet not all, I ween,
Can equal the courage of Harriet, this queen.

* * *

Viola C. White, of Brooklyn, a new contributor, is soon to publish, through the Yale University Press, her first volume of poems. **Henry Noble MacCracken** is President of Vassar College. **George W. Alger**, a New York Lawyer, and time-honored contributor to the *Atlantic*, gives in

this paper the result of a first-hand investigation that he made of a well-known penitentiary. **George P. Brett** is president of the famous publishing house of Macmillan. **L. Adams Beck**, traveler and scholar, writes, at the editor's special request, of this wonderful pilgrimage.

* * *

J. Bennett Nolan is a practising attorney of Reading, Pennsylvania. **Paul Hutchinson** is a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, stationed in Shanghai. He is editor of the *China Christian Advocate*, and chairman of the China Christian Literary Council. **Alexander Kuprin** is, in the estimation of his countrymen, one of the foremost living Russian short-story writers. From the very beginning he has been an opponent of the Soviet régime, and suffered persecution at the town of Gatchina, near Petrograd, where he lived. On several occasions he was offered by Gorky unlimited compensation for signed articles in the Soviet newspapers; but he always refused, in spite of the fact that he and his family were practically starving at the time. He was still in Gatchina when that town was captured by General Yudenich, during the drive on Petrograd. This gave Kuprin an opportunity to leave Soviet Russia. For some time after that he lived in Finland, and he is at present in Paris. Several volumes of his stories have appeared in this country. One is an authorized translation, made by Leo Pasvolosky, the translator of this article, of a group of stories, selected by Kuprin himself as his best. (*The Bracelet of Garnets and Other Stories*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1917.) **Henry W. Bunn**, of New York, sends at the editor's request this comprehensive review of a melancholy and memorable twelvemonth.

* * *

Dr. Eugene L. Fisk, Medical Director of the Life Extension Institute, writes us with regard to a possible misinterpretation of its attitude toward the forthcoming tobacco crusade, discussed in Mr. L. Ames Brown's paper in the October *Atlantic*. Mr. Brown's statements are accurate, but it is fair that the reader should know that the Institute's leaflet attacking the tobacco habit is but one of thirty-two pamphlets

issued by it in relation to various phases of the public health.

* * *

Criticism of this magazine, always welcome, is often destructive. Here, however, is a pertinent suggestion for improvement.

EDITOR ATLANTIC MONTHLY, —

I would like to conduct a physical and beauty culture department for your magazine. . . . For this service I would charge you only one hundred dollars per month. . . .

I think that a beauty lecture once a month in your magazine and also answering . . . any questions pertaining to beauty or physical culture would be of added interest to your hundreds of readers. Do you not agree with me?

[Signed] Miss — — —

We refer the question to our readers.

* * *

To the elect, the *Atlantic* addressed one of the most interesting of its articles in recent years. Here is a belated echo well worth listening to.

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Some months ago, one of your contributors wrote most eloquently of the 'Road of Silence' she has trod these many years. Undoubtedly her narrative caused many a heart to throb in sympathetic pity, and it is well that those enjoying perfect senses should sometimes pause in their taking-it-for-granted lives, to realize the blessings that are theirs.

But great as are the drawbacks to those who literally 'having ears hear not,' there is another side, even to this sombre shield. All my life, I, too, have trod this path; I, too, have tested every turn and twist of the road, walked in its deepest shadows — but also basked in its warmest sunshine. For bright rays there are in abundance, and if the sense of hearing is blunted, fortunately the others are proportionately quickened; if one feels more keenly certain losses, it is that same sensitiveness that renders one equally susceptible to the unusual loving thought called forth by this misfortune. Who, that must struggle along using the eyes as ears also, has not found countless friends to smooth the way — to give an explanatory word here, or a tactful lift there? And surely, to every such an one, has come often the remark, 'You get only the worth-while remarks, and are spared dull repetitions and aimless items!'

If many joys are barred to one, Nature's recompense works here, also. When others complain of difficulty in concentrating, a deaf person never chimes in with his tale of woe. It is true that the music of the birds and the rustling of leaves are joys unknown, but perhaps my mental birds sing more melodiously, and my imaginary leaves rustle more harmoniously than their living counterparts.

Who shall say no joys are left, with the whole world of books as completely ours, as if written for our special delectation—happiness without alloy? And as if in reward for many years of stoic endurance of wonderful plays, voiceless to us, come the magic 'Movies,' surely enjoyed a hundredfold more by those to whom, for the first time, comes interpretation simultaneous with action.

It may be that my experience has been more fortunate than that of most others in my condition: a family wonderful in tact and sympathy, and self-acquired lip-reading, smoothing many obstacles. The lip-reading has been of incalculable help—not so much for my own benefit, as for the self-respect engendered by the thought that intercourse with others is not too much of a strain upon them.

Far be it from me to deny that Life has had its dark moments, its hard-fought battles to 'carry on,' but —

'T is n't Life that counts —
It's the courage you put into it.

Sincerely, CLARA S. WEIL.

* * *

Whether 'possums 'play' 'possum' or are the real article is a question much debated by our readers.

In the Contributors' Column of the October *Atlantic* appears an article on the 'possum' 'playing' 'possum' illustrated by a beetle playing beetle, from which I quote.

'Jean Henri Fabre, the French entomologist, made very careful experiments on this subject. In his case, however, a beetle, and not a 'possum, was the subject of the experiment!'

Now, whatever may be demonstrated concerning a beetle playing beetle does not by any necessity prove anything concerning a 'possum' 'playing' 'possum.' As a boy, I made very careful study of the 'possum' 'playing' 'possum,' and I know whereof I write. Mr. Taylor has not said the last word on the 'possum' phenomenon. I am certain the 'possum' 'plays' 'possum' for its physical protection, just as the turtle plays turtle by pulling its head and legs into its hard shell for its physical protection. So the snail.

My dog once, in the daytime, by his peculiar bark, told me he had something corralled. I ran into the woods, and discovered the largest 'possum' I ever saw, championing his teeth, facing my barking dog, turning on his posterior extremity, like the spoke of a wheel on its axis, constantly facing the ever-circling dog, who sought an opening to seize him.

The moment the 'possum' saw me appear, he fell over as dead. I grabbed the dog and saved the 'possum' a worrying. He was absolutely uninjured. I withdrew a short distance, holding fast my panting dog. After some minutes of waiting, the eyes of the 'possum' opened the tiniest crack, and he began to lift his head the least mite to take stock of his surroundings. There was no case of being stunned here. Soon one of my brothers ap-

peared upon the scene. We procured a stout stick and ran it through the curl on the end of the tail of the 'possum, and carried him, thus suspended, nearly a quarter of a mile to our home, and laid him down in the yard of the farmhouse, and the family gathered around to view the great 'possum. I told the folks how slyly it had 'played' 'possum' in the woods; and so we all withdrew out of the immediate presence, and in the course of a few minutes the eyes slowly opened, the head was lifted, and in another minute or two it had jumped to its feet, and was ready to make off, when I threw a stick at it, and down it dropped as if shot; eyes closed, and head lay back upon the ground, the jaws just slightly parted as in death.

I am therefore thoroughly convinced that there was no 'hypnotism' in this case.

The only way to be a naturalist is to be a naturalist, and make a close study of the animal in particular. A theory about one animal built up from the observations of an insect is about as convincing as arguing that frogs do not jump because snails do not jump.

E. E. HART.

* * *

The progress of poesy is occasionally alluded to in this Column. Here is a note from the very foot of Parnassus.

I am exceedingly interested in poetry and spend a great deal of my time over it. I have been quite successful in this line in writing for our school paper in contests, etc., and am wondering if there is a mere possibility of my writing poems for your magazine? If so, would you kindly send me information as to what the pay would be, and also, would I need a license and who would I get it from?

Yours, etc.

* * *

To a lady the last word!

November 17, 1920.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

If indeed, as you so firmly suggest in the November Contributors' Column, the *Débutante's* is the last word on Manners, you might engrave on the tombstone of that enticing topic the words used by William Sharp some thirty years ago on the cover of his *Pagan Review*, —

'Sic transit gloria Grundi!'

Yours sincerely,

ELIZABETH R. BIDDLE.

* * *

— In the Contributors' Column of the *Atlantic* for April, 1920, we printed certain statements relating to the punishment of a prisoner named Herman in the Rhode Island State Prison. We have since received communications from the Penal and Charitable Commission of that State, together with the report of an investigation of the case made for the Episcopal Convocation of Providence, which aver that the punish-

ment described as being 'hung up by the wrists' consisted in being handcuffed to the bars of the cell at the height of the waist; that the duration of the punishment depended upon the prisoner's willingness to obey the rules of the prison; and that it was not inflicted for long periods. The report further states that the prisoner in question was constantly contumacious, and was reported many times for refusing to obey various rules.

The divergence between these reports and that which we printed seems one of degree. Without knowing the personnel of the Rhode Island institution, we must leave it to our readers to estimate both the severity and the wisdom of the disciplinary measures so described.

* * *

We referred recently to Miss Keeler, not as secretary of a library, as was proper, but as a librarian. Hence this gentle rebuke.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

May I write a Club some time on 'What we are called that we are not'? For instance, I am not a librarian, alas! One feels much as the humble carrot must, when, looking at a neatly labeled row of jars, it sees itself as apple jelly, orange marmalade, and mince-meat!

LUCY E. KEELER.

* * *

Messrs. Robert W. Chambers and Rupert Hughes will please take notice of the following communication, which we publish at the writer's request.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 4, '20.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY COMPANY

GENTLEMEN: —

Please, permit me to protest against your having addressed a letter to 'Dr. F. W. Hellyer, 1204 W. Fayette St., Baltimore, Md.'; because, I was first James Herbert Hellyer, of Shirley Lodge, Southampton, England; then Dr. Francis William Hartley of Baltimore Maryland. But, my truly remarkable experiences of October, 1906, having convinced me that my born name of 'Hellyer' is my birthright, and my real name regardless of any Order or Decree of the Circuit Court of Baltimore City; therefore, when Mrs Marion C. Arnett of Philadelphia expressed a wish for me to marry her by my original name I went to the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas and obtained a marriage license in the name of 'James Herbert Hellyer' and then another in the name of Francis William Hartley, otherwise, James H. Hellyer.

And, I was married to Mrs Marion C. Arnett by the name of 'Hellyer' on the 11th day of

November 1913 in the Franklin Square Baptist Church, of Baltimore City.

The second ceremony was not, performed until the 24th day of December when it was celebrated in the front parlor of our home at 1204 W. Fayette Street by the old blind Methodist preacher the famous Rev. Samuel H. Cummings.

What I have been fighting for ever since my truly remarkable conversion in October fourteen years ago, is, — recognition of the fact that James Herbert Hellyer, and Dr. Francis William Hartley are identically, one, and the same man. Therefore, I petitioned the Circuit Court of Baltimore City to have my name legally changed for a second time, from Francis William Hartley, to Francis William Hartley-Hellyer, hyphenated; and an Order and Decree making this change was signed by Judge Walter I. Dawkins, on the 5th day of December 1916.

But even the *Daily Record* which had accepted my money in payment for publishing the petition for three weeks as required by the Law of Maryland, — said we do not have to publish the fact that the petition has been granted and the Decree signed; and none of the newspapers published in Baltimore did.

Every effort of mine, to serve the Lord my God, and to benefit mankind, has been met with opposition, and apparently wasted.

This mornings mail, is addressed to me in four different ways, and while writing to you, I have been called to the phone and asked if I was 'Dr. Hartley'; therefore, you will be able to understand, somewhat, of what I am up against.

Yours for truthful service,

HARTLEY-HELLYER.

As we go to press the following romantic letter from the same correspondent is handed us: —

TO THE EDITORS: —

I appreciate the expressions of friendship and good will contained in your letter dated November 6, 1920. But, it strikes me as being funny, and very strange for you to have used the words 'if space permits' in writing to a man, who has had such a world-wide notoriety of a ridiculous character as I have had forced upon me; against my most earnest and vehement protests for the publication of nothing but the *Truth*, — about my mysterious courtship; and why, — I really married the 'Veiled Bride' by two ceremonies *six weeks apart*. After the newspapers of both Baltimore and Philadelphia having fabricated, — and published such ridiculous *lies*. Why is it so difficult to get Publishers to be fair to a man, who has written as many literary gems as I have?

If not destroyed, they will be selling at great prices long after this old body of mine has rotted in the grave. And 'Marion' the heroine of a romantic story much more strange than that of Romeo and Juliet was born on *Beacon Street Boston*; she is, my beloved wife and companion in misfortune; her price is far above rubies.

I am for righteousness, truth, and service,

HARTLEY-HELLYER.

